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THE
GOSPEL MAGAZINE

AND
PROTESTANT BEACON.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER. WHOM TO
KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

VOL. VI.—NEW SERIES.



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W. H. & L. COLLINGRIDGE, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

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P R E F A C E.

"Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."—2 TIM. ii. 19.

WHATEVER may be occurring in the days in which we live—and surely there were never more stirring or eventful times than the present—the child of God need neither be taken by surprise, nor (as far as he himself is concerned) be alarmed or dismayed. He may feel the deepest possible concern on behalf of others. It is perfectly consistent that he should practically sympathize with Lot, whose "righteous soul was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked." He is justified in adopting the language of the weeping prophet, when he exclaimed, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" His spirit is an unenviable one, if with respect to others—especially in regard to his own flesh and blood—he cannot testify, "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart," with respect to his brethren, his kinsmen according to the flesh; or, as he elsewhere expresses himself, "Out of much affliction and anguish of heart I wrote unto you with many tears." Yea, it is on account of this very sympathy—this travail of soul on behalf of others—this deep heart-anguish, that many—especially ministers and parents—are so misunderstood. Their frequent sadness and their tears and their intense concern and solicitude are attributed to something in regard to themselves. That this may be partially true is not denied, because they have perpetually to lament their own sins and shortcomings, their ingratitude and distrust. But, as parents and as ministers, they have a *relative* sorrow—an intensity of concern—a wormwood and a gall which form a bitter ingredient in their daily cup. It was the personal realization of this that prompted the Apostle to say, "Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men;" and this utterance of his was based upon the declaration, "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." We repeat, we envy not the man who lacks this sorrow, and partakes not of this grief. Such lack is a sorry sign, and is wanting, in this respect at least, of the spirit of his Master, of whom we read, that when he was come near Jerusalem, and beheld the city, He "wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

But, apart from this, as at first intimated, however serious the aspect the times in which we live may assume—whatever things may be coming—however facts may betoken the last days, the child of God has no real ground of alarm as far as he himself is concerned. He has a divine warrant and a holy encouragement for the peace and

the calm and the immoveableness of spirit which he seeks to realize and enjoy, inasmuch as after his blessed Lord and Master had been predicting the last judgments, and declaring, in respect to them, that "men's hearts should fail them for fear, and for looking after those things which were coming upon the earth," He said, "And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

That the signs which betoken the last times are not wanting in our day and generation, is clear from their direct bearing upon sundry Scriptures; for example: in writing to his son Timothy, the Apostle says, "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron." Surely there is abundant proof of this, in the various doctrines and dogmas which are now so constantly propagated, and by which so many of whom better things were hoped and expected, are led away from the simplicity and the power of the faith which was once delivered to the saints. Again, in his second epistle to Timothy, the Apostle writes: "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come. For men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, traitors, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." We ask, Was there ever a day—at any rate within the memory of man—wherein there was such an illustration and opening out of these features and characteristics of the last days? As a rule, what is the bearing of children towards their parents, but as simply tolerating and pitying them because of having certain crude ideas and prejudices belonging to a bygone age, and not at all consistent with the advancement and the progress of an enlightened era? The looking up to them—the respecting their counsels—the attaching weight and importance to their age, and their experience of the battle of life—in plain Bible-language, "the honouring their father and their mother" is a thing of the past, and not to be regarded now. Again, what is the bearing of young ministers—both Episcopalian and Nonconformist—towards their fathers in Christ, but as men of a bygone period, who have sunk into their dotage, and for whose oddities and obsolete opinions certain allowances must be made? Their tarrying longer here is regarded but as short, and their exit wishfully anticipated, in order to give place to younger, wiser, more enthusiastic, and consequently more successful men. At the same time, such wild and enthusiastic aspirers to introducing a nobler and a better state of things, scruple not to ignore their ordination vows—virtually to discard the Bible—and to set aside the essentials and the fundamentals of our most holy faith.

In further proof that the last times have lighted upon us, mark, reader, what the Apostle Peter has said upon the subject, "Knowing

this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation" (2 Pet. iii. 3, 4). Did ever men "scoff" as they do now? Was ever the voice of God's Providence, as well as that of His word, disregarded as now? What impression has either the one or the other left upon the minds of men? Spoken as Jehovah has, by His Providence, during the last quarter of a century especially, in illustration and confirmation of His word, of what avail has that speaking been, as far as the generality of mankind is concerned? Who has heeded—abidingly so—the famines—the pestilences—the earthquakes—the calamities by sea and land—the wars and the rumours of wars—the dethroning of kings—the overthrow of empires—the agonizing groans and the dying throes of scores and almost hundreds of thousands of poor hapless victims upon the battle-field—and the lamentations and mourning and woe of thousands of weeping widows and fatherless children? Moreover, there is a feature in our times which differs materially from those of a bygone age. Considering the elasticity and the rebounding of our common nature, there was at least a measure of excuse in times of old, for its people failing to enter so deeply and so acutely into the sufferings and the sorrows of their fellow-creatures in distant lands. Weeks and months possibly might intervene between the calamity abroad and their knowledge of it at home. Hence *Time*, that wonderful healer and soother and drier up of tears, speedily flew to the rescue. But now that, by steam and electricity, time and space are virtually overcome, the same allowances will not hold good. A casualty no sooner occurs—a calamity no sooner befalls our fellow-men—than we are in possession of it. Witness, for example, the recent awful conflagration at Chicago: whilst yet the fire was raging, and long ere it had been extinguished, we were made acquainted with it. And see, how commonly we read of what took place in America or other far-distant lands, but yesterday, or only a few hours before! Hence, we contend that, in this respect, the voice of God's Providence speaks louder and more emphatically than it has ever yet done; and, therefore, a greater responsibility is thrown upon men of our own times.

Moreover, as yet additional proof that the last days have come upon us, where can there be stronger and more conclusive evidence of the fact than that Laodicean state of things which has befallen the professed churches of Christ? Mark the language, dear reader: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth" (Rev. iii. 16). Now, apart from the lamentable spread of Romanism (under the garb of Ritualism) and Rationalism in the Church of England, contemplate the deadness, the formality, the worldliness, the strife, that has overspread almost the entire Dissenting community. Is there not, alas! too much ground for the rebuke which was addressed to the Church of Sardis, "I know thy works, that thou

hast a name that thou livest, and art dead?" We heard but a short time since of a recent large gathering of Nonconformist ministers, at one of their annual meetings, when not a single conversion was reported by any one of them. In the life of a leading minister among what is generally deemed the most truly spiritual and deeply-taught portion of the Nonconformist body—we refer to the late Mr. PHILPOT and the Particular Baptists—he continually laments the coldness and disaffection of the people. Party spirit, a strong political bias, an almost universal outcry against the Church, saps the vitality and spirituality of those from whom better things might be expected. The consequence is, to say the least, the all-but entire absence of that unction, mellowness, power, which once characterized the Spirit-taught family, the intercourse and communings among whom bring to mind the testimony of the prophet Malachi, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name" (Mal. iii. 16, 17). Where, as a rule, is this fellowship to be met with now? Where that blessed cementing bond of which the disciples spake, when they said, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Where are the people to be found who are bearing their minister continuously before the throne; and, as one blessed fruit and effect of their pleading, receiving, in return, teaching and edification, comfort and establishment, through the medium of the preached word? Alas! alas! these for most part are things of the past. And now, in place of sympathy with the minister, there is censure. In lieu of holding up his hands, there is hindering him in his work, by cavilling and tittle-tattle and reproach. In spite of their judgment condemning them for expecting perfection in the flesh, and the knowledge that it is among the richest mercies for the people of God, that the Lord hath been pleased to choose from and send among them men of like passions with themselves, they speak and they act as though such messengers ought to be (if not angels) at least sinless beings. Upon these principles, we ask, How could such ministers practically sympathize with the sinful and the frail, the feelingly lost, the helpless, and undone?

But, apart from all these facts—and painful facts they are—there is an aspect of the case which we must not—dare not—overlook; it is the view we sought to embrace in the opening remarks in this Preface, namely, that come whatsoever will, and happen whatsoever may, naught can by any possibility whatever occur that shall in the leastwise imperil or interfere with or injure the standing and the security and the blessedness of the redeemed in their ever-adorable, exalted, and victorious Head! Here is her comfort. Here her stronghold. Contemplating this, she may rise above all her fears and misgivings sadness, and depression. The "Say ye to the righteous, It shall go well with him," stands unalterably and indelibly fixed—yea, as secure and as immoveable as Jehovah can render it.

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No. 73,
NEW SERIES. }

JANUARY 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,273,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."—DEUT. xxxiii. 25.

BELoved, we cannot conceive of a more suitable portion than the above with which to enter upon a new and altogether untrodden year. It is a word from the Lord's own mouth, with which we may, however tremblingly, in point of human strength and courage, step over the threshold of this new allotment of time, and plead the fulfilment before the Lord. We cannot be either too plain or too importunate with Him. Personally we remember, many years ago, when harassed and bowed down under the weight and pressure of business cares and anxieties, we ventured to tell the Lord that we neither could nor would enter upon the year without Him. Such language may appear in the estimation of some as presumptuous; but there are at least times and seasons when the Lord's people—especially those of His servants who have to take a leading or more prominent part—are so circumstanced, that they are compelled, from very necessity, to be very plain and very earnest,—aye, and very determined, too. Jacob was not the only one who ventured to say, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." No, numberless times since the patriarch's day, the Lord hath seen fit to bring His servants into such critical positions—with as it were a world looking upon them—that, of necessity, they must "put Him in remembrance, and plead with Him." And how sweet it is, beloved, to go before Him with His own word; "bringing forth their strong arguments;" "And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good;" "And do as Thou hast said."

Oh, that the Holy Ghost may at this time put power into His own word, so that some poor tried and troubled ones may be emboldened and encouraged! We feel for such, as they stand halting and hesi-

tating—timid and trembling—upon the threshold of this new year. Oh, what dark fears and gloomy forebodings they have in regard to what the year may witness!—where they shall be, and how they shall be, and what they shall do, ere the year closes. Ah, beloved, there is no real need for all these sinkings and shrinkings. Depend on it, there will be no lack of wisdom or strength or faithfulness, upon the part of our God, with respect to the year that is before us. He will be as wise and as powerful and as gracious and as loving this year as He ever has been. There will be neither flaw nor failure in “the covenant ordered in all things and sure.” 1872 shall be as marked and as memorable in the annals of covenant love and covenant mercy and covenant power as any that have preceded it. If spared to see its close, you will assuredly say then, as you do now in regard to the past, “Hitherto the Lord hath helped us;” “He hath done all things well;” but, should you be called away ere Dec. 31 arrives, you will be better off—that is, in point of happiness, but not of safety; for, blessed be God! it is an unalterable truth, -

“More happy, but not more *secure*,
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

We were about, however, to remark, that possibly you are saying, as to the opening year: “Ah, I have cares and responsibilities before me this year which far exceed any previous year!” You may *think* so, beloved; but we very much question the fact. We are so forgetful. We so soon lose sight of past positions, in their complicated character and weight. Moreover, there is mercy in this. Did the weight of trouble, and the keenness of our sensations under it, continue, without corresponding grace and strength, the retention of the care and the anguish must, of necessity, crush us beneath fresh trials and new anxieties; but, mark this, the Lord’s deliverances are such—so precious and so perfect—that there is a blessed realization of His word, “Let him drink, and *forget his poverty*, and *remember his misery no more*;” “Then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be stedfast, and shalt not fear: because thou *shalt forget thy misery*, and *remember it as waters that pass away*.” How gracious has the Lord been, in that He hath been pleased to give a most familiar proof and illustration of the great fact upon which we are now dwelling! “A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow, because her hour is come: but as soon as she is delivered of the child, *she remembereth no more the anguish*, for joy that a man is born into the world.” Now, when we think of the repetition of this trial, in case of large families—one of the severest—yea, the severest as appertaining to our common humanity, called emphatically, “the hour of nature’s sorrow;” and, when we consider how well known and widespread is the character of the anguish and the sufferings of this most critical period, how wonderful is the testimony respecting the *forgetfulness* of the pain and the travail! Moreover, how it goes to prove the astounding goodness and mercy of our God, in the rich and gracious fulfilment of His word, “As thy days, so shall thy

strength be!" One would suppose, upon merely human or natural grounds, that, in the renewed hour of travail, the recollection of former similar seasons would come so vividly upon the woman, as, in addition to her *present* sufferings, completely to crush her; but, oh, no, it is not so; and why? Because our God is faithful, and because He is all-sufficient for every trial and every emergency.

We hope, therefore, dear reader, the matter is a settled one with respect to *past* trials having aught to do in regard to *present* troubles or *prospective* afflictions, except in so far as they prove—which in reality they do prove—earnests and foretastes and proofs of present or future deliverances for present or future difficulties or distresses. Satan and our own hearts suggesting, as they do suggest, "Ah, you were all but overwhelmed then; what will it, therefore, be with additional trouble and diminished strength?" is one thing; but Jehovah's covenant pledge, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," is another. We affirm that the promise is so large and so comprehensive, that it embraces, of necessity, all and everything that can possibly happen. It is this covenant pledge of a covenant God, before whom all things, past, present, and to come, stand open and revealed as though at this very moment in existence. Jehovah lives in one eternal, ever-present NOW! hence every pledge and every promise is based upon all the numerous and complicated and ever-recurring necessities which are ceaselessly presenting themselves in the every-day and all-the-day life of the children of God. There is no after-thought with Him. To imagine Jehovah to be taken by surprise, or for aught to occur which He had not foreseen, or against which He was not prepared, is to dishonour Him.

But now, for argument's sake, we will presume that, according to the fears and apprehensions of some readers, greater, more complicated and critical trials await them this year than those which have befallen them during any preceding year. We will *suppose* this, although, as before intimated, we *doubt* it; for, with regard to the past, they have been tried and tempted to the utmost; there has been "no strength shut up or left." Doubtless they have told the Lord, as we oftentimes have done, "One half-ounce more trouble, Lord, without additional strength to bear it, and sink we must; overwhelmed we must be; crushed we must be; go down, down, to rise no more, we must." But, oh, (blessed be His name!) that half-ounce additional trouble never, never has been laid upon us. No, never! We speak to His praise, and in proof of His watchfulness and His tender care, faithfulness, and all-sufficiency. We write this upon the fourth anniversary of one of the severest and most sudden and crushing trials with which He ever saw fit to visit us; but, oh, "underneath (blessed be His name!) were the everlasting arms." We thought we must sink. Utterly overwhelmed we believed we should be. *Such* a trial—so sudden—so unlooked for—so altogether unexpected; but yet, oh, the blendings of love and mercy; the interminglings of wisdom and grace; the impartation of strength and submission! Oh, reader, who

true and how blessed is that Scripture:—"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward [oh, be it yours, and ours increasingly, to be upon the look out, and to wait patiently for the "*afterward!*""] it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

But, we repeat, for argument's sake, we will presume the reader to be entering upon such a year as he never before knew, so far will it exceed all that have preceded it, in regard to trial, care, and responsibility. Well, suppose it be the case, what of that? Will the Lord Jehovah be at a loss, think you? Is 1872 to witness what no period from Adam down to the then present hour ever had witnessed—namely, the Lord of hosts in a fix, not having wisdom or power to act? Perish the thought! Away with the idea! To the bottomless pit, whence it sprang, hurl the blasphemy! Let there be a juncture—a crisis—a demand this year that shall far, far exceed all that has ever presented itself in years that are past, still our God is equal—and (adored be His holy name!) will prove Himself to be so—to the every want—the every necessity—the every demand that shall be made upon Him, not merely by one and another and another of His tried ones, as they journey on and on through this waste, howling wilderness, but by the whole combined hosts of the true spiritual Israel, as they go forth morning by morning to gather up the manna so divinely, and so sovereignly, and so effectually provided for the nourishment and maintenance of both their bodies and their souls, as they march onward and homeward!

Yes, beloved, the very magnitude of your wants, and the very complication of your circumstances, and the very critical character of your position, shall only furnish the wider field, and the greater scope, and the more ample opportunity for Jehovah to work, and that wondrously, too. We repeat that this year shall be no exception to the universal rule and the unvarying testimony, "He hath done all things well." You shall admire and adore. The very *darkness* of your path shall only leave the more marked impress of His guidance who hath covenanted, "I will bring the *blind* by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Your very *weakness* shall only furnish Jehovah with the greater scope for the fulfilment of His promise, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." The very blank and seeming absence of supply shall but make that Scripture the more timely and precious, "Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine." "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts." The very obduracy and self-will of men will only cause that truth to stand out with the greater prominence: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water; He turneth it whithersoever He

will." If a king can be turned from his purpose by the wonderfully-constraining power of Jehovah, how much more the hearts of the weaker and the more powerless subject? Moreover, was it for his own sake alone, or rather that thousands upon thousands might follow his notable example, that the striking fact is left upon record, "And Hezekiah received the letter from the hand of the messengers, and read it: and Hezekiah went up unto the house of the Lord, and spread it before the Lord?" Ah, beloved, how many a threatening letter since Hezekiah's day has brought the poor trembling receiver thereof to the footstool of mercy, there, in answer to the cries and groans, sobs and entreaties, of the poor suppliant, to receive the renewed assurance from the Lord's own mouth, "I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee;" "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn."

Think you that the Lord will ever allow one of His children to be really injured by anything that poor frail man may say or do? What saith the word of the Lord concerning His children, "Whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye?" Men, for a little season, may be elevated by position or circumstances above their fellow-men; moreover, they may abuse that position by reproach or contempt. They may for a time laud it over their poorer citizens or neighbours, but speedily there will come a time of reckoning, and how fearful will that reckoning be! The prophet Isaiah was commissioned to write: "Who art thou, that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man which shall be made as grass; and forgettest the Lord thy Maker, that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared continually every day because of the fury of the oppressor, as if he were ready to destroy? and where is the fury of the oppressor?" (Isaiah li. 12, 13). As much as to say, "What is become of him? What of all his vain boast?" Where is he, and where art thou, poor soul, that so writhed and trembled under his oppressive hand? Mark, too, that other Scripture by the same prophet: "They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and He shall send them a Saviour, and a great one; and He shall deliver them." Why, readers, such is the jealousy of the Lord over His dear children, that we would not be among those who wound, or distress, or afflict them—no, not for worlds; for the Lord is sure to avenge their cause. He will assuredly defend them. What stronger language could He adopt than that He has adopted with respect to those who offend (or injure) one of His children? "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matt. xviii. 6).

But to return: we contend that, should the complications and the perplexities and the perils of this year exceed any that have preceded it, such complications and perplexities will only afford the

more ample room for Jehovah to exercise His wisdom, power, and love. As verily as God is true, there shall be no flaw nor failure; but He will work mercifully and marvellously, to the praise of the glory of His own grace, and to the admiring and adoring view of His every child.

Upon the ground, however, of what we have said, it may be asked, "But what shall I do? How would you have me act?" Do? Act? Why, seek simply and entirely and abidingly to look to the Lord, and the Lord alone. Wait on Him for wisdom, grace, and strength. Don't meddle, for to meddle is to mar! God the Holy Ghost give thee to learn that great but blessed lesson, "Be still, and know that I am God!" Mark the accompaniment: "I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth." How? In connexion with this very stillness—this owning the Lord, and observing His wondrous ways and doings. "The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our Refuge." Observe the name—the great, the glorious, the condescending name, "the God of Jacob!" What was Jacob's position? where *his* wisdom—*his* strength—*his* courage, when Jehovah declared, "Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." Poor limping, disjointed Jacob, with a trembling heart; crushed to the very earth; expecting a few short hours would witness the slaughter of his wives and his children—the destruction of his property—and his own death! Filled with fear—overwhelmed with the darkest, gloomiest apprehensions—perplexed and dismayed to the last degree, as his last and only refuge—after all his plotting and planning, he goes to his God (and perhaps with many doubts and fears as to whether, after all, He was *his* God or not, for "if so, why was he thus?")—"O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac (he does not now say, and "my God," but), the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee: I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which Thou hast shewed unto Thy servant; for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray Thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he will come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude" (Gen. xxxii. 9—12). Oh, beloved, if you would know anything about the blessedness of *extremities*, read the thirty-second chapter of Genesis; and there mark the wondrous condescension and the marvellous love and the mighty power of our God. And the Lord help you, be your trials or troubles whatsoever they may, to test Him upon the self-same ground! Tell Him of this glorious example of His condescending love and goodness, and ask Him to appear for you—sustain you—deliver you, in the self-same gracious and merciful way. Nor forget, beloved, that precious record, as standing over and against Jacob's deep trouble and

very great extremity, "and He blessed him there." Where? Why, in the trouble-spot—in the difficulty, the danger, the distress. And this is where the Lord is ever wont to bless His people. Reader, do you know anything of it? Can you say, "Thou hast known my soul in adversities"—"I have been to Thee again and again and again in such and such troubles, afflictions, and temptations; and Thou hast always heard and heeded? I have proved," says such an one, "the truth of the words—

'Tis just in the last, distressing hour
Our God displays delivering power:
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.'

There is, however, in all likelihood, another thought pressing itself upon the minds of some of our readers, as they anticipate the probable occurrences of the coming year. Such, perhaps, are saying, "What if it should be said concerning me, 'This year thou shalt die?'" Well, dear reader, we will endeavour to look this supposition fully in the face. If not *this* year, we admit that the year cannot be far distant in which these words will, in reality, be addressed to us, unless the Lord Himself should previously come.

But, supposing you or ourselves are really to die this year: now, upon the presumption that you have been taught your need of Jesus; that you have really felt yourself to be a poor lost, guilty, and helpless sinner; that Jesus, in His blood and righteousness, is your only hope; that you are not in the least possible measure or degree looking to yourself or any creature doing whatever for help or satisfaction, or as a ground of merit or dependence; but that you can, as before a heart-searching God, exclaim, "Give me Christ, or else I die:" we repeat, if these are verily simply and sincerely the utterances of your heart, then we say, you have no need to fear death. The promise—this new year's word—stands good, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

We have, as some of our readers are aware, been wont for many years to contend in these pages, that to the believer in Jesus dying strength will be assuredly given in a dying hour. It will not really be needed before; but *then*, as verily as God is true, it shall be vouchsafed. And, although perhaps few more painfully know than we personally do what sinkings and shrinkings are, in certain states and conditions of health and spirits, yet there is a sense in which it is God-honouring, when we are enabled to leave the issue and the circumstances appertaining to our departure out of this world in His blessed hands whose word holds good even to the end, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." It is not by any means a careless, reckless, ill-founded, unscriptural confidence that in this respect and connected with these momentous circumstances we advocate; God forbid! On the contrary, it is a calm, sober, scriptural belief in and reliance upon the covenant engagement of a covenant God. And we

repeat that the hope and expectation that He will in due time, in regard to the article of death, give the needed grace and vouchsafe the needed mercy, as in all other respects and under all other circumstances He has done, we believe, not only brings a present peace and satisfaction to the soul, but redounds to the glory of Jehovah, as a practical expression of our belief in His divine faithfulness and veracity. He has said, and it is our mercy to know it, and to plead it before Him, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction: repentance shall be hid from mine eyes" (Hosea xiii. 14).

The Lord never forsook His people in any one of the numberless trials and afflictions through which He has called them to pass. Strictly, to the very letter—and, we had nearly said, beyond the letter—He has fulfilled His promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Why, then, should He forget or forsake His dear ones, in connexion with the completion of their pilgrimage—the summing up—the last grand climax? If there is then to be a trial of strength—a test for the mastery—a contention who shall win, Christ or Satan, think you, reader, that Jehovah Jesus will ever suffer Himself to be defeated? He who hath already conquered? He who, in proof of His conquest and dominion, hath the keys of hell and of death? Each and every previous deliverance in times of trouble and difficulty is but the earnest, the foretaste, the pledge, the assurance of full and final deliverance in the last hour. Our God has ever and will ever put the finishing stroke to His work in a way and manner that shall be worthy of Himself. It would be to His discredit and dishonour to leave incomplete or unsightly that upon which He had bestowed so much pains, and in which He had taken so deep and manifest an interest. It was not without divine warrant the apostle was led to testify, "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun in you a good work will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Were only one solitary soul, out of the myriads upon myriads of redeemed and justified sinners, left in the last trying hour to perish, Satan would exult over such soul to all eternity, in that he had at last triumphed over Jehovah, and had proved that word to be untrue, which declares, "And they shall never perish, neither shall any *man* pluck them out of my hand."

Dear child of God, as the Holy Ghost is pleased to lead us into a contemplation of these divine verities, we are lifted up above all the fears and faintings by the way. Faith, in spite of feeling, takes her stand upon the high and exalted ground, "Thou hast said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" "As thy days, so shall thy strength be;" "He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of His people shall He take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we

have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation" (Isaiah xxv. 8, 9).

We repeat, that we are not to judge, by present feelings and present fears, of how it will be with us in the swellings of Jordan. If we belong to the Lord, or, in other words, if we have those marks and evidences to which we just now referred—that is, a feeling sense of our totally lost, helpless, and bankrupt condition—and are simply and entirely looking to Jesus only for succour and deliverance, then, with respect to the time and article of dying, we may say, as the poor painter's boy did to his father, when the latter was looking up at the lofty house, and asked, "How shall we do up there?" "Let us stop till we get there, father!" So every seeker after and hoping one in Jesus may say, with respect to the Jordan.

Let the reader note particularly the fact mentioned in a later page in the present Number, with regard to the martyr GLOVER, that, although he had been the subject of such darkness, and had so much fear and trembling in the prospect of martyrdom, yet, when at length he came in sight of the stake, the Lord so graciously and timely and effectually broke in upon his previously poor benighted soul, that he exulted in the prospect of what awaited him, and clapped his hands for very joy.

Reader, we believe that, as verily as we sit here at this moment penning these lines, so shall the like mercy of all needed grace and strength be granted to each and every vessel of mercy, when the Lord's time comes for them to depart out of this world, and enter upon vast eternity.

We shall close our observations upon this precious New Year's portion, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," by a quotation from a sermon by the late ever-memorable WATTS WILKINSON, which appears in the December number of the *Remembrancer*. Before giving the extract, however, we would just state our belief that this venerable servant of God, notwithstanding the peculiar sweetness, mellowness, and power of his pulpit testimony, was personally the subject of much shrinking from the article of death. We believe it was upon this account that he expressed a wish that he might depart in his sleep, so that he might never know what the act of dying was. Afterwards, however, he recalled this wish, fearing it might savour of dictating to the Lord. His desire, notwithstanding, was granted him, for he *did* pass away in his sleep. Moreover, a day or two since, we were reading an account which appeared in this Magazine, some fifteen years ago, of a dear departed saint, who earnestly desired three things: first, that he might not have a long illness; secondly, that he might be taken home on the Sabbath; thirdly, that he might, in his last moments, be seated in his arm-chair, which he was wont to call his piece of freehold, and which was all he had, in this poor sin-steeped world. The whole of these wishes were granted. He was only ill some three or four days; on the Saturday took to his bed; and, on the Sunday afternoon, being a little restless, requested to be

placed in his arm-chair, in which he was scarcely seated, ere he sweetly, peacefully, blessedly fell asleep in Jesus.

The Editor of *Zion's Witness*, in a recent number, speaks of the high privilege it would be to be called hence from the pulpit! That has been personally our wish for many years, if it were the Lord's will; and we sometimes think that the Lord will thus indulge us. Oh, sacred, high, exalted privilege, one moment speaking of Him, and the next to Him!

The quotation from the blessed WATTS WILKINSON's sermon is as follows: "*Oh, that we could learn to look at death with more composure!* Death is put among the inventory of the riches of a believer given by the Lord of hosts. All things are yours. Life is yours, death is yours; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's unspeakable gift, and you are God's gift to Christ by covenant union. If you die in Christ, your Covenant Head, you will live with Christ—live with Him to all eternity. 'Your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is your life, shall appear, then shall you also appear with Him in glory.' 'If we be dead with Christ (crucified with Him, considered one with Him, and part of His mystical body of which He is the Head), we believe that we shall also live with Him:' knowing that 'Christ, being raised from the dead, dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over Him.' So it shall have no more dominion over them, or do any real or essential injury to them. So, again, 'where sin abounded, grace did much more abound; that as sin has reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness (put for the whole work of Christ, His obedience and death, His fulfilling the law and enduring its penalty), even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ, our Lord.'"

Dear reader, farewell! We pray that you and ourselves, by the precious ministry of the Holy Ghost, may realize these glorious verities yet more and more sweetly and powerfully this year.

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, Dec. 9, 1871.

THE EDITOR.

HINTS ON PRAYER.

DIRECTIONS on prayer are too often of little worth, yet I think a few hints might be useful without being legal. Besides mental and ejaculatory prayer, I think a greater regard to time and place would in many cases result in more profitable seasons of closet prayer. The custom of deferring evening prayer until the time of retiring to rest is open to very serious objections. Circumstances and opportunity of prayer must vary in individual cases; but generally that season when business and work are over for the day is the time when the mind is *most at rest*, therefore the most fitting to set apart for deep and earnest prayer; retire to the furthest part of the house from the domestic circle, and the habit once formed will not soon be forsaken. It is of all times the most delightful when the soul can pour out unmolested its utmost energy in supplication, praise, &c.

Arkesden, Essex.

J. E. S.

Wayside Notes.

STILL DRAWING FROM THE KING'S BOUNTY.

"And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life."—2 KINGS xxv. 30.

BELoved, we stand upon the threshold of another year, and, to our mind, every year seems more momentous than the one preceding it, and events are crowding upon us which surely mark that the time of the end has come. The old world is evidently heaving preparatory to some great event.

Solemnized with such reflections, we have thought of the people of God in the world, tried and tempted as they are, and have earnestly asked the Lord to give us a New Year's portion that shall comfort them in going forth to struggle with the fresh difficulties of the pathway; and the way in which the above passage came home, and fitted into the desire, makes us feel it is of the Lord, and that He will Himself give the daily rate for every day, all the days of our lives.

The narrative from which this expression is taken is very short, but very sweet. It stands at the end of the Second Book of Kings—that is, at the end of 344 years of the history of Judah and Israel—and, probably, would not draw the attention of the cursory reader of God's Word; but, to our mind, though describing an incident which occurred hundreds of years before Shiloh came, yet savours highly of the Lord's treatment of His people in their deliverance, salvation, preservation and exaltation.

The narrative may be summed up thus:—For 17 years Jehoiachin, King of Judah, had been in a state of captivity. Evil-merodach had not ascended the Babylonish throne twelve months, when, his heart being moved with pity, he did "lift up the head of Jehoiachin, King of Judah, out of prison; and he spake kindly to him, and set his throne above the throne of the kings that were with him in Babylon; and changed his prison garments: and he did eat continually before him all the days of his life. And his allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life." Now, is not all this like the acting of our blessed King Jesus? Some would say, "Oh! it is only a matter of history—a very interesting narrative!" But, we remark emphatically, the narratives of Scriptures are not to be read as interesting tales: they are as fraught with spiritual meaning as the types and shadows of the Old Testament dispensation. They preach the Gospel as an earnest of Gospel times; they testify of Christ, and foreshadow the scheme of salvation for perishing sinners. We repeat, then, the acting of the king mentioned is just like our blessed King Jesus. Let us, in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, trace out this fact. Mark, first—

The king "was moved with pity as he beheld Jehoiachin in his low estate;" and was not Jesus, when He saw His Church in her low estate? Did He not leave the glory which He had with the Father before the world was? And, in the fulness of time, "God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." Only think, beloved, of this matchless condescension! It is an act of grace when our beloved Queen is found mixing with some

of the lowly of her subjects, but only think of the King of kings leaving the realms of glory, and becoming bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, in that mystery of godliness, so marvellous, so merciful, so successful. But, further, notice—

The king did lift up the head of Jehoiachin.—Just like Jesus. He is the Lifter-up of the head. It was bowed to the earth; we had not looked upward nor heavenward, nor had any thoughts of eternity; we were wholly engrossed in the things of time. When He lifted up the head, and opened the eyes, at first we only saw “men as trees walking;” but the scene expanded, the Spirit unfolded; with the revelation of Christ we had the revelation of ourselves and our sins; and, oh, while the former rejoiced the heart, and melted the Spirit, the sight of the latter again plunged us into distress, and we cried, “Woe is me! I am a man of unclean lips.” But Jesus paid another love visit—He lifted up the head again; He bid us see that, vile as we were, His blood cleanseth from all sin.

Beloved, is it not precious to look back upon those early days of life divine? Can we ever forget the soul-meltings and grace-humbings we experienced when the Lord said, “I am thy salvation?” Many times since, we have been in sadness and sorrow, and sometimes well-nigh despair, as we seemed to have left our First Love; but He has never forsaken us; He has come again—cheered, upheld, and comforted—and we remain to this day miracles of grace and monuments of mercy. Is it not so? And, then, He is the Lifter-up of the head—and that, too, not merely at the time of regeneration, but again and again in times of tribulation. Sweet Lifter-up of the head! what should we have done without Thee in many a by-gone trial? We have thought, in our weakness, the waves must overwhelm us, but Thou hast supported and upheld, in such a marvellous way, that we have remained the living to praise Thee; and at such a season as this, in looking back upon the way the Lord hath led us, with all its ups and downs, turnings and twistings, emptyings and upholdings, we may use good old Jacob's words, “God hath dealt graciously with me.” But, again, our passage states—

The king spake kindly to him.—Just like Jesus. We must say, referring to personal experience for a moment, that neither the railings of ministers to dead sinners, nor man's oft-repeated invitations to “Come to Jesus,” nor yet the terrors of the law, had any effect upon the writer's mind; but, when the King, even King Jesus, “spake kindly”—ah! then it was he fell under His gracious words; mercy prevailed, and he broke down with a broken heart under the goodness of His grace. Yea, more, in “speaking kindly,” Jesus revealed Himself; for it seemed with Him as it was with the beloved Joseph when his brethren were before him, especially the little one—“Joseph could not restrain himself.” Oh! beloved, we are satisfied that a religion that begins with Jesus' love and revelation of Himself will end well, for “who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” And then, notice—

The king brought him out of prison.—He had been there for thirty-seven years. What a long time in a state of degradation! But does it not re-

mind us of the many years that some of us lived in the degradation of unregeneracy? And do we not often look back with a sorrowful spirit at the long series of years spent in the service of Satan? But the Lord brings out when and how He pleases, so that no brother can say to another, "You were blacker than I." And then, mark, "THE KING brought him out of prison." None but King Jesus can bring the soul out of the prison-house of unregeneracy. We cannot understand the representation of many, that Jesus, like a poor suppliant beggar, knocked, and knocked, and knocked at the heart, and all His appeals were in vain; we would not let Him in. We experienced Him far otherwise than this, namely, as a King coming forth with kingly power—"mighty to save." My Beloved put His hand in at the hole of the door, and came in of His own accord; and, when He openeth, none can shut; and, when He shutteth, none can open.

We love to think of His majesty and grace; we cannot bear to hear Him represented as a poor, weak man, weaker than ourselves. His power is the power of the Almighty; and, when He commands, "Come forth," neither earth nor hell can hold its captive for a moment longer. And then, so full of love and grace is He, that He does not bring the poor captive out of prison and bid him shift for himself. No; He has a purpose—and a high purpose, too—in setting the prisoner free: it is to raise Him to dignity and honour. King Jesus does spiritually what the King of Babylon did to Jehoiachin temporally.

He set him upon a "throne above the thrones of the kings that were with him in Babylon."—To our mind, there is great beauty and a blessed assurance to be gained in this expression, not unfrequently used in the Scriptures: "Set him." Hannah, you will recollect, uses it in her song of rejoicing: "He lifteth up the poor out of the dust, and the needy out of the dunghill, and hath set him," &c. David also uses the same expression: "He brought me out of the horrible pit and miry clay, and hath set me." It seems to convey the fact, that, when God works, He places His children in a position of hallowed and blessed security, far above any earthly power that can effect or harm them. Oh, we love a religion of security! And, sometimes, when one gets overwhelmed and perplexed with life's cares, it is a sweet source of comfort to point upwards and say, "Well, never mind! all right there—no uncertainty in the salvation which Jesus hath procured for me; I have committed my soul into His keeping. I feel nothing is secure in connexion with the things of time. Relatives and friends, one after another, are passing into an eternal world. My little collectings, it may be for earthly comforts, I cannot hoard; it goes. My nest I thought tolerably secure, but I find a thorn in it. Nothing seems secure or certain for a moment here; but, never mind, all right with regard to eternity. Jesus hath set me upon a throne above the thrones of earth. Oh, blessed fact! Oh, hallowed security! My Jesus hath done all things well."

And then, mark, one so honoured must be suitably apparelled. Hence, again, King Jesus does with His own what the King of Babylon did with Jehoiachin—

He changed his prison garments.—"Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments, and stood before the angel. And he answered and spake unto those that stood by, saying, Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him he said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."

"I will arise, and go to my Father," said the poor degraded, yet re-

penting, prodigal son; and he arose, and came to his Father. But, when he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and, kissing him, ordered the *best robe* to be put on him, a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. These are but representations of the declaration of the Lord God Himself concerning His chosen ones. "I will clothe him with my robe, and strengthen him with my girdle;" and the bride, glorifying Him for His goodness and mercy, responds, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with jewels." But, as well as clothing, there shall be provision. So poor Jehoiachin shall not merely be raised to dignity and honour, and wear apparel suitable for his exalted position, but he shall be provided for from the King's bounty; so we are told,—

He did eat bread continually before the king—Bread—the Word of Life: and it is wonderful how the Lord gives us "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," for our stay. We were looking, the other day, through an old well-thumbed Bible that had been our companion for many years, and, when we saw the number of passages *underlined*, as having been precious and pointed to our need at various times of our pilgrimage, we felt overwhelmed with gratitude at the thought of how the Lord has sustained His unworthy servant by the way with "angels' food;" and this is, no doubt, the experience of the reader, if living before the King. The Word of Life, mercifully given, has kept alive the spiritual nature from the time of thy new birth until now; and shall faith fail now? Shall we for a moment have fears about the future? Oh, no; He, who for forty years sustained Israel with manna in the wilderness, is ever the same. His name is Jehovah-Jireh—"the Lord who will provide"—and the Word of Life will not cease to be the Christian's stay till the King says, "Come up higher, and behold the fulness of my glory." For, mark, as with Jehoiachin, so with all the Lord's dear people—the provision is to be for "**ALL THE DAYS OF HIS LIFE.**" There are seasons, often experienced by the child of God, when he feels so low and depressed that it appears as if all his store was gone, and he is inclined to murmur, as the children of Israel did of old, that he is brought out into the wilderness to starve: but is it so? No—never! The promise is for "**ALL the days of his life;**" it will never fail. Grace shall be suited to the need, and he shall prove the truth of the declaration, "The righteous shall hold on his way;" and this fact will be further developed if we mark the next expression of our precious passage—

"*His allowance was a continual allowance.*"—This continual allowance on the part of the king brings out the secret of the fact of **THE FINAL PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS** through the strength granted them from above—not their own; they would utterly fail if they had to rest in and trust to their own strength. We know we sometimes sing—

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And march with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown."

But, oh! we must feel that, if it depended upon the stretching of our nerves (poor nervous things that many of us are), and the display of our

zeal, the race would never be run, nor the prize won. For our part, we feel we could not stand our ground for a single hour, much less fight our way to the crown, even if health and strength were granted, and we could hold out any time. What can we do, when laid upon a bed of affliction, feeling perfectly prostrate in mind and body? Where, then, is our perseverance? But, blessed be God, it does not depend upon creature strength; such a requirement would be unworthy of the God we adore; for He never would demand of us that which we never could accomplish. Do you ask, then, What does our final perseverance depend upon? We will tell you, or, rather, God's Word shall. It depends upon the power of God, the intercession of Christ, and the supply and support of the Holy Spirit. Let us prove it from the Scriptures. The power of God shall support. Hence it is written, "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in His way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: FOR THE LORD UPHOLDETH HIM WITH HIS HAND"—the intercession of Christ—as it is written, "And the Lord said, Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. BUT I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE, THAT THY FAITH FAIL NOT,"—by the supply and support of the Holy Spirit, as it is written—"My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." What blessed encouragement is there, beloved, in this threefold view of the reason why the saints shall persevere to the end!

And then notice, beloved—this continual allowance was "*given of the king.*"—How precious are the king's gifts! We know it is the custom, at the weddings of the well-to-do, to spread on a table "the gifts," that they may be admired by the guests. Oh! let us spread before you some of the precious gifts which are ours, when brought into vital union with our Kingly Beloved. "There is the gift of eternal life" (Rom. vi. 23); "the gift of the Holy Spirit"—precious gift (Acts ii. 38); "the gift of grace divine" (Rom. v. 15); "the gift of righteousness" (Rom. v. 17); "the gift of faith" (Eph. ii. 8); "the gift of the Gospel" (Eph. iii. 7), and many others; but the greatest and best of all is the gift of the Father, even the Bridegroom Himself. What would all others' treasures be without Him? Then, as well as the birthday gifts, there is a maintenance provided, as our passage has it—"A DAILY RATE FOR EVERY DAY"—"As thy days thy strength shall be:" yes, SHALL be. And has it not been to the present hour? Often we have gone forth to the cares of life, fearful and faint-hearted; but evening by evening we have remained to declare the continued goodness of the Lord.

We knew a man who was applied to to draw a cheque to settle his long-standing account. His reply was: "I dare not at present, for I am already overdrawn at my bankers." No fear of this with us, beloved. Faith may draw perpetually upon our Banker, and never be refused. We shall not go to His board any morning, and come away saying, "He has not provided anything to-day." What he said to the famished ones who had followed Him when on earth, He is saying to His needy ones now: "I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint by the way." How considerate! how compassionate! how just like Himself!—full of tenderness and love. We should indeed fast by the way if He stayed His hand from supplying our need. And we think that our blessed Lord set forth this continued maintenance in His narrative of the good Samaritan. "But a certain Samaritan, as He journeyed, came where he was: and when He saw him, He had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds,

pouring in oil and wine, and set him on His own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." Oh, how much did that good Samaritan do for this poor stripped and wounded man! But, more than all this, mark, He arranged with the innkeeper to "take care of him," adding, "Whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." And where is all this precious stock day by day to be supplied from? We reply, "FROM THE FULNESS OF CHRIST." Oh, wonderful expression! "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." We often utter that expression, but what does it mean? We imagine it means, all signs, symbols, and shadows all done away with in His fulness, just as the dim light of a candle is lost in the glorious rays of the sun. But, more than this, it means the fulness of the Divine nature of all the perfections of Deity centered in Christ, if one were wanting; it would not be fulness, but, as He is the fulness of the Godhead, He must be "all and in all;" therefore, name anything we want, in connexion with our salvation and the things that accompany it, and you will find it in Christ; and all that we experience of grace and gifts are emanations from His fulness, AND GLORY WILL BE TO BE FILLED FULL OF HIM.

Here, then, is our inexhaustible supply. We never need fear it will fail. We may ever draw just the comfort and just the cordial the soul needs, and which no other source can supply.

"Day by day the manna fell—
Oh, to learn this lesson well!—
Still by constant mercy fed:
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs;

Cast foreboding cares away,
Take the manna of the day.

"Lord, my times are in Thy hand,
All my sanguine hopes have plann'd,
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy promise mine."

"His allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life."

One thought more.—Such teaching *hangs the whole glory of our salvation upon Jesus*—and this is what we desire to do more and more. Oh! to whom can we come, Thou precious One, but unto Thee? "Thou hast the words of eternal life." To whom can we look but unto Thee, in whom dwellest all the fulness of the Godhead bodily? Come prosperity, come adversity, come health, come sickness, come life, or come death, Thou art "the one thing needful." We will glorify and magnify Thy dear name.

In conclusion, then, beloved—another year is before us with its hidden depths, and, to us, eternal silence; but the Lord knows all that is before us, and a passage like the one meditated upon is highly calculated to dispense black misgivings and heart-tremblings, while it bids us take hold of Jesu's strength and advance, "nothing doubting," for the King, who is willing and well able, has promised from His own fulness, Divine support for every need—"a rate for every day, all the days of our life." The Lord bless you, beloved, as you go forth to the further untrodden steps of the way! Lean well upon His Almighty strength; live continually upon His never-failing bounty; and look forward, with joyful hope and expectation, to that time when you will say with dear Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

Wanstead, Essex.

G. O.

THE MINISTRY, AND HOW WE WERE LED INTO IT.—ITS HOPES AND FEARS.

HAVING received many testimonies as to the comfort and encouragement derived from the perusal of the extracts from our private journal, given in last month's Magazine, we venture to add the following further extracts, for the sake of the connexion. We do so, first, in acknowledgment of the Divine support so graciously vouchsafed to us of our God, during the last five-and-twenty years; and, secondly, that those engaged in the Lord's work—especially our younger brethren—may take encouragement from what the Lord has been pleased to do for us. We speak it to His praise—and how often do we think of it with adoring wonder, love, and gratitude—that, although naturally we are the most timid of men; and, although (as may be gathered from the following extracts) the *fear of man* has been such a cross—and, we had nearly said, a curse—to us, through life, yet, when in the pulpit—more particularly our own—we don't care for a creature upon earth; yea, we have often thought, if a man stood ready with a drawn sword to cut us down the next moment, it would not in the least wise intimidate us, or lead us to withhold the declaration of what we believed to be the truth as it is in Jesus.

Oh, reader, what a wondrous power is that with which the Lord strengthens and emboldens His people—His ministering servants especially—in their times of need! When speaking as we do in the annexed extracts, of our timidity and bondage, when addressing merely some sixty or seventy souls (and half of those children), how little did we foresee, or for one moment imagine, what we should realize in that very pulpit subsequently! Ten years afterwards, when our life was time after time threatened, we seemed to stand upon the very threshold of heaven; and, as we ministered, as for ought we knew to the contrary, a doomed man, we had not the shadow of fear, but were made “strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.” Again and again have we felt, whilst preaching, that we would not have moved our head a single inch aside, even though the assassin might be then and there taking his deadly aim; nay, as we have before remarked, we the rather wished than otherwise, that we might die a martyr's death, and thus seal our testimony with our blood.

Dear reader, if you are in very deed in the footsteps of the flock, and where and as the Lord would have you to be, you need be under no fear or apprehension whatever of His bestowing upon you all the grace and strength you need. “Faithful is He that promised, who also will do it.”

(Extracts from Journal, continued from last Number.)

Sunday Night, December 6, 1846.—Have been exceedingly unwell these two days, and have suffered much from dejection. Went, however, to-day, in the midst of much bodily weakness, to Killae, among the mountains; felt, as I went, how far beyond my reach was the glorious subject brought to my mind last Sabbath, yet certainly never enjoyed a stronger hold upon the promise, “My word shall not return unto me void; but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” I felt that the text itself was the Lord's, and that, if the Spirit who indicted it were pleased to give understanding of it; and, further, to fulfil His promise of giving the opening of the mouth in the midst of the people, that would also be of the Lord; and, as such, a blessing must

attend.—Our number was 26; I spoke for about forty minutes, but with depression—did not experience that sweet heart-warming which I so love to realize. Was obliged to throw myself and my poor broken observations upon the Lord, feeling how far—yea, how infinitely—short they fell of the vast—the weighty—the glorious subject under contemplation.—Unable to go to church this evening, I have occupied myself in reading the “Dairyman’s Daughter.” It is a striking history. How it has tended to rekindle the fire—the ardent desire—to be useful, especially to these poor neglected—at the same time deeply interesting—Irish people. Life is so fast ebbing away; and these occasional attacks prove to one how soon an inroad may be made upon the constitution, and leave but a wreck for the grave! Lord, make me useful! Give me—oh, give me, not in a spirit of legal self-righteous endeavour, but with a heart fired with love, warmed by Thy rich grace and mercy, and in a simple dependence upon Thyself, “to work whilst it is called to-day, for the night cometh in which no man can work.”—Found access to my dear Lord to-night, on behalf of a vast body of friends, with whom I have been graciously permitted to meet in different parts of the kingdom. How sweet it was to realize the family relationship—to feel that, though so far separated, we were bowing before the same throne, and looking up to the same God and Father in Christ, in the glorious anticipation of one day meeting together before Him face to face in glory!

“Oh, glorious hour! Oh, bless’d abode!
We shall be near and like our God;
Nor flesh nor sense shall more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.”

Templemore, Ireland, December 31, 1846.—The closing up of the year! Hear praise, dear Father of all our mercies! Here we are by Thy good and gracious hand; and my dear wife and children brought to me in astonishing safety, peace, and comfort! And now here I am helped by kind friends in England to visit these poor starving Irish—poor Roman Catholics: already have I been from cabin to cabin, and given away nearly 250 tickets for 7lbs. of Indian meal to each ticket.* Certainly it has saved many from absolute starvation; and their gratitude is extreme. Their attention to one’s simple testimony for the truth as it is in Jesus is most gratifying. Lord, bless the feeble hints, and seal them home upon the heart, if agreeable with Thy sovereign will! And now at the close of this, and upon the threshold of another year, I commit myself—my family—my friends—Thy whole Church, to Thy holy care and keeping. Oh, bless me here! I thank Thee for the comfort I enjoy in testifying of Thee—for any measure of light into Thy blessed Word, and for the opening of the mouth in the midst of the people. Make clear my future course! Direct me to the part of the vineyard Thou hast selected for me; and, if Thy sovereign will, let the close of 1847 find me, at my post, preaching among poor Irish fellow-sinners “the unsearchable riches of Christ!”—Even so, Holy Father. Amen and amen.

Templemore, Friday Morning, April 30, 1847.—This morning I have to record the dismissal from the body of my dear, dear youth’s companion, dear John Lane. He fell asleep Tuesday morning, half-past four. He has just closed his ministry upon earth—I am just entering upon mine. Lord, sanctify the visitation! I feel it much, though long expected. Oh,

* This afterwards amounted to about five-and-twenty tons.

bless it to all of our family. Unite us as brothers and sisters. How soon *our* time will come! Here I walk day by day in the midst of death and dying. Much fever is raging, and day after day am I brought into immediate contact with it, and know not how soon the Lord may lay me low, as He is many in this land who are engaged as I am. O Lord, favour us—bless us—strengthen us! Let Thy good and gracious hand be seen. Satisfy us with Thy favour. Bring much good out of this afflictive visitation, and let us have good reason to bless and magnify Thy great and adorable name for thus visiting us. Amen and amen.

Sunday Morning, June 13, 1847.—This day week I expect to be one of the most important and eventful of my short life. Thursday next (if the Lord will) I leave this for *Waterford*; for examination on Friday and Saturday, and *ordination* on the Sunday following.—Lord, my own Lord, prepare me for this great undertaking; go before me—go with me—and be Thou my rereward! Indulge me with a realizing sense of Thy gracious presence—that so fears may be removed, and I, in consequence of the satisfactory—the alone satisfactory—assurance of Thine own presence and approval, may possess a “peace which passeth all understanding”—a composure most soothing to the soul! None but Thyself can give me this; none but Thyself can take my fears—my many—fears away. But Thou *canst* (oh, that it may be Thy pleasure so to do!) give me all that calmness—fearlessness—precious leaning, venturing, hiding in and upon Thee, as shall be most refreshing to my troubled spirit.

Waterford, Sunday Morning, June 20th, 1847.—My soul, bless the Lord this morning for the aboundings of His mercy! He hath brought me here—given strength to pass through the ordeal of an examination. The Bishop, Archdeacon, and Chaplain, were kindness itself. And now, in another short hour or two, I have to appear before the congregation at the Cathedral, to receive the laying on of hands, and the public welcome into the Lord’s vineyard.—Lord, hast Thou not called me thereto? Hast Thou not laid Thine own work upon my heart; and, worthless, undeserving, altogether unfit as I am in myself, hast Thou not given me many an inward and precious testimony, that this grace is given to me—even to me—“that I should preach amongst the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ?” Oh, let my subject—let the burden of my ministry—be CHRIST, and not self, nor mere doctrine! Let it be a sweet, savoury testimony for CHRIST; setting forth His love—His grace—His might, majesty, and dominion. And let many a poor sinner, if it be Thy holy will, O Lord, hear—savingly hear—from my poor stammering tongue—my faltering lips—of the name of Jesus! Yes, let me, by the rich anointing—the gracious outpouring—of the Holy Ghost, be enabled to fulfil my promise, made to Thee now twenty-one years ago, provided that Thou wouldst then hearken and deliver by the precious forgiveness of sin, through the blood of Jesus being applied to the conscience—the promise—that

“Then would I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I had found;
I’d point to His redeeming blood,
And say, ‘Behold the way to God.’”

Amen and amen.

Half-past two.—Have just returned from the Cathedral, after the deeply impressive and most solemn service—a service which, I trust, with its occasion, never, never to forget. I have had one prevailing desire, O all-

precious Jesus! and that is, that it may be my happy privilege, by the special—the abundant—outpouring of the Holy Ghost, to “PREACH CHRIST” unto the people. I want the burden of my ministry to be JESUS—JESUS! All else will fail—all else come short. A deathliness—a coldness—a comparative uselessness will be the result, if CHRIST be not exalted and become very high. Oh, Spirit Divine, let a precious—a special—bedewing from Thyself be granted unto me! I am nothing in myself but vanity and worthlessness. All that is comely—all that is acceptable to God, or really beneficial to the souls of men, must come from Thyself, as the One Spirit that works in the hearts of Thy redeemed “to will and to do” of Thine own good pleasure, testifying of JESUS, JESUS and His great salvation! Take the fear of man away, Lord; give light, knowledge, and understanding into Thine own precious truth; and let much good be done in the name of the holy child Jesus! Amen and amen.

Annestown, Bonmahon, Ireland, Nov. 29, 1847.—Have just heard from a confidential friend, that the stand I have made (and trust, the Lord enabling, ever to maintain) in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE against *Papery*, has roused the venom of the Romanists, and that I am a *marked* (if not a *doomed*) man.—Lord, I am in Thy hands. Thou art my Keeper. He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Make, and keep me, faithful even unto death! I feel the sweetness of those precious words—

“Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.”

This the Lord told me before I left England, twelve months ago. And since that time how great has been His mercy and goodness towards me—mercies new every morning, and renewed every evening! He hath placed me now over a people differing in sentiment from myself; may the Lord make me faithful to His truth, and enable me to PREACH CHRIST unto them. This, this is my desire. They lie very near my heart. That God may bless the Word is the one great desire of my soul. For this I am willing to spend and be spent in His service. I thank Him for the great privilege He hath conferred upon me, in that He hath counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; and now I desire to be led into truth—to be kept fearlessly and faithfully proclaiming that truth until He shall say, “Come up hither!” Lord, bless me in the work. Lord, give me deadness to the world, and liveliness to Thee! Lord, grant me grace to live in a holy fellowship and sweet familiarity with Thee, viewing the brevity of life—the greatness of the work Thou hast called me unto—and the probable short space of time allotted me here to labour! Oh, take away the fear of man, which bringeth a snare, and let me go before the people perpetually, bearing in mind the value of the soul, and feeling the holy influence which a “*Thus saith the Lord*,” under the Spirit’s power, produces in the heart. Amen and amen.

Saturday Morning, December 11, 1847.—Divine Spirit, Thou Illuminator of Thy Church, condescend, in the riches of Thy mercy, to open my understanding, and especially be Thou with me in those important engagements which now await me! This day week I expect, as Thou knowest, to be under a course of examination in order to receive a yet

fuller commission in Thy vineyard. Be *Thou* with me then, Lord; take fear away—give composure; grant a realization of Thy Divine presence, dearest Immanuel; and let me, if it seemeth good unto Thee, realize that Thou art with me now, even as when I before publicly espoused Thy cause! Thou *hast* been my Friend; Thou *hast* been my Helper; by me and with me Thou *hast* stood hitherto: still let Thine own guidance, guardianship, and goodness be granted unto me! And, O Lord, graciously be with me in Thy service! How much darkness, timidity, bondage, I feel: give me more liberty—indulge me with more fearlessness and freedom—give me larger insight into Thy blessed Word—a fuller door of utterance, and a more simple dependence upon Thyself, with a contentedness in leaving myself and ministrations in Thine all-gracious hands, to do with it and with me as shall seem good in Thy sight! Amen and amen.

Thursday Morning, December 16, 1847.—Leaving, presently, for Waterford, for examination to-morrow and Saturday, by the Bishop, &c. Lord, help me; Lord, sustain me; Lord, give me wisdom and understanding to reply! Let me realize Thy grace—Thy strength—Thine own divine presence and support! Make it a time of memorial, Lord, even as the last was; Thou that *hast* never left me, nor forsaken me; Thou that *hast* sustained 'midst trials and sorrows, and seemingly overwhelming perplexities! Oh, let Thy grace be sufficient, let Thy powerful arm sustain, and let thrice distinguishing mercy be experienced, for Christ's sake. Amen and amen.

Friday Night, December 31, 1847.—Another year closing upon us, and that for ever! Father of mercies and God of all comfort, not merely would I acknowledge Thy goodness as vouchsafed unto me so tenderly since my last record, but I would bless Thee and praise Thee and magnify Thee for all the manifold mercies with which Thou *hast* daily loaded us during the year now fast drawing to a close. My soul is lost in wonder and admiration whilst contemplating Thy faithfulness towards me. How unbelieving, how ungrateful, how altogether unworthy of any—the least—of the ten thousand times ten thousand mercies received at Thy hand, and yet, notwithstanding all my rebellion, unbelief, and ingratitude, daily and hourly have Thy mercies been continued unto me. How my soul now blesses Thee in That thou didst not give heed to my former desires of being taken out of the body, but in that Thou *hast* continued me here to learn more of Thy gracious dealings—more of Thy faithfulness—more of the fathomless grace that sways Thy loving heart towards poor guilty sinners. Oh! my Father, warm my heart, and touch my lip as it were with a live coal from off the altar, that I may testify of the same to my poor fellow-men! Thou *hast* placed me in a peculiar sphere—among those who profess to know and love Thee, but who (to say the least) abuse that love by distrusting the faithful continuance of Thy mercy towards Thy Church. Others, too, I have reason to believe, are but mere formalists—self-satisfied church-goers; others, equally dark and dead as the poor Romanists by whom they are surrounded. Lord, give me wisdom to go in and out before them; and oh, give me grace to proclaim faithfully and fearlessly Thine own truth, that God in all things may be glorified. Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, January 1, 1848.—Dearest Lord, thou *hast* permitted us to enter upon this year. Adored be Thy name! And now do Thou grant unto us the light—the grace—the liberty of Thine own Spirit. Oh, go with us through the year. Support us amid its varied, its multiplied

changes and vicissitudes. Let great grace rest upon us ! Water our souls by the refreshing dews of the Spirit ! Let our own souls be in health, and let the people of our charge be abundantly blessed under our feeble ministrations !—O Lord, we thank Thee for any realization of Thy grace and strength, whilst speaking in Thy name this morning. Grant it to be the sweet earnest of Thy presence and Thy grace throughout the labours of the year ! Solemnize our minds, and open our understanding, and enlarge our hearts, that we may, under the unction and power of the Spirit, proclaim fearlessly and fully the truth as it is in Jesus ! And, O Lord, remember the *MAGAZINE* ! Prosper it this year also ! Oh, let the marrow and fatness of Thine own truth fill its pages ! Let Christ be exalted, and be very high ! Forbid it—oh, forbid it, we entreat Thee—that “Ichabod” should be written upon it ! Let it maintain the truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth ! And bless our little household, Lord, we beseech Thee ! Conduct us safely onward this year ! Bring us to its close in peace, if it be Thy blessed will ! Give us, at its close, to say, as *now* we can say, in looking back upon the past year, and each of its forerunners, “He hath done all things well !” And enable us, O Lord, in the contemplation of our own dissolution, should it take place *this year*, to say—

“Should death be at hand, I’ll fear not undressing,
But cheerfully throw off these garments of clay ;
To die in the Lord is a covenant blessing,
Since Jesus to glory, through death, led the way !”

Annestown, Bonmahon, July 19, 1848.—I am as poor and (in my fleshly heart) as polluted a worm as ever Jehovah sent into His vineyard. I seldom know what it is to preach in my own appointed church but in the greatest bonds and fetters ; feeling almost perpetually the fact, that I “speak in parables”—that the people do not understand me ; and with this is the almost unceasing worrying of Satan and my own unbelieving heart, both in the pulpit and out of it, “Ah ! you have no gift—the Lord never sent you into His vineyard. You will quickly wear out. Your cruise will soon fail. Your tale will soon be told ; and then discredit and disgrace will be yours for the remainder of life—a mere vagabond for the remainder of your days !” These, these are the almost incessant worryings with which my bewildered mind is agitated. But when the Lord does give a little lift, oh, how precious ! ’Tis all right then. Thanks to His name for one little whisper, “All was well,” just now. My dear sister told me of a circumstance she met with at Cambridge : In distributing tracts, she met with a morose but remarkable man ; he refused her tracts ; said he read only his Bible. He was a shoemaker by trade, and usually met with a few poor saints in a room ; but the night I was at Cambridge, and was so unexpectedly invited to preach at Christ Church, it was too dark for him to see to work, and he thought he would go into the church, and hear the usual minister. My text that night was 2 Cor. iv. 17, “For our light affliction,” &c. He dropped in just as the text was announced, and the Lord was pleased to make it a precious watering time to his soul—thanks to His holy name ! Adored be His mercy for every little hope that He is pleased to drop into one’s barren heart, giving encouragement thereby to “thank Him, and to take courage” from the humble hope—I dare not say confidence—that He hath called me to the work ! Oh, to live near to Himself, and upon Himself ; finding indeed the truth that “all my springs are in Thee ;” yet with it the sweet realiza-

tion, that "of His fulness we are daily—hourly—receiving, and grace for grace!" Amen and amen.

July 28, 1848.—Here we are, in Ireland, threatened with a rebellion, and that of the most fearful character. Paris has lately been the scene of bloodshed to an awful extent; and the poor deluded Romanists here are ripe and ready, with their pikes and their illegal firearms, to follow so bloody an example. Protestants in the neighbouring towns are flying to England; a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act has been passed, in a Bill introduced—read a first, second, and third time—in one and the same night, in the House of Commons; and large mobs are assembling in different parts of the country, led on in their mad enthusiasm by certain equally mad leaders. With what grateful emotions do I open my eyes of a morning, to see that the light again has dawned upon us; and that their threats of far-spread assassination have not been carried into execution; that our dear little household has again reposed in peace and in safety beneath the kindly shadow of His Almighty wings. One thing has seemed to stay my mind, and divert me from that extreme dread and anguish which I have been (and believe, but for grace, should again be) the subject of. "*Ths Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,*" are five words that stay my mind, and comfort my heart. Lord, give me indeed to feel that Thou art God over all—ordering and well-ordering all things in us and for us; fixing the bounds of our habitation, and encompassing us with Thy favour as with a shield! From blessed experience I know Thou art able to cause us to realize the sweet truth, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bids I *cannot* die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

August 20.—"What shall I preach from to-morrow?" thought I yesterday. Psalm l. 15, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify me," came to the mind as vividly and as almost as audibly as if directly spoken to the ear and heart by a second person. It opened thus—1. The Exhortation; 2. The Encouragement; 3. The Effect.

I was led earnestly to beg the Lord to be matter and mouth to me; to take from me my accustomed nervousness and fear, to let me forget myself and the people in the absorbings of my subject, and the importance of the work in which I was engaged. But, oh, how different was it! Though others say they did not observe it, I was nervous to a degree. I felt cramped and powerless. My heart was heavy, my mind confused, and no spirit nor enlargement in my discourse.—O Lord, when wilt Thou deliver me from the fear of man, and give me power and energy and fearlessness in Thy work? Hast Thou not called me to it, and wilt Thou not bless me in it? Lord, do, do, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake! Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, Aug. 26.—I pray Thee, blessed Spirit, be with me, with Thine own special grace and power on the coming day! Give me light into Thy truth—precious views of Thy precious Gospel—a sight of Christ in the glory of His Person, the efficacy of His blood, the completeness of His righteousness—and then grant me a door of utterance, that I may speak Thy mind, O Lord, fully and fearlessly to the people! Thou knowest, Lord, the work is Thine own. I am entirely dependent

on Thee. All my previous thought and meditation will be far removed, unless Thy special grace and power be abundantly given unto me. Oh, grant it, Lord! Take fear away—take thoughts of self away—and let Thy grace, and Thy power, and Thy love, O adorable Trinity, be my theme!—I bless Thee for a sweet time on Wednesday night; precious and heart-warming was that season to my soul. Lord, grant me the like indulgence, if Thy holy will! Let my eyes—my heart—be up unto Thee, oh, adorable, all-lovely Jesus! Amen and amen.

Annestown, Sept. 1, 1848.—Removing to Bonmahon.—Blessed be God for hearing my poor prayers, and indulging me with a good season in the pulpit last Sunday! Precious, precious was the time whilst preaching from Eph. i. 3, 4.—Lord, repeat such privileged opportunities!

And now, O holy Father, we are about to vacate this habitation. We have begged counsel of Thee; we have waited Thy opening hand, for the settling more immediately among the people of our parish; a house sometime since presented itself; in that we were disappointed. Another followed; again to that my mind rebelled; still thinking it might be Thy hand, I moved slowly in the matter, and the result (after many weeks) is our going to that house. And now, Lord, I can appeal to Thee that the language of both heart and lip has been, "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence!" I feel the dangers to which we are exposed from worldly society—this is my great dread. Lord, keep us! Lord, preserve us! Lord, suffer us not to be ensnared! My earnest cry is, "Lord, save us from the snares and entrapments of the world, the flesh, and the devil! Keep us, and we shall be well kept; hold Thou us up, and we shall be safe!—For all the ten thousand mercies received at Thy hands here at *Annestown*, we bless and adore Thee; let the same sweet mercy, in protection, preservation, and provision attend us at *Bonmahon*, and Thy name shall have all the praise! Amen and amen.

Bonmahon, Sept. 2, 1848.—First Day in my New Study.—Dearest Lord Jesus, I would afresh dedicate myself, and my poor and imperfect services, to Thee this day, in this our new habitation. Privileged as I here am with quiet and retirement, it is my most hearty prayer that Thou wouldst graciously grant unto me much of Thy Divine presence and favour. Open Thy Word, Eternal Spirit; here come and testify of Jesus to my soul! Make it a Bethel spot! Let my meditations be sweet, and give me such indulgence as shall cause my soul to be watered with the bedewings of Divine love! Let covenant love, covenant blood, and covenant grace, be my meditation here, and my theme there, in the little church that opens to my view! Give me wisdom, too, in visiting the neighbouring cottages! Let Christ and salvation be my theme! May His glory be my object! and let a covenant blessing attend the Word of His grace! Amen and amen.

Evening.—Will it please Thee, O Lord, to favour me to-morrow as Thou didst on the last Sunday? Hear my cry! Be with me! Give me wisdom, strength, and courage! Grant me a clear apprehension of Thy truth, and then grant ability to bring it forth to the edification and profit of the people! Thou knowest, blessed Spirit, my entire dependence upon Thyself. Let me not hope in Thee, nor look to Thee, nor depend upon Thee, in vain! I seemed to have a measure of confidence in Thee on the last Saturday evening—I rather expected a good day to follow; Lord, I was not disappointed. I have not that confidence this evening; but Thou canst give me freedom with or without the previous assurance, nor would I, Lord, so much ask for comfort in Thy work, as for a calm confi-

dence that I am indulged to give utterance to the Lord's truth, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. And all I ask I would ask in Jesu's name, and for His sake. Amen and amen.

Monday, Sept. 4.—Blessed be the Lord for hearing my poor cries, and giving me a good day yesterday! Precious are those seasons when the Lord comes in His own Divine energy and power with His word. Lord, multiply these seasons; increase them to the joy and rejoicing of my heart!

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—Found, in my calls yesterday, that complaints were made of my Sunday morning's sermon, and threats of certain parties to discontinue their attendance. Be it so, Lord, if it is for Thy glory. Thy Word is to be made a savour of death unto death, as well as of life unto life. Lord, make and keep me faithful! Let me keep back nothing that is profitable! In Eph. i. 5—7 is the doctrine of Thy discriminating grace and adopting love, and shall I—dare I—keep it back? Forbid it, Lord! Precious is the contemplation to my soul! And let me pour forth the sweetness of it to the people, that they (if it be Thy will) may be rooted and grounded in love—and built up, not in mere natural or nominal faith, but in THY (because Thou art the Author and Giver of all that is genuine) most holy faith!—I know, O Lord, my constant temptation to keep back part of the truth (because most of my hearers are professed *Methodists*); but, Lord, preserve me from falling into the snare! Let me live, walk, and preach the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!

Saturday Evening, Sept. 9.—O Lord, think upon me on Thy coming day, I entreat Thee! I know it will be an act of mercy, if Thou dost. But yet is it not *all mercy* at Thy hand? I have been interrupted in my reading this day, and very wandering in my thoughts and conversation, when I would have had my mind set upon what was before me. But this is my character. Restless—unsteady—far from that studiousness and application which I desire to have. Went out this evening to call upon a parishioner; talked about others; always engenders bondage. Lord, let me learn by these dearly-bought lessons! How much more valuable and precious are those Saturday evenings spent in the silent study, and in the felt presence of the Lord! Lord, increase the number of such, and make them increasingly dear to the heart!

Sunday Noon.—Preached this morning from 1 Cor. ix. 16: "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel!" The resistance of the truth last Sunday led me to this text this morning. Lord, though I felt no sweet dew or power, Thou canst make it to accomplish Thy end and purpose. Seal it home! Cause it to tell! Let the deaf hear, the blind see; and may Thy glory be made to appear! The work is Thine, not mine, as I have endeavoured this day to tell the people.—Be with me this evening! No text at present, and have been thinking I should never have liberty again in preaching. Lord, keep me from conferring with flesh and blood, or measuring Thy truth and Thy Spirit's teachings by the standard of my feelings of ignorance, weakness, barrenness, and impotency! Do Thou work, and let Thy glory be revealed!

Evening.—Blessed, blessed, blessed be the Lord, for the precious season of this evening in the pulpit, whilst preaching from Eph. i. 1! My mind was led away from another subject to this just before service; and, oh, how sweet did the Lord make it to my heart! Full and free were both heart and tongue. Adored be the Lord for such a timely token of His favour! Magnify Thy grace, O Thou sweet Spirit, and give me, in my

feeble way, to honour Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in the proclamation of Thy truth! Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, Sept. 16, 1848.—Arrived at another Saturday night, dear Father of mercies and God of all consolation, I come to ask Thee for a new mercy—a blessing for and on the Sabbath. Lord, Thou only canst prepare the heart, and Thou alone give wisdom and words for Thy work. Lord, hear me! Lord, grant Thy Divine presence—Thy strength—Thy supports—Thine own gracious leadings! Amen and amen.

Saturday Night, Sept. 30, 1848.—Another day, week, and month closing—and that for ever—upon us. Lord, we desire to offer Thee praise for Thy Divine faithfulness, and all the sweet mercies vouchsafed during the month. Warm our hearts in the contemplation! We have especially to bless Thee for having favoured us in the proclamation of Thy Word, during many seasons in the month; and are coveting the same rich mercy for the coming Sabbath. Lord, we love the comfort of Thy truth; but, we pray Thee, give us a more settled assurance that it is *truth*, whether or not we realize at the time the sweet enjoyment of it! In this respect we want to be “strengthened, stablished, settled;” to know that we are the Lord’s messenger, and that He is pleased, by our mouth, to speak unto the people.

Saturday Night, Oct. 7, 1848.—Lord, help me to-morrow! I desire to acknowledge Thy gracious presence on the last Sabbath, especially in the evening of the day. Vouchsafe Thy Divine favour to-morrow, O Lord! My mind is confused; in vain have I endeavoured to set my thoughts in order. I feel that I must throw myself on Thy kind and gracious arm. I would acknowledge, with gratitude, the sweet melting remembrance Thou didst afford me to-day of my *pardon-hour*, whilst writing to one of Thy dear children. Especially would I thank Thee for having heard my cry this week, that the welfare of Thy Church might be more laid upon *my* heart, and *my* state and circumstances upon *theirs*. Precious, since these petitions, has been my intercourse with Thy people in epistolary correspondence! Lord, thus revive and strengthen my faith, and hope, and love.

Saturday Night, Oct. 14.—The sudden death, by fever, of a friend in the North of Ireland, rendered it desirable (if not necessary) that I should offer other dear friends in England, that I would (if the Lord permitted) go, and endeavour to console the bereaved widow and family. The offer on *their* part was gladly accepted, and deemed a striking interposition of the Lord’s hand, inasmuch as they were, until my letter arrived, looking but in vain for some one to send. And now, Lord, I am Thy *waiting* and *willing* servant. I have been entreating Thee, Thou knowest, that, “if *Thy* presence go not with me, Thou wouldst carry me not up hence.” Prevent it, Lord! Throw obstacles in the way! But if it is *Thy* pleasure and *Thine* appointment, then go with me! Make me an instrument of comfort to the widow and fatherless, in directing their weeping eyes to Thee, and in preaching Christ’s glorious Gospel among them! Lord, come in the power of Thy Spirit, and grant it to be a season of memorial! And let great grace rest upon Thy poor stammering worm to-morrow! Make this also a day of gladness by the sovereign anointing of God the Holy Ghost upon both speaker and hearer! Amen and amen.—Give me grace, Lord, to thank Thee for the gracious interpositions of Thine hand, this week, in a providential way! How is it, Lord, that Thou art so indulgent to such a poor sinful worm? Truly Thy remembrances of me and mine have been, and are, marvellous. My soul would admire and adore Thee in the contemplation.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

NOTES OF A SERMON.

"Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me."—2 TIM. iv. 17.

PROSPERITY procures friends: adversity tries them. Paul was in adversity when he had to appear before Cæsar. He had special need of the sympathy and support of friends; but, through the fear of man and other causes, not one friend stood by him. All men forsook him, and, like his Master before him, he stood alone, so far as earthly friends were concerned. This was a most trying position. It was enough to make even an apostle waver. But *the Lord* vouchsafed His presence. The Lord would not fail nor forsake His servant. The Lord stood by him, and strengthened him. What confidence and comfort the Lord's presence inspired! How forcibly this reminds one of Joshua, the representative of God's people on their return from captivity, whose filthy garments were taken off, and upon whom change of raiment was put, whose iniquities also were taken away; and, while Satan was present as an adversary to accuse and oppose, the Angel of the Lord stood by. That Angel, Jesus Himself, not only delivers, but stands by to protect and comfort His people. Such had been the experience of the Apostle: first, when rescued from the power of Satan, and, times without number afterwards, in times of perplexity and danger. Thus, for instance, on the night following his trial before the Jewish council, when it was feared Paul would have been pulled in pieces, he was carried off hastily to the castle; and, when still and quietly shut up in the fortress, "the Lord stood by him, and said, Be of good cheer, Paul; for as thou hast testified of me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome." And, when in the fearful storm in the Mediterranean, on his way to Rome, it seemed impossible for any one to escape a watery grave, "there stood by me (he says) the Angel of God, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

How graciously and seasonably the Lord stands by His servants! But in their distress He is especially near. Thus, when Joseph was a lonely captive in Egypt, and, through a wicked woman, was thrown into prison, how cheering the words of the sacred narrative, "But the Lord was with Joseph, and shewed him mercy; . . . the Lord was with him, and that which he did the Lord made it to prosper." So with regard to the noble God-fearing youths in Babylon: who can understand fully the severe trial of their faith in that hour when they had to be cast into the fiery furnace? And yet never, perhaps, had they realized such ineffable felicity as then, when, in the very midst of the terrible furnace, the Son of God stood by and walked with them. How loudly their noble words, and still nobler conduct, proclaim the fact, that "the path of duty is ever the path of safety!"

Fear not, then, O tried believer! for, when thou walkest through the fire of sad affliction, thou shalt not be burned.

The Lord stands by to check the fury of His enemies.

In confirmation of this, in addition to all that has been said, observe how He interposed on behalf of His afflicted people under such men as Pharaoh, Haman, and Sennacherib. What a number and variety of

wicked devices there were in the hearts of these wicked men against the Lord, and against His anointed people! And yet how marvellously these wicked devices were frustrated, the wicked authors punished, and the counsel of the Lord accomplished! The Bible abounds with such illustrations. So does more modern history. Thus, Charles VIII., King of France, went into the field of battle against Naples, "like thunder and lightning, but went out like a snuff." Thus Valens, having to sign an order for the banishment of Basil, because he would not embrace Arianism, was seized with such a trembling in his hand that he could not sign it. He was afterwards burnt by the Goths. Domitian, having made out a list of Christians to be put to death, including his own wife and friends, was stabbed to death in his own house by his servants. Julian vowed and swore that, after his return from his wars, he would make a sacrifice of Christians; but was mortally wounded in the Persian war, and, catching the blood in his hand, as it flowed from the wound, threw it up into the air, exclaiming, "At length thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

Another case, very similar, is that of Felix, Earl of Wurtemberg, who swore that before his death he would ride up to his spurs in the blood of Lutherans; but, on that very night, he himself was clotted with his own blood.

The wicked authors of the never-to-be-forgotten gunpowder plot designed the overthrow of Protestant Christianity in this country, and the re-establishment of Popery. The Lord disclosed the infernal design. He stood by His own people, and maintained His own cause.

It is well worthy of note that the ex-Emperor Napoleon, as it is reported on good authority,* ascribes the recent war to the machinations of the party that was dominant in the Ecumenical Council. The destruction of Prussian (or Protestant) ascendancy in Germany had been made the condition of the further support of the Empire by the Romish Church. The war for this purpose was to take place while the Council was sitting, and the Council was summoned for no other purpose than to be sitting during the war. It was expected that the Roman Catholic population of Germany would side with France. The certain defeat of Germany was anticipated, and by this, simultaneously with the proclamation of the infallibility of the Pope, the overthrow of German Protestantism was anxiously looked for, and then England, and America—yea, even the world itself—might soon be compelled to fall down before the great Antichrist. But the Lord graciously frustrated this infernal policy. Yea, blessed be His name! the designs of His enemies were made to recoil with dire confusion upon their own heads, inflicting a deadly blow on the temporal power of the Pope, and accelerating the Reformation and the spread of the Gospel even into the very heart of Rome itself.

Thus does the Lord stand by His people in their time of need, and restrains or over-rules the fury of His enemies, "making the very wrath of man to praise Him."

Moreover, "the Lord stands by His people," in order to give them strength and boldness in His cause. Thus the Lord said to Joshua, "There shall not a man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." Why? God answers, "As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." And then the Lord adds, "Be strong and of a good courage." No wonder that, after this, the enemies of Israel should

* *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy* for April, 1871.

have fled before them. So, again, when Goliath, of Gath, glorying in his great physical strength, uttered proud defiance against the armies of the living God, the Lord put forth the stripling David, inspired him with superhuman boldness, and, standing by him when advancing to the conflict, directed the stone from its sling on its deadly mission, and laid the defiant boaster prostrate on the earth. How truly may the weakest say, "I am strong," when the Lord stands by and imparts His strength—strength to suffer, strength to fight, and strength for every possible emergency (Acts iv. 13).

It is said that when Chrysostom once reproved the Empress Eudoxia for being like Jezebel for covetousness, he received a threatening message from her, to which he returned this bold and decided answer, "Go, tell her I fear nothing but sin!"

So, again, when Luther was summoned to the diet at Worms, many of his friends, fearing disastrous consequences, tried to dissuade him from going. His bold and courageous answer, so well known, was, that "if there were as many devils in Worms as there were tiles on the houses he would go;" and when, before the council, called upon to retract and renounce his faith in the simplicity of the Gospel, "the Lord so stood by and strengthened him," that he could say, "Here stand I, I cannot change."

The accounts we have of the boldness of the martyrs—their support and consolation in suffering—can only be accounted for on the ground that "the Lord stood by them, and strengthened them."

How truly did Cyprian say of Christians, "*Occidi poterant, sed vinci non poterant*"—many could be killed, but they could not be conquered.

Learn, 1. Never yield to *groundless fear*.—The hearts of worldly men may fail for fear, as they anticipate the judgments of God coming on the earth. But a Christian should not fear. "Fear not ye: ye seek Jesus." "Fear hath torment." It emasculates faith of all its energy; it quenches the ardour of love; it paralyses all noble Christian effort. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Why, then, fear? Why not be bold as a lion?

2. Entertain high thoughts of God.—"*Be still*, and know that I am God,"—omnipotent, omniscient, irresistible. "There are many devices in a man's heart; nevertheless, the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand."

3. Even if alone, afflicted, and without the sympathy of a single human friend, "the Lord will stand by and strengthen" us. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." The Lord will provide.

"Deliverance comes most bright and blest
In danger's darkest hour,
And man's extremity is best
To prove His grace and power."

R. CORNALL, M.A.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON

BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, LATE OF BRIGHTON.

"The counsel of peace shall be between them both."—ZECH. vi. 13.

HERE we have the only counsel that shall stand. "There are many devices in a man's heart; but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand" (Prov. xix. 21). But, not further to enlarge here, having formed part of our morning's consideration, I must take you to the context of this portion whence my

text is taken, which is a glorious discovery of the God-Man, Jesus, under this figure—a Branch (ver. 9). This figure is used several times in this chapter and other places, but to notice only here the 10th, 11th, and 12th verses. Now, it would appear that these Jews, spoken of at verse 9, had come from Babylon to Zechariah, and brought silver and gold with them; and the prophet tells them what to do with it. "Go," says he, "make crowns of the silver and gold, and put them upon the head of Joshua"—Joshua being a type and representation, as his name signified, of Jesus. Now, if I am to get through this subject to-night, I must only touch the many points before us, as, 1. We have a discovery of Jesus-Jehovah as the Branch; 2. His growth; 3. His work; 4. His glory; 5. His dominion; 6. The character of that rule or dominion; 7. The effect of His rule; and, lastly, the subjects or extent to whom the dominion reaches. Is it you? Is it I? Typically it was to Helem, Tobijah, Jedaiah, &c., Jews, who had come from Babylon, and, still more, as at verse 15, them "that are far off shall come," representing the Gentiles, wherein we may see our part in this prophecy. But—

1. We have our dear Lord set forth here as the *Branch*. "Behold the Man whose name is The BRANCH." Behold the Man! Ay, as when He was brought by the insulting Jews before Pilate with this word, "Behold the Man!" The Man of whom Zechariah prophesied, by the wonderful term, "The Man that is my fellow, saith the Lord," equal with Jehovah respecting His divinity, therefore God and Man—else not a sufficient Saviour for you and for me. If not God, He had His own sin as man to atone for, or be atoned for. If not man, He could not have made an atonement, but as God-Man He could—"The Word was made flesh, and we beheld His glory." In this consisted His glory, His manifested revealed glory; He became Man. So, no glory unless He became Man. Therefore it was Jesus took and gloried in the title, Son of Man. Many times it is repeated in the Gospels, the glory of His Godhead was not enough. No, He must have the superadded glory of Man, in the union of the two, Man and God, that wondrous union which gave glory to each. But, further, the Word goes on to say, "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Here is another description of this God-Man. All the grace you and I stand in need of is administered according to grace, because Jesus is full of grace. The Apostle says, "This is the true grace of God;" nor would He be the true God, but as a God of grace. It is your and my mercy that we have a free-grace God, that looks for no merit in the creature. But are there no merits in the case? Yes, abundance, but all in *Christ*. He merited all for His Church. 2ndly, He is called here a "Branch"—not a tree, not a plant, but a "Branch"—a slip without root. Here is His human nature—a mystery; like the Gospel—a mystery; like His dealings—a mystery, full of hidden things. Something of them may be apprehended in the letter, but there can be no spiritual apprehension without *Divine power* affecting the heart. Christ was the offspring of David, and yet David's Root—the Root of the house of Judah. But the margin sets out the greater mystery, for it reads, "He shall grow up from under Him." He produced Himself, and nothing but Himself produced, or could have produced, Himself.

3. His work: "He shall build the temple," His own Church, Jehovah's temple, concerning whom He says, "Ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost," and again, "There will I dwell." All the building His, all the devising His—not of human conception, but Divine; all the Lord's plan

from first to last, therefore, must stand : the first stone laid with grace, the top stone brought off with grace, made of stones, hewed out of the quarry, raised, squared, polished, and made to fit in their places according to their proper proportions. See how Peter speaks (1 epistle ii. 7). To whom coming ye also as lively or living stones. Now, who are these but such as are born again, in whose heart the seed is sown? Such are living stones taken from nature's quarry to form God's house. You were once in the pit of darkness, but sovereign grace must hew you out and raise you up and polish you, and in due time you shall be found in your place above. The material temple was a type of God's Church; and one great point is, that God is found in that house, that He makes precious visits there. He gives times of refreshing from His presence; and what do we know of such times? But the sweet point is, all this building is His work, and the creature cannot help or hinder it. He is Master Builder; He both builds and furnishes, therefore all the part we have is to enjoy it—see it and live in it—and the Lord acknowledges this as the best work, to believe on His Son. The Lord estimates this as the best of all works, for it is His own gift to His own people; the faith of God's elect. How many of these living stones are here? Oh, friends, what a deal of hewing and polishing and shaping we require! But, if you are brought into the temple as a living stone, you will know it by having fellowship with the Father, with His Son, and with His saints.

4. He shall bear the glory. Thence all the saints shall give Him glory—not glory in vile self, or ever expect it; no, but in a precious Christ, who has all the glory, for He is made “wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption,” and has got this all for His elect, therefore they may well give Him the glory. Creatures are not to have it, for the Word says, “Let him that glorieth glory in this, that He knoweth me.”

The creature shall not have to boast of any improvement of any gift. If you have faith, hope, love, prayer, it is not for these gifts you are saved: these are evidences of being saved; they don't precede life, but come from life. Saved first, and thence given faith, hope, love, prayer; thus God has all the glory. The sinner is saved, and then he loves Him by whom he is saved. Many in this matter put the cart before the horse, as it were, and so make sad confusion—making out that life follows these graces; whereas life comes first and all the rest follow after.

5. Christ's rule: If He did not, I am sure the devil would. The devil's power is great, but it is not supreme. It is declared that, “Christ must reign till He hath subdued all enemies.” He reigns now, He fills the throne, to carry out the efficacy of His own blood, and make a prevailing intercession for the saints. He reigns to carry out the benefit of His doing and dying, to apply His blood; to administer to the wants of His people, and present them to His Father as He chose them—“holy and without blame before Him in love.” “But,” say some, “how can He reign and yet such evil reign too?” My dear friends, if Jesus did not reign, this earth would be hell. “Ah!” say you, “it is that to me. What with my own evils and others, I find this earth a hell to my soul.” Bless God—for that is all the hell, poor soul, you shall ever know. You must be content to find a hell here, if you are to have heaven hereafter. This is the true interpretation of the Papist's purgatory, but it is to be here. Old Testament saints were made to feel this; New Testament saints likewise. But, as the Lord said to Paul, so they found, and so shall you find: “My grace is sufficient;” grace, nothing but grace, supports and keeps; God's grace arising out of His own will; His irrelative choice; His

free favour ; He looks for all to Christ, and finds all in Christ ; and He would have us look where He looks. Look and be saved. He looks to Christ for all ; He *is* sufficient for God. He said, "I will be Surety," and God accepted Him. Now, if God looks to Christ for all, I am sure you and I may look to Him for all ; for temporals as well as eternal ; for a present as well as a future salvation. But see for whom that salvation is provided : for the lost. Was the cry of *lost* ever raised up in thy soul ? If not, I am sure thou canst not prize the Church's Christ.

6. He was to be a Priest. Now, the Jewish law was this : no king could be a priest, and no priest could be a king ; but Christ is both King and Priest ; the true Melchizedek ; therefore, said the apostle, having *such* an High Priest, one who is both King and Priest, therefore *able* to save ; One able by His sacrifices to atone for sin, and able also to apply the blood and remove the conscience of sin. Perhaps some here may have at this present time a heavy heart from the guilt of a particular sin which presses upon the conscience. Oh, to have that sin put away ; to get rid of the guilt of that sin ; to have the heart sprinkled, and the conscience of the sin removed ; to have that which separates between you and God put away ! Do you not desire it above all things ? Jesus is both King and Priest ; it is with Him to effect it. His Priesthood comprehends His sacrifice, His blood His obedience ; and a view of this would give you pardon and peace, fill you with joy, and so give you an experimental acquaintance with the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus. This would make you comprehend something of Jesus being "able to save unto the uttermost." We cannot rightly understand God's *uttermosts*. Poor souls heaped up with sin hour by hour, day by day, month by month, year by year, yet see His blood "cleanseth from *all* sin"—God's *uttermost*. That was a sweet word to the Corinthian after a black catalogue of odious crime : "But ye are washed ; but ye are justified ; but ye are sanctified." As if he would say to poor sinners through this case—What of it all ? Make it as black and as long as you like ; if ye are washed, justified, sanctified, it is all pardoned, put away, forgotten, forgiven"—no more remembrance of sin. Vessels of mercy, set apart by mercy, must receive mercy.

But, 7th, the effect of this Priesthood—peace. "He shall be a Priest upon His throne, and the counsel of peace shall be between them both." That is, as I take it, between the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus, which was represented by the crowns upon Joshua's head—the mitre and diadem. The counsel of peace was established and appointed by God, before all worlds, and undertaken through the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus. The nature, character, and effect being peace ; thence it was a counsel of peace. He must and will have a seed to serve Him, and to enjoy the peace He has provided ; and, if it had not been secured to the Church by the Kingship and Priesthood of Jesus, not one of them would have enjoyed it, therefore the Church would have failed of it all if it had not been "between them both."

Now come to the extent. "The crowns shall be to Helem, Tobijah, Jedaiah, and Hen." These were Jews ; so they represented God's mercy to His literal Israel—the remnant according to the election of grace in the midst. "And they that are afar off shall come and build," &c. Here was mercy set forth for the Gentile Church—"far off," as the apostle says, "but *made* nigh," therefore they had no hand in it. *MADE* nigh. Just like some of you—far off by nature ; made nigh by electing, sovereign, distinguishing grace. The Lord bless His Word !

Pilgrim Papers.

CLOUDS AND CROWDS.

THE true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ knows something experimentally of both crowds and clouds; he being seldom without either the one or the other, and sometimes having them together. In the reading and hearing of the Word clouds are present; which, for a while, prevent him seeing into the true meaning of the Word; like breath on a glass, which hinders a person seeing himself clearly therein. What clouds of ignorance he feels, who is made wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus! A cloud was not far from the Psalmist when he said, "So foolish was I, and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee." Clouds do not extinguish the heavenly bodies, nor throw them out of their course, neither do the Christian's clouds prevent all things the Lord has appointed, working together for his good.

Clouds are moved by the wind. The gracious wind of the Holy Ghost removes the clouds of ignorance: "He shall teach you all things." The sky in England is often cloudy. Some of the Lord's people seldom see "a morning without clouds." "Cloudy days" are generally felt by the children of God to be very long ones. The two disciples going to Emmaus had "their eyes holden that they should not know Him." By and by the clouds was scattered by "the Light of the World," and "He vanished out of their sight."

Clouds prevent the sun being seen. So do clouds hinder, for a while, the believer recognizing the Sun of Righteousness. In Acts i. 9, it is written: "A cloud received Him out of their sight." Many a poor cloudy Christian has a will to receive Christ. Jesus was in the cloud, but there was no cloud in Him. The cloud which received Jesus took an upward course while He was in it. Poor cloudy brother in Christ, while Christ manifestively dwells in your heart by faith, you feel your soul mount up as on eagle's wings, far away from this world's dark, carking things. The darkness and the light are not both alike to you, but they are to Him who dwells in your soul: "In Him is no darkness at all."

Clouds occasion gloominess and coolness. Under a cloud the believer often feels gloomy and cool. A fool is seldom cool. Mists and clouds will sometimes occasion chillness. It is bad to feel chilly when a person is at a place where a collection is being made for a good purpose; it has a tendency to stiffen the fingers, and of making them feel awkward in opening the purse.

Such chilliness is no friend to giving. The widow who cast in all her living was not suffering from this common distemper, or she would not have done what she did. How extensively this complaint prevails, yet how little known and owned. Here is a poor labourer who lives in the torrid zone of Christian experience, with his 12s. or 15s. a week. He is present at a place where a collection is made, and feels free from the cold chills. Look at his hand, how quickly it moves. How soon something, in the shape of money, is taken by it, and freely given. There is another wealthy professor, who lives in the frigid zone of selfishness, covetousness, and worldly-mindedness present at the same place, and

suffering fearfully from this complaint, giving, most grudgingly, a trifling sum, far less in proportion to his means than the poor labouring man. It is a distemper, which, at some time or other, affects almost every one. When the complaint is very bad it makes a person both mean and lean; making him a trouble even to his own house. In some cases it takes a long time before a cure is effected.

It has been said that clouds are formed by what the sun draws up from the earth and sea. What a sea of evil within! what mists are drawn up from that damp, dark, swampy quagmire—the earthly mind! Christian friend, the Lord in mercy may send you a cloud to keep you from being proud. Then what crowds of cares, fears, doubts, afflictions, trials, and temptations, enemies within and without, the “vessel of mercy” has to contend with. A noise will sometimes bring a crowd together. Let the Holy Spirit compel a poor sinner to cry to God for mercy, and what a crowd will soon be gathered to see what is up, and to try to hinder the cries of the crying one. How often the dear child of God cries out in real earnest to God in prayer, when he feels internally a crowd present. It is a blessing when the Lord so overrules the presence of an internal crowd, so as to intensify the cries of the heart, for what He has designed to bestow. A crowd will often be permitted to accompany “God’s elect who cry day and night unto Him,” even when they desire to be in some lonely place where to pour out their souls before Him. Oh, the many, many enemies to Holy Ghost-inspired prayers, the “groanings which cannot be uttered.”

A fire will sometimes collect a crowd. Let a fire be kindled in the conscience of a sinner by the application of God’s holy law to it, and what a crowd of terrors and fears will come in and attend it.

The forcible turning out of a tenant from a house which he is unwilling to leave is calculated to draw a crowd. Let the Lord upset Satan’s house, spoil his goods, and turn him out, and will there not be a crowd collected of objectors and opposing influences to prevent, if possible, or hinder these things being done? The arrest of a lawbreaker by a policeman will often occasion a crowd. So, when a sinner is arrested by the coming of the law to him with power, an alarming crowd of misgivings, shakes, and quakes collect. When a criminal is being tried for a capital offence, if the prisoner’s conscience is awakened, what a crowd of anxious thoughts and feelings he feels as the trial proceeds, which increase as one witness after another give evidence against him, and which reaches and swells to large dimensions as the sentence “Guilty” is given against him, and the judge, with solemn tones, pronounces sentence of death upon him; the condemned one is taken back to his prison cell, the internal crowd going with him, and which continues with him, and increases till the law’s sentence is carried out or a reprieve granted him.

Spiritual reader, you know in some measure what the above description means. When you were brought in guilty before God, had “the sentence of death in yourself,” not knowing a moment but what the awful sentence would be executed upon your sinful guilty soul; how high your fears rose; how your poor soul trembled within you; how free from a trifling spirit you felt. What heavy inward weights you felt sinking your burdened heart as into a horrible pit. This was the place and state in which you felt that none but Jesus could do you any good; where you felt free-will to be a lie, and free-grace alone that which could drive away the crowds; remove your heavy weights, and lift your sinking soul out of the mire.

Sure I am that none but the Almighty Spirit of the living God can bring a sinner into such a condition as to make him truly feel his need of the ever-blessed and eternally-precious Lord Jesus to deliver and save his soul. How few in these days seem to be brought into this place. How seldom one hears of sinners being effectually called by grace. "O Lord, revive Thy work."

The launching of a ship will often bring a crowd. When a "vessel of mercy" is launched upon the sea of regenerating grace, what a crowd is collected to witness it. Angels, rejoice at his repentance; men of the world see a change in him, his course being not according to this world but towards "a better country." Those who truly repent in time will not lament when time shall be no more.

When a king shows himself in public it occasions a crowd. When King Jesus shows Himself "through the lattice," manifests Himself to the quickened soul, every grace in the new man, His subjects there, give Him a hearty welcome, and cry out, "Hosanna to the Son of David."

When alms are given away at a certain place to the poor and needy, this usually brings a crowd.

When Jesus scatters His alms, gives bread to hungry souls, water to thirsty souls, peace to wretched souls, and comfort to comfortless souls, His poor and needy gather around Him, to receive from His open hand what satisfies their longing souls.

Some crowds aim to do mischief, especially those who have no respect for law and order; so some of the believer's crowds are up to mischief, neither do they like any restraint, being lawless and unruly.

There is generally a crowd when the riot act is read to an unruly mob. How many unruly things in the stubborn will, the carnal mind, and the evil heart, which submit not to law nor gospel, and protests at things being "done decently, and in order."

The wreck of a ship near land, or near the shore, will bring a crowd. So when one who has stood high and long in a profession makes shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, how many eyes are turned upon him; how many cry out, "So would we have it."

A wedding will frequently cause a crowd; so on the occasion of the quickened soul's espousals to Christ, what a crowd of happy feelings attend the event.

The funeral of one of the world's great ones most frequently cause a crowd. When a great sinner "becomes dead to the law by the body of Christ," reckons himself to be "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord," what a crowd rises up within him from his legal self-righteous proud flesh against this line of things.

A herald making a proclamation will cause a crowd. So a minister of Christ is the means of gathering a crowd to hear the Gospel proclaimed.

A person needs strength, courage, and perseverance, to press through a crowd; especially if not of the same mind as those who compose it. What divine strength the weak believer requires to enable him to "go forward" in spite of all the crowds which tend to impede his progress.

Crowds at times move slowly; so with the Christian's crowds. In times of rebellion crowds have been scattered by the king's authority. So crowds of devils, sins, terrors, fears, cares, and objections, must all be gone when King Jesus says, "Go!" "Where the word of a king is, there is power."

F. F.

THOUGHTS ON GENESIS.—THE ARK.

(GEN. vii.)

OF what was the Ark a type? It was evidently a type of Christ, and a more perfect one than would at first sight appear. Noah and his family alone, out of all the people of the earth, were admitted, without reference to any amongst them being unconverted; but, as just this one family (which should be taken as a whole) were saved from temporal destruction by means of the Ark, so the one family of God are saved eternally in and through Christ Jesus. Likewise the few amongst the animals who were taken into the Ark, "to keep seed alive upon the face of all the earth," appear to be a type of the godly seed which are preserved and kept alive in Christ. In 1 Peter iii. 20, the long-suffering of God is represented as "waiting in the days of Noah, while the Ark was a preparing, wherein few, that is, *eight souls* were saved by water." There we have shadowed forth the few who are saved spiritually. We may fairly understand the first part of the verse to mean that God waited until the *set time according to His purpose* was come for the Ark being prepared, just as it is said in the fulness of time Christ came—that is, the time purposed and agreed upon in the covenant between the Father and the Son; and until such time, according to our ideas, God might be said to wait.

In Hebrews xi. 7, it is said, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an Ark to the saving of his house." Noah had faith that he should be saved by the Ark; so that it is by faith in Christ, the true Ark, that we become, like Noah, heirs of the righteousness which is by faith.

"And the Lord shut him in" (v. 16). Our eternal security is provided for by God Himself, and nothing can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, "Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time" (1 Peter i. 5).

"He will keep the feet of His saints, and the wicked shall be silent in darkness; for by strength shall no man prevail" (1 Sam. ii. 9).

"God remembered Noah" (Gen. viii. 1). Not that God ever forgot Noah, for "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance;" but He remembered His covenant, as He had told him: "With thee will I establish my covenant,"—that covenant of grace which He had entered into with Christ on behalf of His people, and in which Noah was included; for "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." When God pours out the vials of His wrath upon the nations of the earth, He remembers His own dear people, and either mitigates the calamities to them, enabling them by His grace to bear up under them, or He removes them out of the troubles, housing them safely in His home above. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe" (Prov. xviii. 10). "For the Lord will not forsake His people for His great name's sake; because it hath pleased the Lord to make you His people" (1 Sam. xii. 22). "My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips" (Psalm lxxxix. 34). "He remembered us in our low estate, for His mercy endureth for ever." Yea, and He remembers us still, through all the devious windings of this present life, and will at last bring us to His heavenly kingdom. True, He knows we are often cowards at suffering; but have we not the example of our blessed Saviour, who proved the weakness of the flesh by the prayer, "Let this cup pass from me," and who excused the weakness of

His disciples by averring that "the spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak"? Thus the Lord (as in Noah's case) continually remembers His people for their good and His glory. W.

GOOD WORKS.

If not exempted from trouble in times of general calamity, the Lord's people have a refuge in God; they have a Hiding-place, and a good home to look forward to when this poor life is ended; and this marks the difference between the saint and the sinner—between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not. God has His appointed time and way to gather His wheat into the garner, and to burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire; and times of calamity, such as war, fire, and pestilence, accomplish His purpose in this matter.

Men may deny the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty in salvation, but they cannot controvert it in Providential dealing. They may kick against the goads, but that is all they can do, for we may bring up the old challenge—Who hath resisted His will?—fearlessly, as no answer can ever be given to that question. God in Providence is more than a match for men and devils. Satan had his commission from God to afflict Job, but he could go no further than God permitted. Divine Sovereignty marked the boundary line. "Behold, he is in thine hand; but save his life."

Satan is in subjection to Divine Sovereignty, and what wonder he should hate it? what wonder he should influence the minds of the unregenerate against it? What wonder that he should inject opposing thoughts in the bosom of the elect, who are saved by the power at which many of them, set on by Satan, ignorantly cavil? My reader, has God broken the neck of your pride, and brought you down to see and admire His sovereign will? "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God," said our Lord. It is no small mercy, in the present day of rebellion with, and defection from, God's blessed truth, to be made honest and kept faithful to the light we have received. The doctrine of Divine Sovereignty has hosts of enemies and but few friends in every age. It strikes at the root of creature power and human pride. It lays man as a sinful, helpless being before his Maker and his Judge. To be saved in God's way, and by an act of sovereign grace, without the assistance or co-operation of the creature. The natural man abhors and despises, till God makes a place in his heart to receive and welcome God's way of salvation; but a feeling sense of sin and helplessness will make a man humble and grateful for a remedy that is all of grace from first to last.

An old lady once said to John Newton, of gracious memory, "Sir, I do not like your high doctrine." "I am quite sure of it, madam," said the divine, "you have not been brought *low enough*." This tells the whole story of all the enmity against the doctrines of grace. Let a man be brought low by the Holy Ghost's teaching, and then he will value God's salvation and God's doctrines. With or without creeds or terms, he will bow to God's sovereignty; and, when the sinner is made to say with Job, "Behold, I am vile," the time is not far off when he will humbly and gratefully exclaim, "I know that Thou canst do everything."

A late event, that high and low, rich and poor, have taken an all-

absorbing interest in—the illness of the Heir to the Throne—has wonderfully displayed God's Sovereignty. Through this anticipated calamity, the hearts of the British nation have been bowed down, as one man, to feel that life and death are in the Lord's hands; and the turn the complaint took, when the nation turned to God as the only and all-sufficient Physician to meet so hopeless a case, has a voice of warning to the infidel, who says, "There is no God;" and a voice of encouragement to praying souls, who have cried to God to spare a guilty land the woe pronounced in Eccles. x. 16. Spare the father to his young family, spare the son to a widowed mother, and restore to the nation its hopes for future years!

This country has proved, in past days, the blessing of national prayer; and, when Divine Sovereignty has been acknowledged, Divine judgments have been withdrawn. The following extract from a letter of J. C. Philpott's, written when the cholera visited this country in 1849, is in point: "I hope the Lord may mercifully preserve us from that dreadful disease, which has already carried off so many thousands in other places. I think our Government very culpable in not having a day of national humiliation. Ahab and the city of Nineveh are quite Scriptural precedents; as we are afflicted naturally and nationally, why should we not repent nationally?"

"Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way, when His wrath is kindled but a little." This is God's counsel to sinners, and He makes them "willing in the day of His power" to submit to His Sovereignty. Such our Lord described in His day thus: "Whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken:"—convinced, humbled, subdued, and taught to cry for mercy at the feet of a dear Redeemer—"but upon whomsoever the stone shall fall,"—in all the weight of Sovereign and Omnipotent wrath—"it will grind him to powder." L.

THOUGHTS ON JOHN I.

SOME months ago, as a sequel to, and in connexion with, "Thoughts on Genesis i.," it was proposed to carry out a few further thoughts in the same strain—viz., the spiritual lessons to be drawn from Gen. i. and John i., as compared with each other.

Both these portions of God's Word commence with the same three words, "In the beginning"—the first telling of the creation of matter, rational and irrational, which *had a beginning*; the second referring to Him who *absolutely* had *no beginning*, for of Him the Holy Ghost testifies in Prov. viii.: "The Lord possessed me in the *beginning of His way* (eternal as Jehovah Himself), before His works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water;" and so on to the end of ver. 29. Hence, we see that the word *beginning*, in John i., has a relative and limited meaning, and therefore cannot be understood in its fullest and most absolute sense. There is one other "beginning" spoken of by our Lord, at which we must just glance before passing on. In John viii. 44, we find these words: "Ye are of your father the devil. . . . He was a murderer from the beginning, and *abode not* in the truth." Now, the words *abode not* necessarily imply a prior existence, when he was in the truth; thus

clearly proving that here, too, the word "beginning" must be taken in a relative, and not absolute sense.

It is very interesting to see, in this opening chapter of St. John's Gospel, how the first thoughts that meet us form a cheering contrast to those in Gen. i. Here we have *Life* and *Light*—essential and communicating—there we read of an "earth without form, and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep"—*no life, and no light!*

In Genesis we have, further, the greater light and the lesser light; in John i. 6—8, we also read of two lights—of the lesser light, that he was not *that* light (though of him it is elsewhere stated that he was a burning and a shining light), but was sent to bear witness of *that light*, while of the greater light the Holy Ghost, speaking by the same apostle in his first epistle, bears this testimony: "God *is light*, and in Him is no darkness at all" (John i. 5).

The other remarkable similarity we must further notice between these two opening chapters; in both we have the Triune Jehovah clearly manifested. In Genesis, as was stated in our January paper, the Hebrew word which we translate "God" in ver. 1, being a plural noun, is still more distinctly rendered in ver. 26 by the plural pronoun *us*. So here, in John i. 33, we read, "*He* that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and resting upon Him, the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw, and bare record that this is the Son of God."

But one thought more, and we have done.—In Gen. i. we find that the grand effect and result of light and heat was productiveness. After the sun was created we read, "The earth brought forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit;" and so was it with the True Light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world—or, as it is more correctly rendered, which, coming into the world, lighteth every man. See how the kingdom of grace grew and increased, even as the kingdom of nature in creation story. No sooner is the Sun of Righteousness heralded by the glorious proclamation of His forerunner, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world," than two of John's disciples followed Him. They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day. One of the two findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, "We have found the Messiah." The day following, Jesus findeth Philip, and saith unto him, "Follow me." Philip findeth Nathanael, and saith unto him, "We have found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did testify, Jesus of Nazareth." Thus we see that, within the limits of one chapter, the True Vine had already produced many a rich cluster, and more and more sons were born into the family of the Second Adam, till at last we read of a great multitude whom no man could number. "Another parable put Jesus forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took, and sowed in his field: which is indeed the smallest of all seeds: but when it is grown, it is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a great tree."

M. C. C.

A WORD IN SEASON.—"Cheer up! Whatever comes in this world must, at the longest, be very short; and think what comes after!"—The Lord alone knows how timely was this remark from one of His little ones. It was attended with a power and a preciousness indescribable. D.

MEDITATIONS BY THE LATE RUTH BRYAN.

January 6, 1852.

MR. SEARS, this morning, spoke of Christ as the "good Land." It has been glowing to my soul to think of Him as the "*joined One*." "Thy land shall be *married*." Thus, our land is joined to this good Land in eternal wedlock. All the pains and penalties of our mortgaged estate He took upon Himself by virtue of marriage union, and all His wondrous benefits He confers upon us by the law of the same union, sweet and clear. This is joining *indeed*. All the honours of Jehovah's holiness He maintains gloriously. All the disgrace of our unholiness He bears lovingly. He is joined to *both*, and both are joined in Him (John xvii. 21). With Him is the covenant of life and peace, because in *Him* judgment was laid to the line for our sins, and righteousness to the plummet for our justification. The judgment He has borne, and "*made an end of the sin*;" the righteousness He has brought in, first into His Father's presence for His approval, and then into His Church for her covering; and now this "*joined One*" can take away our vile covenant with death and hell, our refuge of lies, our short bed and narrow covering, and all other spiritual miseries of our fallen condition; so that we no longer inherit death and barren land, but have the rich flowing of milk and honey to our souls' content. To the first Adam it was said, "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it (the fruit of the ground) all the days of *thy* life." In him we all inherit sorrow and *dissatisfaction*, but when our old man comes to *crucifixion*, and the days of the *second* Adam begin in our souls' experience, His reign is righteousness and peace; "in His days shall the righteous flourish;" *in Him* we find bread without scarceness; *in Him* we "eat in plenty, and are satisfied, and praise the name of our God, who hath dealt wondrously with us."

What a mercy the fallen Adam was not permitted to eat of the Tree of *Life*, and so he and we "live for ever" in the *fallen image*, for, indeed, "I would not live always," subject to the *felt* and hated workings of indwelling sin; I loathe it, I loathe it. But at death the saints do lose the image of the *earthly*, and at the resurrection will take their bodies in the image of the *heavenly* Man, who is the Lord from heaven, and in whom their *nature* is now before the throne in that glory-likeness, to which they shall each be conformed, and *never* lose. This is a great mystery; but *faith* as certainly expects it, as *sense* realizes that I now write these lines with these mortal fingers; "for He shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, by the effectual working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself." And then shall I be *satisfied* when I awake with Thy likeness. We shall cast the leaves of this withering mortality, but the holy seed (Isa. vi. 13) will still be our *substance*, and because of that undying seed (1 Peter i. 33) we shall be clothed with fresh greenness at the morning of the resurrection, to fade no more for ever.

"Hail, blissful dawn of endless day,
When sin shall cease, and death shall die,
And Christ His glories shall display,
And beam upon my longing eye."

"*The high Tree*."—Ezek. xvii. 24.

Proud man, by nature, whom the Spirit alone can humble: but the

haughtiness and loftiness must come down, either here or hereafter (Isa. ii. 17).

"The low Tree." The meek and lowly Jesus, who humbled Himself (Phil. ii. 7, 8), and is "exalted" (ver. 9, and Isa. ii. 17, *last* clause).

"The green Tree," *Christ* (Luke xxiii. 31, and Hosea xiv. 8, *last* part). He was dried up, indeed, when, suffering under the weight of sin, and the fires of wrath and justice due thereto, He said, "I thirst."

"The dry Tree," a convinced sinner, who, under a condemning law, a condemning conscience, and accusing Satan, *feels*, "My strength is dried up like a potsherd: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer." Also a believer, who is at sometimes in *feeling* "very dry." But the Lord God makes the dry tree to flourish through union to the "green Tree," which, though dried up to outward appearance, yet, like Nebuchadnezzar, the stump of His roots was left in the earth; for, when He had given up the ghost, they laid His body in the sepulchre, never did the earth hold such a precious deposit as *that*. But truly, then, the "green Tree" was dried up, to the sorrow of His poor disciples, for they said, "But we *trusted* that it had been *He* which should have redeemed Israel." And in *this* sense, too, the "dry tree" was made to flourish, for He rose again the third day in eternal greenness of resurrection life; the earth opened, and salvation and righteousness sprang up together (Isa. xlv. 8).

The Tree which was laid low is exalted. The Tree which was *dried up* is a Fountain of sap to all the dry trees, *for which* He suffered such things; for Messiah *was* cut off, but not for *Himself*, and now He makes the "dry tree" to flourish (Psalm lxxii. 6). "He comes down as the rain." He says (Hosea xiv. 8), "From *me* is thy fruit found;" and the promise is, "They that trust in Him shall have a green leaf, and not be careful in the year of drought."

O Lord! look upon *me*, a poor dry tree, and by *Thy* moisture make me to flourish. I am *very* dry in myself, and I *feel* it; but the more need of Thee, who art full of sap, not for *Thyself*, but for the trees of the Lord's right-hand planting.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ROBERT GLOVER.

A LEAF FROM THE ANNALS OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.

"*Light is sown for the righteous (harvest future, it is sown, but not sprung up), and gladness for the upright in heart.*"—PSALM xcvi. 11.

"*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.*"—PSALM cxii. 4, with Ex. x. 23.

"*Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.*"—HAB. ii. 3.

"*It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.*"—LAM. iii. 26.

FOXE tells us that, for two or three days previous to his death, Robert Glover, martyr, at Coventry (1555), was so overwhelmed with the prospect of martyrdom, as to be completely cast down, and incapable of meditating on the brightness beyond. He mentioned this to a friend, adding, that he had made earnest supplications for the light of God's countenance,

but that, notwithstanding these, he had been left without any comfort. Up to the moment at which he first caught sight of the stake, this God-fearing man walked on in darkness and had no light. Yet he continued to obey the voice of God within him, and the counsel of His Word, and trusted in the name of the Lord, staying himself upon his God (Isa. l. 10). Nor did He wait in vain. No sooner had he reached the point of utmost dread—the stake—bound to which he was to suffer a fiery death—than his whole soul was filled with strong consolation, and with such an ecstasy of joy that he could not forbear clapping his hands, and crying out, “He is come! He is come!” The Faithful Promiser, true to His Word—“When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee” (Isa. xliii. 2), stood with His faithful martyr, and strengthened him (2 Tim. iv. 17), and he appeared to ascend to heaven in a chariot of fire, exhibiting no sensibility of pain.

“Three long exhausting days
Of anguish’d thought and prayer,
Of dire, heart-sickening hope deferr’d,
By no faint breeze of comfort stirr’d,
He lay in darkness there—
A prisoner condemn’d to die—
An awful death, fast drawing nigh.

“Like the beloved Son,
This faithful martyr, too,
Then seem’d deserted of the One
For whom his sufferings all were borne,
Whose Word he trusted true:
E’en God’s own gifts of faith and
love
Need trial-tests their worth to prove.

“For, not to faith untried
Are praise and honour given;
Its victories are all denied
To souls that from its conflicts hide,
And shun the badge of heaven.
‘Great tribulation’ they endure
Whose robes are wash’d, whose hearts
are pure.

“But not in vain they wait,
Who sit in darkness still;
Trusting no good can come too late,
No promise fail to find its mate,
That bides God’s time and will:
That twilight soon will pass away,
Losing itself in perfect day.

“And such *his* patient faith,
Who walked in darkness through
The dread and dreary vale of death
With anguish’d heart and failing
breath,
Its bright goal hid from view:
Until led out his faith to prove
In blood and fire and deathless love.

“*And then*—ah, in the hour
Of uttermost distress,
When mortal vigour loses power,
God gives His own a hidden dower,
And nearest is to bless.
‘He’s come! He’s come!’ the martyr
cried,
Soon as the deadly stake he spied!

“Visions—but not of death—
Burst on his raptur’d sight.
Past was the trial of his faith—
The oft-imagin’d fiery breath—
The darkness and affright:
Clapping his hands, he cried, ‘He’s
come!’
‘His chariot swift shall bear us home!’

“Then, fearless *with* His Lord,
A moment here he waits:
But ‘mid the flames no muscle stirr’d,
No cry of fear or pain was heard,
For heaven’s pearly gates
Shut out earth’s scenes of woe and
night—
And he was in the land of light!”
J. E. J.

SATAN makes use of bodily indispositions to keep the soul from Him, and then pleads them as a discharge in duty (Matt. xxvi. 41). He indisposes the soul to duty by sluggardness, worldliness, &c. (Luke xxi. 34; xxii. 3—5). He indisposes the soul through passion, or a bad spirit—also by ignorance and prejudice.

Correspondence.

CHILDLIKE FAITH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I know you are always glad to hear of facts which tend to illustrate and confirm the eternal truth of God's Word; and, in a day when every fundamental truth of our most holy faith is openly or covertly impugned and denied, I am sure it is our duty to note and adduce these facts for the confirmation of the faith of God's chosen ones, who are sometimes sorely harassed, buffeted, and tempted by "the accuser of the brethren"—the great enemy of souls.

The incident to which I am about to refer occurred on the day of the special open-air services at Blaisdon, in Gloucestershire, at which you would have been present had not an unforeseen circumstance (if I remember aright) prevented you.

The morning, as you know, was one of incessant pouring rain. When the train arrived at Grange Court Station, there was a covered vehicle in readiness to convey a few friends to Blaisdon. Among our number was a dear blind lady from Gloucester, who proved to be one "strong in faith, giving glory to God."

No sooner had the conveyance started than I expressed my great fear that we were going to have a thorough wet day.

This dear servant of God, to whom I was entirely unknown, at once replied, "But there has been special prayer for fine weather;" adding, "You believe in prayer, don't you?" I said I did most firmly. I knew, by happy experience, that the promising God was also the performing God; "Yet," I remarked, "God does not always answer our prayers exactly in our own time and way." "But," she said, "we want fine weather *to-day*. There has been special prayer for fine weather *to-day*." And then the question was asked, in a tone and manner I shall not soon forget, "You don't *doubt*, do you?" I confess I was greatly humbled by the assurance of faith of this dear lady whom God had deprived of natural sight. Still the rain continued. "Oh!" she said, "I am sure our heavenly Father will grant us our request; let us *praise* His holy name;" and at once commenced singing:—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

We all joined in singing this doxology, but *she* was realizing that God had heard and already answered the petitions of His people with respect to the weather. *She* was praising Him as if the sunshine had already burst upon us.

We continued singing hymns of praise till we reached the little village of Blaisdon, and a very happy season it proved, for the true communion of saints was sweetly enjoyed.

When I arrived at the rectory, I found our dear brother a little depressed, as the rain had prevented several brethren attending who would have taken part in the proceedings; and he, too, was apprehending a continuous wet day.

At the time appointed he repaired to the school-room for a conference and prayer before going into the churchyard, under a tent, where the services were to be held.

Now mark the sequel:—The service had no sooner commenced than the rain ceased. The clouds dispersed; the blue sky appeared. The sun shone forth in full splendour, and a more beautiful afternoon and evening there could not well have been!

God's great goodness to us was the subject of frequent thanksgiving during the day, and, so much was my own mind affected and impressed by this incident, that, in the evening, instead of speaking on the subject I had specially prepared, I began by referring to the strong faith of the servant of God then present—how He had honoured that faith, and how my own had that day been put to shame.

Having thus struck the key-note of my address, I was enabled to pass in review, before the crowded audience, some of the Lord's marvellous dealings with myself in leading me into the ministry, with the object in view of bearing my humble but decided testimony to His covenant faithfulness and love; and, at the close of the meeting, it pleased God to give me evidence that what I was enabled to say was evidently intended for some present who were entire strangers to me.

Now, my dear brother, I had intended to draw a few inferences from this simple narrative of facts, on the preciousness of that faith which is of the operation of the Holy Ghost; but I will not lengthen these remarks. Should you think it fit or necessary, perhaps you will kindly do so for the benefit of your numerous readers who know and love God's truth. May they, and you, and he who writes, know more and more of the preciousness and truth of that inestimable declaration and promise—"And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isa. xlii. 16).

"His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds come oft between;
And could my faith but pierce these clouds,
It might be always seen.

"Yet I shall ever, ever sing,
And Thou for ever shine:
I have Thine own dear pledge for this;
Lord, Thou art ever mine!"

Believe me, my dear brother, ever yours affectionately in Him,

WM. SAUNDERS,
Vicar of St. Silas, Bristol.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAMS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Since I read the account by my Christian brother, Mr. Angel, in your November issue, of the death of my late friend, Mr. John Williams, together with your remarks, I have more than once thought I would drop you a line. Soon after I called on you in April, 1869, when I bade you good-bye before I left Bristol to go to a situation in London, I

became acquainted with the subject of the memoir, and our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship, which became intimate and strong, so that I can truly say his death was indeed a bereavement of no ordinary kind to me. It made me weep more than any bereavement I ever had. He had so much of the spirit of His dear Lord and Master. To laud and magnify Him seemed to be always his business, whether in conversing or praying, or writing prose or verse. If he wrote letters—several of which it was my privilege to receive—Christ, His Person and work, and the suitability of the same for the Christian warrior, the devil-hunted, world-hated, sin-tormented, mourning and hapless child of God—this was his theme in all. You published a sample last month. If he talked of the depths, straits, conflicts, and distresses he had, he also showed prominently Christ's achievements and victories in the same. If of the assurance he had sometimes, it was with humility, and all the praise was to a Triune God. This was particularly the case at the frequent social gatherings at his house for reading the Word, prayer, and Christian conversation, a number of which I attended. Often have I admired how he stuck to the same grand theme, even when some friends started some item of religious gossip, and so without appearing to notice the unedifying turn given by such friends to one's thoughts. While they were chatting pleasantly about some topic or other, his more spiritual mind was on things unseen and eternal, on Christ his all and in all, and he would start some question calculated to exercise the mind and tongue to edification. How often have I felt reproved in this matter by my friend's example! What a reproof, too, to many social gatherings, even of the Lord's people! Of old, "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name." Now they *seldom* speak to each other; and, when they do, there is much breath vainly spent in too many cases—perhaps in most cases. There seems to be a dearth of brotherly love, communion, and union, and of spirituality of mind, of humility, and of a spirit of discernment, to discern between truth and error, and also of loving contention for the whole truth, but plenty of coldness, suspicion, jealousy, envy, and pride; and all this in face of the enemy coming in like a flood, threatening to engulf the little good that is left. And, in looking within, we see much of what we mourn in others; and the cry of our heart is, "Quicken us, and we will call on Thy name; meditate more and speak more of the glory of Thy kingdom, and of Thy power, of Thy mighty acts and excellent greatness."

The last meeting at my friend's home that I was able to attend was on June 26th last, when Ephesians iii. was read, and also, at Mr. W.'s suggestion, an article from GOSPEL MAGAZINE by your valued contributor, Mr. COWELL, entitled, "Kindred Spirits," which was felt by us to be very savoury and instructive.

I was too ill to go again, but I was invited to one to take place on July 22, but the dear man died on the previous day to that, and I shall never forget the blow which the news of his death was to me. It was sent by his son on the day the meeting was to have taken place; but, while sad news, it was glad news, for my great loss was his greater gain. He is now always in the society of "kindred spirits," engaged with them in what he delighted to do here—in crowning Jesus Lord of all! No sin, no sorrow now.

You speak of his affliction—blindness—which he had, I believe, for about ten years. He has told me that was the least of his trials. Indeed, he did not seem to be at all given to magnifying his temporal trials. He had them in no small measure, still he said but very little about them. His severe soul-trials eclipsed them all, still more the Lord's all-sufficient grace in connexion with them. My own affliction of consumption, and of being obliged to give up a situation and return to my native town with a dear wife and child, is not a small trial; but I should like to imitate more than I do my dear friend's example—think less of my trial and more of the Lord's love and wisdom in sending it and using it for my soul's welfare, in endearing the Person and work of Him who endured so much for poor sinners. Would that I, and Christians generally, followed Mr. W—— as he followed Christ!

He has told me that the first edition of his poetical work, which breathes so much of the spirit of Bunyan, was written at his dictation by his dear wife, whose memoir in the *Gospel Standard* for September, 1869, was so much blessed to you.

You mention his being conducted last April into St. David's Church, Holloway. It was a memorable morning that. It was my pleasure to conduct him from his home in Camden Town to that church. We were joined near the church by another brother who had fought under Nelson, and learned in a French prison his first lessons as to fighting under the Lord Jesus. We all got special help under the Word preached by you from Isaiah 1. 7. We were also glad to hear from your lips that a spot which was dear to our hearts was also to yours, viz., Gower Street Chapel.

Friend W—— remarked to me, "In hearing Mr. D—— I lost sight of the scaffolding." You evidently had too. What a mercy if we get to heaven at last, where none of us will see it!

With heartfelt sympathy with you in your recent bereavement,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in, I hope, unbreakable bonds,

Dursley.

ALFRED BLOODWORTH.

[Our correspondent's closing remarks have brought to mind the words, "*Out of weakness made strong.*" It was either on the Sunday morning to which he refers, or the other Sunday on which we preached at St. David's, Holloway, that personally we felt so ill in walking towards the church, that we thought the very idea of attempting to preach was little short of presumption. We felt as though we could there and then lie down and die, so utterly unequal did we feel for the work which lay before us. But oh, how good is our God! "*Out of weakness made strong.*" Blessed be His adorable name, we have known what it was for our very body to receive strength and nerve and vigour at the very moment—and not until then—that we have walked up the pulpit stairs. We remember this to have been specially the case on one occasion, when about to preach in Bow Church, Cheapside. We speak it to His honour, and for the encouragement of His poor trembling servants. We are rapidly going out of life; and we love, in these last days of rebuke and blasphemy, to testify of His goodness and love, His faithfulness and all-sufficiency. Whoever "trusted in Him, and was confounded?" Not one, blessed be His name!

Moreover, we remember, seven-and-thirty years ago, or thereabouts, walking over the fields upon which St. David's Church now stands. We had been to Gower Street, where we at that time attended, walking to

and fro twice on the Sunday, making a distance of twelve miles. Upon the occasion we refer to Mr. GADSBY had preached; and such were his openings of sin, the depths of the fall, and the desperate depravity of the human heart, that we perfectly remember feeling that God had not *power* to save us. It was not that He had not the *will*, but He lacked, as we thought, the *ability*; and we felt at the time pity for Him that He had not the power to save such a sinner! And mark, dear reader, this was little short of ten years after the Lord had as clearly delivered our soul from all wrath and condemnation as ever Bunyan's pilgrim was delivered, when he was indulged with a glimpse of the cross, and his burden rolled off from his shoulders he knew not whither, only that he was blessedly rid of it.

What folly it is for men to talk of never being in bonds and fetters again, after once they have had a full and free gaol discharge. Such may as well declare that Israel once brought out of Egypt never went into Babylon, nor knew aught of its captivity. We say this, fearlessly and unhesitatingly, let a man's deliverance from all legal bonds and law charges have been ever so clear and unquestionable, it is but for the Lord the Spirit to withdraw His precious sealing power, or the Sun of Righteousness to withhold His bright and blessed rays, or the Father cease to commune, and that poor soul—notwithstanding all his previous light and liberty, joy and gladness—will sink down, down into such a state of darkness, doubt, and gloomy, dismal, dark forebodings and apprehensions, as to make him afraid of his very shadow. The recollection of the past will not suffice to dispel his present fears, much less will such recollection satisfy for present necessities. Alas! his experience in this respect will only prove “a cistern, a broken cistern, which can hold no water.” Nought less than God the Holy Ghost coming in afresh, as the Divine Remembrancer and Testifier and Comforter, will suffice to disperse the darkness, dispel the gloom, and reassure the soul of its blessed and unalterable standing in the person of the Beloved. It is not high doctrine—it is not mere theory—is not covenant verities (however blessed) that will meet the present necessities of such poor tempest-tossed soul. Oh, no; it is the renewings and the repeatings and the reassurances of the Holy Ghost alone that can do this. It makes us tremble when we hear men say, that their deliverance was so marked, or the words spoken by Jesus so plain, that *they can never doubt again*. Poor mistaken men, it is only for the Lord to “plunge them in the ditch, and their own clothes shall abhor them,” and then, too, they will learn again to say with Job, “I have uttered that I understood not, things too wonderful for me, which I knew not.”

We pray that the Lord may support and comfort our correspondent in his time of weakness and prostration. We would remind him of that wonderful portion; although so often quoted and so continually pleaded before the throne, it will never—no, never—wear out, or be exhausted, or cease to comfort and console the Lord's dear weary heritage, in the midst of all their wilderness wanderings,—“**IS ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?**”—EDITOR.]

Another correspondent, writing of the departed brother, says:—

13, Charlotte Place, Middlesex Hospital, London.

REV. SIR,—I feel constrained to express my gratitude to you for giving a place in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, to record the dying triumph of the

dear departed J. Williams. "The memory of the just is blessed." He has left behind, in my heart, and in the hearts of others, a sweet savour of Jesus Christ, whose name—or, as he was wont to say, "His glorious Person"—he often expatiated upon, and extolled with energy and delight, with tears dropping from his sightless eyes.

I did not become acquainted with him till after his beloved wife's death. We first met at my sister's—Mrs. Greenway. There and then our hearts got knit in the bonds of brotherly love, which increased till his spirit was caught away to be with the Lord. Yea, I still love him; and more so. I have felt his absence keenly for myself, but joyously for him. Tears have flowed at the remembrance of him—tears of affection for him, tears of sorrow for myself, for my loss. We frequently met together; we read, conversed, and prayed together. Our affection and regard was mutual. I must honestly say, we sat at each other's feet.

I remember the time he heard you preach in London—to which you allude in your kind remarks. He told me how refreshed he was in spirit by your discourse. On the morning of the day of his death, he sent invitations to several of his intimate friends to come to his house on the next day. He said he wished as many to be present as his little room could hold, to tell them, as he said, "of the glories of Immanuel." But he was to be in better company by that time, with the "spirits of just men made perfect," and to behold his Lord face to face.

He was interred in Bromley Cemetery, in the grave of his late beloved wife. Mr. Aikman, who was then supplying at Gower Street, kindly officiated, and delivered a weighty, solemn, and *Gospel* address, from Psalm xlix. 7—9. A favourite hymn of Mr. Williams was sung by the sorrowing friends present—

"Hail! sacred day, that shall declare
The jewels of the Son of God;
Designed to deck His crown, they were,
Chosen of old, and bought with blood," &c.

In expressing my hearty thanks for your kindness, and my sincere wishes for your prosperity in your "work of faith and labour of love," I believe I give expression to the feeling of other hearts to whom Mr. Williams was dear.—I am, dear sir, yours respectfully and affectionately in the Redeemer's name,

BENJAMIN ANGEL.

WORDS BY THE WAY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—Many thanks for your kind letter. We heartily join with you in "Lord, increase our faith!" We poor little ones greatly need it. Such a death-like feeling *generally*. Oh, "when wilt Thou come unto me?"—"Oh, visit me with Thy salvation!"—"Let me hear Thy voice," &c.—"Leave not my soul destitute," suit one exactly. It seems good to find such breathings—such longings—in the Scriptures. They seem to say, "You are not alone; others have walked in the same path. You are one family—

'To hear His voice, to taste His love,
Was all their choice.'

So it is yours." Yes, Lord, Thou knowest it is. Do, Lord, fulfil Thy promise, "The Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places," &c. But why are my winters so long? "How long?" Ah, why? Oh for grace to rest on *His word*—on the promise to live! As Kent says,

"Better far to trust His word,
And on the promise live."

Thy word stands the same amidst every discouragement, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." No, He never did and never will, bad as the case may be.

I feel free, dear sir, thus to write, because you know what it is to walk in the same path, and therefore have a heart that can sympathize with such. What a precious lecture is your dear departed brother-in-law's (Vol. II., Lecture 1), on "By grace ye are saved."—"A Family Portrait."—Speaking to his friend of Rutherford, he says, "Rutherford has told us what he would do. He would, if he could, so requite Christ for His love, and the Father of mercies for His grace, that he would have been living in Aberdeen prison as he is now living among the spirits of just men made perfect, adoring in communion, and magnifying the riches of God's grace, and loving His all-glorious Christ with a suitable devotion. Come, dear friend, what say you to these things? Is not this the uppermost desire in your anxious heart?"

"Yes, I can truly say it is so; at least, I know, if I could always live with my heart softened by a sense of His love, I should live above my doubts and fears. (How true!)"

"But, my friend, this would be living by sense; that is, by the sensible feeling of enjoyment, whereas 'the just shall live by faith:' and faith has not so much to do with the present penny, as with the treasure in the bank. The present penny is spent the moment it is received, but the treasure remains always the same. However, the Holy Comforter shall yet show you, that it is the empty vessel that is your every-day proof, that of His fulness you have already received, and grace upon grace to empty you of all self, and grace to go empty and nothing, to receive more grace. The Lord increase your faith!"

Precious teaching—how rare! The Lord bless you, dear sir, more and more, you and your children! NOTHING too hard for Him. Who hath the Lord God so nigh unto them as we in ALL that we call upon Him for? May we know that blessed truth by experience more and more, and to Him we will give the praise.—I remain, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately and respectfully,

G. HART.

THE NEW YEAR.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to enclose a few verses of poetry—submitting them to your consideration—with the hope they may appear in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, should they meet with your approval. They are, I think, suitable to the occasion of the New Year. What a mercy it is that we have such glorious prospects—"an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away!" Exceeding great and precious are the promises made by a covenant God to the objects of changeless love: "All yea and amen in Christ Jesus, to the glory of God by us." What a thought

it is for one so poor, so wretched, so forlorn, that the glory of God is connected with, and testified as emanating from, the saints inheriting the glorious things spoken of Zion, the city of God. As sings Watts—

“His honour is engaged to save
The weakest of His sheep.”

Oh, for grace to realize a daily enjoyment of those things which God hath prepared for them that love Him—a sweet foretaste of unending fellowship with Him—“whom having not seen we love.”

May the Lord abundantly prosper you in your work, is the prayer of
Yours faithfully,
S. G.

London.

“NOW IS OUR SALVATION NEARER THAN WHEN WE BELIEVED.”

’Tis happy to think, as the years roll by,
They hasten the coveted peace—
That nothing can perish the wealth of the sky,
Or hinder the course to the realms on high,
Of the spirits pursuing release.

The journey of life is contracted at best,
And soon will its sorrows be o’er,
And then we shall enter the covenant rest,
To live with the Saviour, eternally bless’d,
Relieved from continual war.

No trace of corruption the heav’ns present,
The occupants, holy and fair;
A Saviour has bless’d who will never relent,
On sounding His praises, for ever intent,
The glorified worship Him *there*.

We dwell on the past, and its favours review,
What goodness appears in the cup!
The mercies of God have been many and new,
His promises, rich, are immutable too;
He says, “*He’ll be holding us up.*”

We think on His faithful, reliable word,
His love that can never grow less;
The voice of the Shepherd at times we *have* heard,
Our bosoms were fired, and our spirits were stirred;
For sweet is the Saviour’s address.

We look to the future with confidence strong,
We know *He is ever the same*;
His Word shall unite to Himself as a thong,
His Word shall support us, and help us along,
And soon we shall join in the glorious song
Of praise to His reverend name.

’Tis happy to think, as the years roll by,
They hasten the coveted peace,
That nothing can perish the wealth of the sky;
For covenant blessings are *much too high*,
And are they *reserved* for such sinners as I?
Lord, hasten the blessed release.

THE ILLNESS OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN the OLD JONATHAN for the present month we have expressed somewhat at length our own feelings upon the above all-engrossing subject. In that article we have stated our recognition of the hand of God in this affliction of the Heir Apparent to these realms, and the Royal Family generally, as instrumentally producing a mighty reaction against the disaffection and disloyalty which were being gradually fanned into a flame by a miserable class of men who were springing up into a most unenviable notoriety by their seditious harangues. God, in His great mercy, has been pleased to adopt this remarkable course for not only repelling this unchristian and unconstitutional spirit, but for infusing throughout the length and breadth, not merely of the United Kingdom, but the world at large, a oneness of feeling, an identity of interest, a sympathy of heart, that, without doubt, has far exceeded everything of bygone date. Never, we believe, from the commencement of time has a more unanimous spirit of deep heartfelt sympathy been aroused than by the sickness (so apparently) unto death of the Prince of Wales.

Moreover, we conceive it is not a little remarkable that such a marked and manifest answer to a nation's prayers should have been vouchsafed at a period in the world's history when a strong current of infidelity had set in; when men in high places were so publicly and so presumptuously casting off all fear of God. We rejoice in the goodness of the Lord, as well as admire and adore His mercy, in the condescension and grace thus displayed towards us as a land and nation.

And now, as God knoweth, the one wish of our heart, the leading desire of our soul is, that His Royal Highness (snatched as he has been from the very jaws of death) may, through the precious grace and power of the Holy Ghost, leave that sick-chamber *another man—a new man in Christ Jesus!* Our prayer both publicly and privately has been, that, in immediate connexion with, and as a blessed result of his affliction, he may enter again upon the life given him, as from the dead, with this fixed, this holy, this unhesitating and unblushing resolve, “*AS FOR ME AND MY HOUSE, WE WILL SERVE THE LORD.*”

God, of His great compassion, grant this additional mercy! May this one prominent wish and desire be laid upon the hearts of our readers! May they publicly and privately wrestle at the throne for this wondrous boon! And then how richly and manifestly will the fruits of such new life appear in the character, conduct, and Christian course of the Prince of Wales.

The *Rock* has so well and so vigorously written upon this all-engrossing theme, that we cannot forbear quoting the following:—

“A tidal-wave of prayer rolled through the country on Sunday week which, we may hope and believe, will have saved the Heir Apparent for the kingdom; and, perhaps, a kingdom for the Heir Apparent. It was a ‘great salvation;’ and so signal an answer to prayer, that the secular journals of all classes have acknowledged the plain connexion between cause and effect, in the standing miracle of covenant prayer. From the *Daily Telegraph* up to the *Times*, such things have been written, as, for pathos, Evangelical piety, beauty, Christ-like sympathy, and revived loyalty, have driven not a few of God’s waiting people to their knees—not now to pray for the Prince, so much as to praise God for saving the

country, and giving rich promise that Englishmen need not be ashamed of their Christianity before the world.

"The Constitution (as God's instrument) saved the Prince; and the Prince has saved the Constitution. Truly may we lift up our hearts, our hands, and our voices, and cry 'Saved!' But how has this reciprocal salvation been effected? We have seen that the Prince represents the Constitution, by the acute sympathy which has opened the hearts of the people from one end of Great Britain to another in prayer, and shut up, or postponed places and appointments of dissipation; like Nineveh, England has really mourned, fasted, and mightily cried unto God. For the first time in the history of our land, the electric telegraph has been used to throw England, as one man, upon its knees. The Providence of God ordered that this should not be, however, until the very acme of the crisis was reached. When the beloved Princess for a short time quitted the sick room and went down to Sandringham Church, she, as it were unconsciously, lead the prayers of an entire nation. The very effect of the telegrams arriving in church time had a truly electric effect upon the congregations! All England in spirit worshipped in the sick-room at Sandringham on that Sunday when a widowed Queen was bending over a dying son, and that son, England's future King. The very accessories of haste gave that thrill throughout the congregations, which telegrams give everywhere; but how much more on Sunday, at such a time, and in church! It imparted a domestic character, moreover, to the national sympathy. How true is it that—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head!"

The Rev. Daniel Moore, of Holy Trinity, Paddington, in the course of his sermon last Sunday observed :—

Hardly, my brethren, will you expect me to close my sermon to-day without referring to a subject which, for some days past, has been uppermost on all tongues, nearest to all hearts, mentioned most fervently in all prayers. I allude, of course, to the precarious condition of the Prince of Wales. When we met last Sunday, it seemed as if the spirit of the Royal sufferer were hovering between two worlds. We could only pray; and we *did* pray, that if consistent with the designs of Infinite Wisdom that precious life might be spared; spared for the nation's sake, unable to contemplate a fatal termination without the gloomiest political forebodings; spared for the Queen's sake, whose cup of sorrow, filled already to the brim, would by the addition of such a bitter drop, be running over; spared for the young wife and children's sake, on whom this feared calamity would fall with a pressure more terrible than under a like sorrow would be felt by the humblest subject in the land. And now beyond hope, and almost against hope, contrary to our fears, and as it were in reproof of them, a favourable turn in the malady of the patient has vindicated the power and efficacy of a nation's prayers. Yes; perish the chilling philosophy that would disconnect the two things; that would bind fate, and Providence, and human skill, the forces of nature, and the right arm of God Himself, by laws, which prayer must be as impotent to modify as the voice of a monarch to roll back the advancing tide. We have not so learned Christ, nor the relations of Gospel promise to the conditions of the world in which we live. Beyond and outside the remotest horizon of mundane science lies a reserve of Divine possibilities, which, while making use of science, and acting in harmony with material laws, may, in answer to the united supplications of a people, evoke into existence new forms of remedial agency, and justify the title of Him that sitteth in the Heavens to be regarded as "the God that heareth prayer." And now, brethren, will you not be encouraged to pray yet more earnestly,

that God would complete His work? You have been taught to pray, and wisely taught, that if the sickness of our Prince should prove a "sickness unto death," "the sins of his past life may be done away by the blood of Christ;" will you not now pray yet more fervently that if this life should be spared it may be consecrated to the glory and service of Him to whom it is due; that being brought back again from the gates of death, the soul of the young Prince may be fired with the one thought, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me? How may I glorify my Saviour? How may I spread the knowledge of His Gospel through the length and breadth of the land?" How may I become fitted to wield the destinies of the great empire to which it seems to be the will of God to call me? O brethren, do let us all pray very earnestly for the sanctifying of this affliction, both to the Royal sufferer, and all those around him. We are a loyal people; have never shown our loyalty more than within the last few days; when, as if by one fervent and simultaneous outburst of sympathy with the throne and its sorrows, we had determined to reduce to a level below their own native insignificance, those small persons who would fain try their prentice hands at mending upon monarchy. But oh! let our loyalty be religious. Let our patriotism be Christian. Let our grateful appreciation of what we owe to the monarchical institution be seen in the fervour with which in the closet, in the family, in the church, we pray for our Queen and all the Royal Family, that they may be partakers of "all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus," thus turning into warm heart-breathings those suffrages in our Liturgy, to the sublime beauty of which, it is to be feared, constant familiarity has made us too little sensible; "Endue them with Thy Holy Spirit; enrich them with Thy Heavenly grace; prosper them with all happiness and bring them to Thy Everlasting Kingdom through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING

TO ALL WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST IN SINCERITY AND TRUTH, GRACE, MERCY, AND PEACE FROM GOD OUR FATHER AND FROM THE LORD JESUS.

SPARED, preserved, and strengthened to pass through 1871, may we now enter on its unknown follower with increased faith and hope! We cannot have completed another year without having learned somewhat more of the faithfulness, power, and love of our covenant-keeping God. *Felt* weakness has driven us to Him for strength; *lamented* failings and shortcomings have thrown us upon His loving-kindness, pity, and forbearance for the forgiveness of all our transgressions; and have we not cause again to "set to our seal," and say, "He is faithful who hath called" us, "who also will do it?" During the past year many loved ones have entered on their rest. *We* have lost their company below, but *they* have gained the blissful shore where there shall be no more night, no more suffering, no more sin. What a mystery this is to sense! how real it is to faith! We need to have our *habit* of faith strengthened that the *actings* of our faith may be more vigorous. Are we satisfied to let the unknown to-morrow bring with it what it may? This is the position we should seek to attain to, and desire to occupy. This is the extent of the promise, "*As thy days, so shall thy strength be;*" this is the compass of the prayer, "Give us day by day our daily bread." And thus it is that, living *by the day*, we receive the fulfilment of the promise, "*to hoary hairs will I carry you.*" What a blessed employment it would be for the new year to *count up our mercies!* Should we not soon be lost "in wonder, love, and praise?" Human nature takes a delight in thinking about trials and losses, vexations and crosses, but, in the light of the goodness and kindness of our God, these all vanish away; but our mercies, the knowledge of Jesus in His covenant character and relationship to our souls, access through Him, the help of the Spirit to our infirmities, a sip of the brook by the way, and the prospect of the full satisfaction of

all that our enlightened and living souls are craving for, these are written as it were "with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever." Then, too, the "nether springs" of a bounteous Providence, never dealing with us after our sins, always bringing us by some way that we knew not, and providing for all our real wants in a way that makes those that are imaginary, take wing! Let us, beloved, seek for grace to look above; to the eye, the hand, the heart of our loving Father in Christ our Lord, and rest assured peace and tranquillity will flow into the soul, and the mouth will be opened in thanksgiving and praise. "Ebenezer!" "hitherto hath the Lord helped."—Believe me, your loving brother in Him,

ALFRED HEWLETT.

SUBSTITUTION.

WHEN we look at the cross, we see *God* dealing with our sins. 'Tis true, Christ died at the hands of man, and in this we see the enmity of the heart brought out in the crucifying the Prince of life and glory; but, while we see this, there is also God's side, if I might so speak, God taking our sin and laying it upon Jesus, the Substitute—the One who was there in our stead. Thus, when I see God dealing with Him, I see Him dealing with *my* sin. When I see Jesus die, it is for me that I might have life. But the question may come, "How do I know that He has made complete atonement?" I look at the grave and see Him rise—without sin. I see Him raised by God, the righteous One. I see him enter heaven, and I know that He is accepted in that which He has done, and I read in the Word that I am "accepted" *in* Him; so that God beholds me no longer as in nature, but as one with Him, for, "as He is, so are we"—"raised together and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus."

These are truths with which we are acquainted; but the mere knowledge of truth in the understanding is not enough, it is the having it abiding in the heart, the entering into it by faith, *realizing* our place as in Christ. Now, I believe, the more we realize this in our souls, that we are risen with Him and seated in the heavenlies, before God, without spot and blameless, the more we shall walk as those who have been redeemed—as those who are not of this world, but simply "strangers and pilgrims," waiting till our Lord shall come to take us to Himself. May we have grace given us so to act during the "little while" we are left below, bearing testimony to the name of Him who has loved us and given Himself for us, even Jesus, our Lord!

R. K.

A FRAGMENT.—Long ago I used to think, if I were the subject of any ailment which reminded me unmistakeably that it was the messenger to call me home and take me home, how rejoiced I should be; but now, alas! that advanced years and increasing infirmities convince me that my tarry here cannot be very long, my spirit for most part recoils at the prospect of death and eternity; and it is only as the Lord is pleased now and then to smile upon me, and occasionally to drop one of His precious "Fear nots" into my heart, that I can rise above my poor carnal sinking, cowardly self, and say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Anecdotes and Extracts.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. W. ROMAINE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1774 AND 1792.

(Continued from Vol. vi., page 600.)

[We doubt not that the reader will see the singular appropriateness of Mr. ROMAINE'S remarks to the times in which we live.—ED.]

I PLEASE myself much with the thoughts of seeing you once more in the flesh, face to face; and it greatly heightens this pleasure that I verily believe our friendship will have no end. May we live and meet to confirm these agreeable hopes and prospects! . . . As to poor Lloyd, I know not what to do. I shall see Mr. Cadogan soon, and shall let you know the result. In a stormy world there is an Ark of absolute safety. So Noah found it; so do we—safe and happy, come what may, in our Almighty Jesus.

Supposing that you had set out on your journey, I was upon my watch-tower to look after you, and not in vain. As I prayed, so it is; may every petition which I have at any time put up for you and yours find as gracious an answer as in the present case! . . . I think I promised you some account of our word for New Year's day. It is generally Hebrew—something of Christ, useful, and easy to be remembered throughout the year. *Jehovah Shalom* was for the last year; *Shiloh* (Gen. xlix. 10) is for this. It means One who can give quietness; One who is able to free the conscience from guilt before God, and then to deliver a man in his heart and life from all distressing fears. We have an instance of the outward sense of the word now before our eyes. We have been lately at war, and are now happily at peace with all our enemies. The merchants feel it: they carry on their trade quietly. Nobody is afraid of the enemies' ships of war or privateers. No letters of marque are thought of. Insurance is become moderate; all danger being over, except the danger of the sea. The army is disbanded; the fleet is laid up. The inhabitants of the sea-coast sleep secure from fear of an invasion. This outward quietness is the sensible evidence of what our Shiloh gives unto the soul. He quiets it, and secures it in quietness. He gives peace to the guilty conscience. And, when He gives quietness, who, then, can give trouble? Nothing can, but unbelief. If the storm rage, and the mountains shake with the tempest of the same; if He utter His voice, "Peace, be still!" there is a great calm. The heart lets go its fears, and is established, trusting in the Lord. And then He extends the influence of this blessed quietness to the tempers, to the life. He can, He does, make a poor creature secure under any trouble or temptation. He is the infallible remedy for all distressing cares and fears. Bad news, bad times, public calamities, civil wars only make our Shiloh more sought after, and His sanctuary more precious. Suppose the worst. Death comes—the king of terrors—he cannot frighten, because he cannot hurt; he has lost his sting, and he is the messenger of peace. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." And then our most gracious Shiloh fulfils His name. He gives quietness and assurance for ever. Such is *your* Beloved, and such is *your* Friend. Oh, prize Him, and make much of Him! You do know Him, but you don't make use of Him as you may and ought. The chief part

of our discourse was about the means by which we come to enjoy this heavenly quietness, which, as you are acquainted with, I only give you the outlines, and I am certain you can fill them up. The chief is the Word, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." And this Word reveals to us the infinite love of the glorious Trinity in contriving the covenant of peace, the terms of which God Incarnate undertook to fulfil, and has, by His life and death, perfectly finished. This is proclaimed upon earth by the Gospel. Our one subject is to preach peace through Jesus Christ; and, when God the Spirit accompanies the Word, it produces faith, and reconciles the heart to God. It sees, it feels His love in Christ. God is now, in Christ, not a Judge to condemn, but a Father to bless (Rom. viii. 1). And then His children can pray, "Abba, Father," and live with Him in holy friendship. He being on their side, they need not fear what men, what Satan, or the world, or anything can do against them. Under His protection they are now safe from all evil. In patience they may possess their souls, come what may. When the Gospel thus takes effect, quieting the conscience, the heart, and the life, oh, how precious does Shiloh become! He only wants to be more trusted, that He may be found more precious. As He secures against all evil, yea, the fear of evil, why do we not make use of Him as a sovereign Antidote? As He gives the present enjoyment of all good, why do we not enjoy His gifts, and praise Him for our happiness? Blessings on His dear name! I am His witness, that He makes the conscience secure, and the heart quite at rest. No legal fears, no guilt, no losses, no dangers—nothing can distress them who trust in Him. The State out of order, the Church full of errors and heresies, the worse the times, happier is he whom Shiloh keeps in perfect peace. I have embarked with Him. All my concerns I have put under His management. He can steer the vessel as safe in bad as in good weather. To Him I commit all I have and all I am. It is for His glory to take care of what is intrusted with Him until *that* day. At this time I am praying for you, that you may be kept hungry and thirsting after Christ, among them whom He has pronounced blessed, and whom He makes blessed. It is a sign of health to have a good appetite. There is no better evidence of our having tasted that the Lord is gracious, than to be still waiting on Him for the bread of life, and for the water of life. And He does truly nourish us, when we feel the manna sweet, and the Spirit refreshes our hearts with it. Then that meat is not light bread, but becomes a spiritual feast, and the cup of salvation is full—yea, runneth over with blessings. May these be the choicest of your Christmas fare; and to make you more willing than ever to sit down with the Lord at His Royal table! May the ear of faith hear Him speak to you all the twelve days of the feast—aye, and all the twelve months of the year! "Eat, my friends. Drink; yea, drink abundantly, my beloved." None more welcome than you. He would have you to make free. He bids you to let your "soul delight itself in fatness." The meat is from heaven, and nourishes the heavenly life. The drink sobers: such is its Divine virtue, that the more you take of it the more it will deaden your senses to earthly joys, and it will render spiritual joys more spiritual. For it is angels' food, and is indeed a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life. In His name I invite you this Christmas to partake with us of these blessings. If you be not with us in person, I hope you will be with us in spirit, at our common feast. May you live more upon Christ by faith than ever; enjoy Him more than ever; and with growing thankfulness

bles His glorious name. According to promise I send you some of my remarks on the last year. If you can add to them any fresh matter of praise in your observations, it will be a very acceptable present at Blackfriars.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER IN THE YEAR 1779.—ENCOURAGEMENTS TO CONTINUE PRAYING THROUGH 1780.

Providences which have appeared in favour of England.—A very plentiful harvest, and got in well all over the kingdom. A very delightful autumn, plenty of grass, and fine seed-time. Invasions threatened and attempted, but without success. All our fleets come safe home, although in great danger. God on our side. The enemies at home as violent as ever, but hitherto restrained only by Him who set bounds to the raging of the sea.

Providences of God in the East Indies so great that no enemies are left there.—I have a brighter view still to give you of God's answer to prayer in spirituals, but my paper grows short. 1. We are favoured with the Gospel above any other part of the world. 2. The clear light of it—the full power of it as much as in any age. 3. Great number of ministers who preach it, and live it, all over the kingdom. 4. Prayer-meetings sets up everywhere, in which ministers and people have agreed to plead with God that He would appear for us. 5. And He has, as the instances above demonstrate. 6. He has poured out a spirit of prayer—given great freedom in prayer—thereby encouraging us to pray on for reformation from sin, our very worst enemy, for national humiliation and repentance, for sparing us, notwithstanding our crying provocations, for turning our enemies' hearts, or for giving us victory over them. Indeed it is a bright day in our Church. Oh, pray and praise with me that the light may spread, and Jesus be more glorified by the lives as well as the lips of His people! His dealings with us certainly call for much praise, and encourage us to persevere in prayer. When you have the King's ear and a favourable audience, speak a good word to Him for W— R—, who never forgets you and yours.

This is not the first time nor the second that I have remembered you in this year. My Lord has heard of you again and again, and witness has been made to Him on your behalf and your family, not in vain. He is so gracious as not to let a cup of cold water given to one of His friends go without its reward. I believe you reckon me one of His friends, and therefore I reckon your long friendship to me a good token of His friendship to you. Blessings on Him for His love to us both! He unites our hearts when our bodies are far asunder, and He makes brotherly love continue. All that deserves to be called so in heaven as well as in earth is His gift. There is room for increase. May it grow abundantly in your heart and mine in its richest and ripest fruits! We are not likely to see one another soon, but, till we do, I shall be cultivating these fruits. It shall be my daily prayer that you may live this year as to become acquainted with our common Friend. The more you know Him the more you will trust Him; and the more you trust Him He will give you reason to love Him better. You will find Him faithful to His word, and watchful in fulfilling it. He will be a safe Guide in your journey lest any hurt you: He will keep you night and day. You will "revisit your habitation, and you will find nothing amiss." He will load you with benefits, and you cannot help increasing in love to Him,

and thereby becoming more like Him. Likeness to Him is heaven—likeness perfect is the heaven of heavens. Till you or I get there, let us trust Him, and love Him, and bless His holy name. This is the way to grow up into Him in all things. If we keep Christ in our eye, live by faith upon Him in our hearts, and depend upon Him every moment in our lives, and for everything, then all will go well. This was our subject for the present year. You know our method at Blackfriars. We have a motto on New Year's Day which is to serve us as a repast for twelve months. The present is, "Go forward" (Exodus xiv. 15). The history is very instructing. Read it. The lesson it holds forth is of daily practice, namely, when Christ delivers us from bondage, let what or who will oppose, we may and ought to march on to the promised land. Our deliverance was to set us free, in order that, being redeemed from the hand of our enemies, we may walk safe without stopping under an Almighty Protector. Our bondage was worse than theirs. We were slaves to sin, to the lusts of the flesh, under the power of the world, captives to Satan, and bound over to death and hell. When no eye on earth pitied us, and we were groaning (like them) under our captivity, God Jesus felt for us. The compassion of His heart brought Him down to work out our salvation, and now He has all power in heaven and in earth to apply it, which He does by His Spirit quickening our spirits, and enabling us to find redemption through faith in His blood; then He sets us right and free. He turns us from sin to God, from self to Christ, who is now our life. We live by Him, and all live upon Him. To such He gives the command, "Go forward; march! I have set you at liberty; go on, I am your Guide and your Keeper. Follow my Word, trust my faithfulness to it, and you shall have every encouragement your heart could wish to persevere." "But I am afraid of my own weakness." "Look to me, and go forward in my strength" (Phil. iv. 13). "But I am in the midst of enemies." "Mind what I say" (Isa. liv. 17). "Oh, alas! alas! mine enemies are in my bosom" (Micah vii. 18—20). "It's true I am in the way, yet I have got but little ground last year." "Trust more to my Word (Joshua i. 8, 9), and depend more upon my Spirit (Ezek. xi. 19), and you will still get forward; yea, not only safely, but also *happily*." The Lord High Treasurer, having received Christ, went on His way rejoicing. And so did that goodly company of witnesses (Psalm lxxxiv.); they went from strength to strength till they all met in Zion. So may you and I, till we meet here or in a better place. . . . To day the report is that Lord — is to be First Lord of the Treasury; Charles Jenkinson, Chancellor of the Exchequer. All is settled in my court. Places the highest, riches the greatest, pleasures holy and perfect, and for evermore, are given, and secured too, to such as I am. Glory be to the King of kings!

(To be continued.)

JOY OF MY SOUL.

Joy of my soul, in Thee I find
 All that will satisfy the mind:
 No pleasure in the world I see,
 From its allurements I would flee,
 And unto Thee would hourly press,
 Thou centre of my happiness.

While crowds for pleasure wander
 wide,
 And home return unsatisfied,
 I in my little cot can stay,
 And bliss experience day by day.
 Joy of my soul, in Thee I find
 All that will satisfy my mind.

T.

READINGS AND BREATHINGS IN THE PSALMS.—(No. I.)

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."—PSALM i.

My soul, is this blessedness thine? Where day by day dost thou *walk*? Where *stand*? Where *sit*? Ah! Lord God, Thou knowest—for "Thou knowest my *downsitting* and mine *uprising*, Thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compasses my *path* and my *lying down*, and art acquainted with all my *ways*." And what thou knowest, Thou hast taught me to know, for the entrance of Thy Word hath given me light to discover the paths of darkness; "*discretion*" to preserve me in the "*way of life*;" "*understanding*" which keeps me from the paths of the destroyer, and "*wisdom*" which is profitable to direct me in all the holy will of God. Therefore, as the "*counsel of the ungodly*" is against the Almighty, a "*froward counsel that carries the wicked headlong to destruction*," I would not *walk* in that: as the "*way of sinners*," though right in their own eyes, is sin, the end whereof is death, I would not *stand* herein with them: as the "*seat of the scornful*" is one of violence and pride, I would not for a moment sit there! And why? Because "*the curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked*;" but He blesseth the habitation of the just." Blessed, then, is the man who walketh not, standeth not, nor sitteth in the counsel, way, or seat of ungodly scornful sinners. Yea, he is already blessed! And the preserving mercy of God is a proof that he is blessed of the Lord; and, as such, we are not only told what He will not do, but what is His desire and delight.

Thus, in verse 2: "*But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night*." What law is this but the "*law of love*" which is in Christ Jesus; and the "*law of the spirit of life*" which is by Christ Jesus? In these, my soul, do thou "*delight*," and therein meditate "*day and night*;" and may thy meditation of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, and the life of God which is by Christ Jesus, be "*sweet*," sanctified by the word of God through the Spirit and prayers. Then wilt thou *walk* in the fear of the Lord—then wilt thou *stand* and feed in the strength of the Lord: then shalt thou *set down* under the shadow of the Lord with great "*delight*," and His fruit be sweet unto thy taste.

For this is the promise concerning such (verse 3): "*He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season*." Yea, I would bring forth the fruit of praise to the glory of God, who planted me by the river of the water of life in all the changing seasons of my soul; and my prayer is, that my "*leaf*" of profession may not "*wither*": that I may never make shipwreck of faith: that there be no withering influence upon others arising from a false profession in myself; but that I may be green and flourishing in the ways and things of God, so that whatsoever I do in the Church or in the world, for the Lord or His people, may "*prosper*." Oh, if I desire any one thing more than another, it is *soul prosperity before the Lord*!—to be "*growing up into Him in all things which is the Head, even Christ*."

Ver. 4: "*The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away*." What a very marked distinction the Word of God makes between the righteous and the wicked; between those who love, fear, and serve God, and they who turn aside to fables, vanity, and lies! It is just

the difference now which God "put" between the Israelites and the Egyptians. The righteous are "blessed;" but, with the "ungodly" it is "*not so*." It is "not so" in living or dying, in time or eternity. The wicked desire not a knowledge of God, and therefore they meditate not in His ways. These "knowing not the law are cursed" (John vii. 49); that is, knowing not the love of Christ, which is the fulfilling of the law, and whereby the New Covenant (as in ver. 2) was brought in, are under the curse: whilst the righteous who delight in the "put" and "written" law of God in the heart, "after the inward man," are blessed. As, therefore, with the ungodly, it is "*not so*;" they are like the "chaff"—light as vanity, and empty as a vapour—"which the wind driveth away."

But "what is the chaff to the wheat?" saith the Lord. Let us see what is said of them when this blowing wind of adversity, this great day of God's wrath, is come. Ver. 5: "*The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment*." Why so? because (and the very fact which is such a source of comfort to the believer is a ground of terror to the ungodly, namely) it is "the judgment-seat of CHRIST!" Yes, "the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son;" and "the secrets of men" shall be judged by Jesus Christ (Rom. ii. 16). They, therefore, who know the secret of sins' forgiveness, or, as Paul saith, "Whose sins have been opened" (with conscience) "before hand," *going before them* unto judgment, these are "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." But, to the ungodly, whose sins "*follow after*" (1 Tim. iv. 24), there is a "certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversaries."

My soul, how stands the matter with thee? Is it thy constant and ardent desire to "know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings," that, by being "made conformable to His death," thou mayest "attain unto the resurrection of life?" Lord, Thou knowest! If there is no dying unto sin here, there is no living unto God hereafter. Those who have all their lifetime *walked* in the "counsel of the ungodly," *stood* in "the way of sinners," and *sat* in the "seat of the scornful," have no foothold before the judgment-seat of Christ. Who, then, shall be able to stand? Only those with whom is "the secret of the Lord:" they who are clothed in the justifying righteousness of Christ; whose names being written in the "book of life," have their iniquities forgiven, and their sins blotted out through the atoning blood of the Lamb: and these (in ver. 5) are called "the congregation of the righteous." These, in a countless multitude, shall assemble around the throne of judgment, where, and with whom, the ungodly shall not be able to *stand*, for there will be "*no place found for them*." But (ver. 6) "*the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous*"—He knoweth it, because He goeth before them in the way, which is the way to glory and to God; yea, Christ Himself is that way, and happy is he who *walketh* in Christ, who standeth in the "even place," "the way of righteousness which is life, and in the path-way whereof is no death" (Prov. xii. 28), and who *sitteth* together in heavenly places, in and with Christ Jesus for ever.

The Lord command His blessing upon us, and keep us "night and day:" the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace: the Lord send us such real prosperity of soul that we may delight in the law of God, and meditate upon all His marvellous works, to the bringing forth fruit to His praise!

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

[The following most precious lines have been most opportunely contributed by a beloved correspondent.—ED.]

CHILD of sorrow! child of grief!
The hour draws nigh for thy relief—
The dawning of a glorious day!
Then haste, blest spirit, haste away!

Is it, then, true, that we must part?
And must these fond affections smart?
Ah, no! Thou canst not, must not go!
This bleeding, selfish heart says, No!

But hark! what is that voice I hear?
Surely the great Eternal's here!—
"Be still, and know that I am God,
And meekly kiss my chastening rod."

My Father, must it e'en be so?
And must this best beloved go?
"It must—then, wayward heart, be still,
And bow to Mine thy puny will."

How oft I've prayed, "Thy will be done!"
But now this bitter hour has come;
The lips, 'tis true, the words may say,
But does the self-willed heart obey?

This heart must break, these tears must flow
(T' affection 'tis a bitter blow);
Pity my weakness, Lord, I pray,
And let my strength be as my day.

Then haste, blest spirit, haste away!
Thy Saviour calls—why, then, delay?
And I, ere many years are past,
Still hope to meet thee there at last.

M. C. C.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Watching at the Gates. London: S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Price 6d.

A PLEASING little work designed by the writer to counteract certain errors put forth in "*Gates Ajar*," which is dealt with in a very able and effective manner. This reply is ably written, and is likely to become popular.

Words of Ministry; or, Sunday Readings in the Home. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, Rector of St. Nicholas, Worcester. London: Nisbet and Co., Berners Street.

THIS is another book from the hand of the enterprising and laborious Editor of *Our Own Fireside*. How he gets through his varied works is to us matter of surprise. Mr. BULLOCK, in this as well as in his other publications, has exhibited his wonted gift of supplying that which he discovers to be lacking in wholesome and interesting reading for the people—the young especially.

The City Diary and Almanack. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate Street.

THE ninth annual edition of this Diary has just been issued. It is one of the most convenient diaries for the desk, strongly bound, and of good serviceable paper, interleaved with blotting, for one shilling. In addition to the ordinary almanack matter, it contains the names and addresses of the Members of the Court of Aldermen, Common Council, and Officers of the Corporation, and valuable information as to City Institutions, City Clubs, City Churches, Ward Clerks, Companies' Halls, &c.; and also a mass of information (mostly of an exclusive character) respecting the various business offices of the Corporation and the City generally, to which, indeed, it is a complete guide.

The Chatterbox. Edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. London: W. W. Gardner, 10, Paternoster Row.

THE new volume of this very popular work contains some incidents of special interest for the young, accompanied by very striking illustrations.

The Children's Prize. Edited by J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A. London: W. W. Gardner, 10, Paternoster Row.

THIS little work is admirably for the young likewise. The illustrations are very bold and attractive.

The History of Romanism, from the earliest Corruption of Christianity. By JOHN DOWLING, D.D. New York: Edward Walker, 140, Fulton Street.

THIS is a very complete and comprehensive work, and we are glad to find that, in a former edition, it has already had a large issue. The subject upon which it treats is of such vast importance, and one upon which the reading public generally have bestowed little effort in making themselves masters of, that we wish for the work the wide-spread circulation it deserves, especially in an age like the present, when our misguided rulers are doing their utmost to foster that accursed thing, the Papacy.

The Album Scripture Text-Book. London: The Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row. Bristol: W. Mack, 38, Park Street.

THIS work is exquisitely got up, and will form a handsome gift-book for the present season. The daily texts and corresponding verses of hymns and sacred songs are most judiciously selected. We cannot speak in too commendatory terms of this beautiful volume.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE chief event of the month has been the illness of the Prince of Wales. He was attacked by typhoid fever whilst on a visit to the Earl of Londesborough, and for several days lay at the point of death; but, through God's mercy, the worst now seems to be over, and there is every prospect of his complete recovery. He has had a very narrow escape; his young companion at Lord Londesborough's, the Earl of Chesterfield, took the disease at the same time and died, and one of the Prince's grooms has met with the same fate. The recovery of the Prince has been almost

miraculous, and we can only hope that it may be overruled to his temporal and eternal good, and to the benefit of the whole nation. Most profound interest and sympathy have been shown by all classes; it has seemed as if the whole country was moved with one impulse and feeling; the telegrams from Sandringham have been read with intense solicitude, and in some cases even business was suspended. To quote the words of a provincial paper—the *Carlisle Patriot*—"We remember nothing like it. The death of the Prince Consort, of Wellington, and of Peel, overwhelmed the people with sorrow; but they had run their course; they had completed their work; and it was only becoming that men should mourn the loss of those who had served them well. But here was a young man almost untried in public life, of whose character we knew little, concerning whom some men spoke with a sneer, and towards whom those who were best affected could only look with expectancy. What was there in his case that millions should watch the hourly reports from his bedside with an eagerness and concern which could not be more genuine had he been their own son or brother? The phenomenon can never be forgotten. It is one of the most significant, and, we will add, one of the most encouraging experiences of our time. Remembering it, the desponding may take heart, the doubtful may take courage. The nation has been tested, and it has been proved true at the core. The people have shown that, however capricious may be the turns of popular sentiment in moments of gaiety, in their inmost heart they still regard the line of their kings as their own, and that its distress is a matter directly and pointedly personal to each one of them. Should it please God to bring the Prince forth once more, his recovery must be to him a kind of new birth. Severe and searching affliction like that he has borne is to most men a season of precious spiritual discipline; but, beside that, when he is strong enough to learn how the anxiety of a great people has been concentrated upon him—how even the business of the nation has to some extent been arrested by the general gloom—how his condition was foremost in all thoughts and in all prayers, then indeed he must be more or less than human if he does not recognize the fact that his future life is not his own, and that they who in this crisis have laid bare their affection for him and their regard for his high station have an indefeasible claim upon the best service it is in his power to render them. Thus will these last days of trouble become a period of blessing to him and the nation, and illustrate afresh the wonderful ways of Providence." The *Rock* says: "The imminent danger of the Prince of Wales has undoubtedly been productive of good effect. It has led men to reflect upon the serious complications and difficulties which must arise if he were suddenly taken from our midst. The advocates of Republicanism have been led to pause and reflect, and not a few will have realized the futility of their dreams and the madness of their proposals. From every part of the kingdom and from distant colonies, expressions of sympathy and regret are poured forth. It is remarkable that exactly ten years ago, the illustrious father of the Prince was laid low by the same disease with which skilful physicians are now combating in his son, and we are penning these lines on the very anniversary of the day when, in the case of the Prince Consort, death prevailed. The coincidence of date has evoked a painful interest. God moves in a mysterious way. His purpose, whatever it be, will assuredly be accomplished, and we cannot but patiently and prayerfully await its development."

A crisis has occurred in Ireland in reference to the Education question. The Roman Catholic hierarchy have put forward a manifesto, in which they declare that they will not be satisfied with any education but that which is entirely under their own control; and Cardinal Cullen has informed his followers that they will be contented with nothing which is not Roman Catholic, from teachers to books. The Protestant denominations, on the other hand, have given expression to their opinion on the subject, and they seem to be unanimous in condemning the Papal system as one which is opposed to the best interests of the people, and utterly subversive of the principles of civil and religious liberty. We hope that the Protestant denominations will continue thus boldly and unitedly to protest, and that they will offer the most determined opposition to all compromise with Rome on this important point.

King Victor Emmanuel has formerly opened the first session of the Italian Parliament in Rome, and, in defiance of the taunt of Bishop Dupanloup, he has dared to "make his bed" in the Quirinal Palace.

The *Rock* says:—"We deeply regret to learn that Bishop Patteson, the earnest and energetic missionary Bishop of Melanesia, has been slaughtered by the natives of Santa Cruz, one of the Islands which he visited, and that his Chaplain, the Rev. J. Aitkin, has met the same fate. The particulars are not yet to hand, but it is well known that for some time past unscrupulous persons have visited the islands, kidnapping the natives, and carrying them off to the Australian coffee plantations as slaves. In one of his last letters to England the Bishop wrote:—"We are, thank God, in our own little way, going on happily; but there is much suspicion and irritation caused by the presence and conduct of these trading vessels among the islands;" and there is too much reason to think that the worker of so much good has fallen a victim to the illfeeling thus engendered."

We are glad to notice that it is proposed to erect a memorial to William Cowper, the poet, in the church of his birthplace, Great Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, of which his father was Rector.

A large public meeting has been held in Glasgow in favour of conventual inspection. Mr. Newdegate and Lord Oranmore and Browne were present, and are stated to have been enthusiastically received. Five resolutions were unanimously adopted, the purport of which was that monastic and conventual establishments, or any system for the purpose of securing permanent withdrawal from the world, is un-Christian, inimical to the best interests of social life, and antagonistic to the welfare of any nation in which they obtain; that the permitted existence in this country of conventual institutions unsubjected to public inspection or control is opposed to our most cherished notions of individual liberty, and affords opportunity for cruelty and oppression such as ought not to be allowed in any free nation; that recent events, both at home and abroad, justify and strengthen the demand for further inquiry on this subject; and that a Commission ought to be by statute appointed to inquire as to such institutions, especially with a view to the establishment of an effectual system of inspection of convents.

The Scottish Reformation Society has resumed its important work this winter in connexion with the Protestant educational classes. In London, Leeds, and many other towns, large classes have been formed. In Carlisle the movement has commenced with singular success; as many as twelve of the clergy and ministers there have undertaken to conduct Protestant classes in connexion with their churches and congregations during the present winter session.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDREAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 74,
NEW SERIES. }

FEBRUARY 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,274,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

"WHAT SHALL I DO?" "DO? WHY, WHAT MOSES DID."

"And Moses brought their cause before the Lord."—NUM. xxvii. 5.

MANY years ago—if we mistake not it was in '37 or '38—after recovering from a short but sharp illness, we looked at our Bible, and thought, "Would that we had the heart to read it; but, alas! alas! how dark and dead we are!" Notwithstanding these feelings, however, we took up the Book; and, as though to confirm the apathy and coldness and heartlessness under which we were labouring, we directly opened upon a list of names, which seemed void of interest, and to render the reading a mere duty indeed—a piece of thorough formality. Still we read; but, as the Lord would graciously have it, we had read but a little while, ere we came upon a passage rich in sweet, precious, experimental truth. The Lord, of a sudden, broke in; and we never remember a sweeter or more blessed season of Bible-reading in the whole course of our lives. There was a meekness and a mellowness—a blessedness and a power—which took possession of the soul that stood in remarkable contrast with the previous darkness and deathliness; yea, so much so that we have never forgotten it, even to the present moment. There were two or three facts in connexion with this memorable season which have served, under God, to fix that season indelibly upon the mind. The first was, upon our partial recovery from the illness before named, when visiting our business-place, the heart recoiled: all interest seemed to have subsided, and everything was burdensome to a degree. One felt as though one would never take any pleasure or satisfaction in ought of the kind again. A thorough deathliness and dissatisfaction pervaded all; and one turned back to one's house again all but overwhelmed with weakness and depression. It was under these circumstances, as

before mentioned, the Bible was seen, and, in spite of feeling or expectation, taken up and read. If we mistake not, the part we opened upon was either Ezra or Nehemiah. Now, when that blessed dew and unction and power came, of which we just now spoke, we thought, "Well, if these precious truths are verified in regard to our own present position and circumstances, how manifestly will it be of God!" We were at the time apprehending a somewhat large business-loss. All we could do in the matter was to *look to the Lord!* We knew that He, and He only, could prevent the loss in question. But we were so conscious of heart-departures from Him, and such an amount of worldliness, carnality, and unbelief, that we felt almost afraid to ask His interference in the matter. We felt as though we had taken our own way, and must now expect to reap the consequences. We had, we thought, "sown to the wind, and must now reap the whirlwind;" we had "sown to the flesh," and all we had to expect for our pains, was to "reap corruption." We had already done so, in painful sleeplessness, when, for a short season, brought to the very verge of the grave. It was under these circumstances the Lord broke in so wonderfully and so graciously, in spite of all our ill-and-hell-deservings, and notwithstanding all our unbelief, distrust, and ingratitude; yea, it was a most blessed manifestation.

But, dear reader, we have not as yet told all the facts: although, as we have said, little short of five-and-thirty years have since passed away, they are firmly fixed in our heart's memories to the present hour; and we desire to speak of them, to the praise and honour of our most merciful, indulgent, ever-gracious, and long-suffering Lord and God.

Almost immediately after the sweet season to which we have alluded, and when we had been thinking it would indeed be an act of marvellous condescension and astounding goodness, if so be the Lord appeared in regard to the matter then pressing upon our heart, and whilst yet the energies were so paralyzed through our recent bodily affliction; as the Lord would have it—yea, as He wisely and mercifully ordered it—we met (as men say casually, but we would rather say providentially) a gentleman who directed us what to do in our perplexity. We no sooner called upon the parties suggested than we found all smooth. The Lord had gone out before us. *He* had prepared the way. Our claim was immediately discharged, and that, too, in a complimentary manner. Nor did we ever take a cheque and present it at the bank for payment, with greater gratitude or surprise. The whole was so marked of the Lord, that we never remember to have received money with such astonishment or thankfulness.

Ah, ye men of business, ye have your perplexities and anxieties—your seemingly crushing weights and cares—but ye have your mercies too. Those of you who know the Lord, and who know likewise what it is to do as Israel's leader did, in regard to the difficulty in which he was placed, to "bring their cause before the Lord,"—you

know likewise what it is to behold His wondrously-working hand. Aye, have there not been times and seasons with you, when, in the midst of your business scenes and trading responsibilities, you have so seen the Lord moving men's hearts, or causing events so to "work together" on your behalf, that, like Joseph of old, you have "sought where to weep" to the praise of His dear and ever-adorable name? Yea, after all your days of intense solicitude and sleepless nights of anguished wrestling, when the crisis has at length come, the Lord has so paved the way—smoothed matters—and so evidently gone out before you, that, when *you* have come to traverse the path He had previously trodden before you, you could only stand still, and wonder and admire and adore.

Not to dwell (sweet as the subject is), we would just remind you of two instances in the patriarch Jacob's history which illustrates this point: the first is in reference to the angry Laban, with respect to whose pursuit of Jacob, we read, that "God came to Laban the Syrian in a dream by night, and said unto him, Take heed that thou speak to Jacob either good or bad." The other is with regard to Esau, who, notwithstanding his coming out to meet his brother with four hundred men, was so diverted from his wrathful intentions—because the Lord had the entire management and control—that, instead of rising against Jacob to his overthrow and destruction, we read, "And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him; and they wept."

Reader, it is a glorious and incontrovertible truth, that, "when a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

In connexion with the aforementioned circumstances, we remember that the following day we went a long journey by one of the old stage-coaches, and a most blessed season we had, going over the ground again with the dear old patriarch, as he exclaimed, "With this staff I passed over Jordan, and now am become two bands."

Ah, dear reader, when the mind is thus led back by the blessed Remembrancer, what shame and confusion of face we take to ourselves, that, after so much mercy and goodness, we should ever now, even in the leastwise, doubt His continued loving-kindness and faithfulness. How have we felt rebuked, even in recording the aforementioned simple facts, with that loving exhortation, "Wherefore, cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward." Oh, that we could trust Him in some little measure as He deserves to be trusted! Oh, that we could look above and beyond all present feelings or appearances, and simply fall back upon His own covenant character, as a wise and merciful and gracious God, who hath pledged Himself to be to and for His people all that they can possibly need through time and to all eternity!

"Lord, we believe; help Thou our unbelief!"

We have touched upon the foregoing faith, dear reader, hoping thereby that *your* heart may be stirred up, by the Holy Ghost, in a

way of remembrance. We know what the effect of this comparing notes is among the dear people of God. How, as they talk by the way of the good hand of their God upon them, it acts as a help to remember, and a stimulus to testify of His kind and gracious and loving acts.

Moreover, we would have you keep in view the remark which we just now made about the deathliness of soul, and the disinclination to read His blessed Word. Ah, have *you* not sometimes found, as we there describe, that, either with regard to the reading of the Word, the attempting to call upon His name, or an attendance upon His house, or conversing with His dear children, you have felt such a thorough heartlessness, coldness, deadness, and positive disinclination, that the very idea of attempting either the one or the other seems but the sheerest hypocrisy? Still, notwithstanding this disinclination and deathlike feeling, you have taken up His Word—aye, and that, too, with the expectation that you should at once read to your own condemnation. Instead of which (as we just now stated), a passage, or possibly a word only, has been so blessedly fixed upon both the eye and heart, that you have enjoyed a very feast of fat things full of marrow—of wines on the lees well refined. A precious Christ has been seen and felt as the very sum and substance of the word; and, as you were aware, your soul has been like the chariots of Amminadib. He who just now was “as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness,” has in one moment, under the precious anointing and bedewing of the Holy Ghost, become “the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.”

The same truth holds good with regard to prayer. It was, as you thought, a cold, lifeless, heartless, mere formal duty in which you were about to engage. You did not like to neglect it altogether. You were afraid to do that, not knowing what the consequences might be, or to what habits of neglect or indifference such non-observance of set so-called prayer-times might lead. Still, child-like freedom or liberty has been out of the question. As to *love*, you have felt no more love to the Lord, or the things of the Lord, at such seasons, than you have to an object you had never seen nor heard of. And, with trembling of heart, lest you should by that mock service add to your condemnation, you have bent the knee. You have scarcely begun to groan out your feelings and your fears at the footstool of mercy, ere there has come a little softening and bedewing. You have gone on for a moment or two with word after word, sentence upon sentence, until of a sudden a sweet glow has come o’er your whole soul. You could say no more. You could only “weep to the praise of the mercy you’d found.” Notwithstanding all your previous hardness and callousness, and seemingly utter absence of the veriest particle of love, you have felt you could appeal to the Great Searcher of hearts, and exclaim, as Peter did, “Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee.” Yea, you felt, at such times and seasons, as though you could cheerfully not suffer

merely, but even die, for such a Friend. Oh, how you have felt the power of that word, "Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious!" None could ever more truthfully testify than you, under the circumstances—

"Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust."

Again, possibly for the same reason of heartlessness and want of feeling, or perhaps because you have spoken unadvisedly with your lips, or said or done ought that has brought your soul into a strait or captivity; you have said to yourself, "It's of no use my going to the house of God in such a wretched state as this, with no more feeling than a brute;" yea, possibly enmity working in your mind at the moment; and with it conscious condemnation as indicative of the very opposite of that blessed evidence and token of true childship. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "Where's *your* love to the brethren?" says Satan. "You know it is the very contrary with you." Thus, with this inward strife and bitterness and contention, you have at length found yourself—you scarcely know how—again within the walls of the sanctuary. And it may be under the teaching of the Word—the singing of one of the sweet songs of Zion, or some remark made by the preacher—most likely, the quoting of some Scripture—a way has been found into that seemingly hard and bolted-and-barred heart of yours—and you have, in feeling and emotion, crouched at His dear feet, filled with adoring wonder, love, and amazement, that, under such circumstances, He could again have met with your poor soul. His mercy, and His grace, and His compassion, and His tenderness, and His love, never seemed so marvellous in your eyes as now. His Word, His people, His house, His own sweet, lovely, and adorable person, were the all-engrossing theme of your thoughts, affections, and desires. And you have been ready to exclaim, "Lord, Lord, take me home from this very spot, and at this very moment, so that I might never sin against Thee more!"

The like unlooked-for love-bedewings and precious grace-sensations have, in the same most unexpected way, been at times realized in the occasional meeting with a fellow-pilgrim. Cold and icy, it may be, at the first greeting. There has been the old "reasoning" renewed, in which the two poor disciples indulged on their way to Emmaus. But presently Jesus Himself has drawn nigh, unthought-of—unsought—altogether unexpected. In His own sweet but effectual way, He has put in *His* word. It may be in a way of question, or appeal, or reminder, or remembrance. There has been the response—merely at first, it may be, as simple—matter-of-fact—nominal—formal; but ah, when He drops with the word *power* into the soul, oh, then mark its effects: weighty—attractive—mellowing—bedewing—heart-warming—soul-comforting—conscience-cleansing—spirit-cheering—soul-reviv-

ing—the whole inner man renewed, refreshed, emboldened, encouraged, and strengthened in its onward and homeward way. Then is that utterance of the dear disciples perfectly understood in a rich, personal, and experimental way, “Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and opened unto us the Scriptures?”

But it is time we came to our text. Beloved, the facts we have just named were brought afresh to our recollection, because the eye suddenly dropped upon the portion, standing, as you perceive it does, with certain names, at first sight presenting a want of interest. Moreover, the moment we read the words, “*And Moses brought their cause before the Lord,*” we thought, “And how continuously will this have to be done by and for the Lord’s people, throughout the year upon which we are just entering!” Again, there was another portion presented itself instantly, in connexion with the above, as being sweetly confirmatory and encouraging, “*The cause that is too hard for thee, bring it unto me, and I will hear it.*”

The Lord help us, dear reader, to turn these precious Scriptures to account, as we pass on amid all the chequered scenes of this new and untrodden year!

Beloved, there is a great deal of precious teaching in connexion with the passage at the head of this article; indeed, where is there not teaching in regard to Bible-truths?

The first thought, however, is that suggested by the closing verses of the preceding chapter, where we read, “These are they that were numbered by Moses and Eleazar the priest, who numbered the children of Israel in the plains of Moab by Jordan near Jericho. But among these there was not a man of them whom Moses and Aaron the priest numbered, when they numbered the children of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai. For the Lord had said of them, They shall surely die in the wilderness. And there was not left a man of them, save Caleb the son of Jephunneh, and Joshua the son of Nun” (Numb. xxvi. 63—65). What a humbling fact that, with the exception of Caleb and Joshua, there was not a soul left who had been previously numbered! Each and all were gone. Even Aaron was no more! Oh, does not this go to prove that Jehovah will not be trifled with in regard to His character or His word? How humbling is the declaration, as presented in the 14th chapter of this book, in reference to the evil report brought by the spies from Canaan, and the course proposed thereupon by the children of Israel of making themselves a captain, and returning into Egypt. “Because all those men which have seen my glory, and my miracles, which I did in Egypt and in the wilderness, and have tempted me now these ten times, and have not hearkened to my voice; surely they shall not see the land which I swear unto their fathers, neither shall any of them that provoked me see it: but my servant Caleb, because he had another spirit with him, and hath followed me fully, him will I bring into the land whereinto he went; and his seed shall possess it. (Now the Amalekites and the Canaanites dwelt in the valley.) To-morrow

turn you, and get you into the wilderness by the way of the Red Sea" (Numb. xiv. 22—25).

Reader, is there a single soul that knows his own heart but must plead guilty to the like ingratitude and self-will and rebellion here displayed by the people of Israel? Have not we, again and again, "lusted after the fleshpots of Egypt?" and should we not a thousand times over have returned "like the sow to its wallowing in the mire," but for Divine keeping? Oh, what patience and forbearance and long-suffering has been exercised towards us! Verily the Lord might have ten thousand times over spoken in similar terms of us, as He did of our forefathers! Reader, is it not so?

But we find, in the verses immediately preceding our text, that a certain appeal had been made to Moses. The daughters of Zelophehad stood before Moses, by the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and said, "Our father died in the wilderness, and he was not in the company of them that gathered themselves together against the Lord in the company of Korah; but died in his own sin, and had no sons. Why should the name of our father be done away from among his family, because he hath no son? Give unto us therefore a possession among the brethren of our father" (Numb. xxvii. 3, 4).

Moses is placed in a difficulty. Personally he does not know how to act or what counsel to give. How marked his conduct! How notable his example! He does not chide the applicants. He does not cover his want of knowledge by arrogance or proud authority. He does not presume upon his position, his long standing, his experience. He does not waive the question, or regard it as one of no moment, or shelter himself under the recollection that his government is about to be suspended, and that he must very shortly throw up his authority, and submit himself to that death of which he had been previously apprized. There was nought of this; but, as still realizing all the personal, unsubiding, and loving interest in the people of Israel, he not only listens to the appeal thus made to him; but, in his felt loss to know what to advise, or how to act, *Moses brought their cause before the Lord.*"

Next, beloved, we observe the goodness and condescension of the Lord. Oh, how ready to hear and heed! and that, too, so promptly; for it would appear that, in the present instance, there lacked that waiting-time, during which the Lord is wont to exercise the faith and patience of His people. Immediately following the declaration of the fact, that "*Moses brought their cause before the Lord,*" is likewise the declaration, "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, The daughters of Zelophehad speak right: thou shalt surely give them a possession of an inheritance among their father's brethren; and thou shalt cause the inheritance of their father to pass unto them" (Numbers xxvii. 6, 7). We find, moreover, in the closing chapter of this book, how Moses insists upon the due observance of this revelation of the Lord with regard to the apportioning of the inheritance.

Reader, is not this fact suggestive? If there were such a peculiar

jealousy on the part of the people of Israel in respect to the inheritance of their fathers—and such jealousy seemed to be a leading feature in their characters (witness, for example, Naboth's reply to Ahab)—oh, how jealous may every true spiritual Israelite be with respect to the inheritance of which, by grace, he is the heir! Not simply an earthly heritage, fading and corruptible; but that inheritance which is “incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.” If the literal Israel so cleave to the earthly, how much more may the spiritual Israel cleave to the heavenly! If there were an interest in the one that outshone and superseded all other considerations, how much more the other!

Reader, did we see things as they really are, how all-absorbing would be the contemplations of this glorious inheritance! Into what thorough insignificance would all earthly possessions dwindle, when set in contrast to these “durable riches and righteousness!” Oh, how astounding it is that the vanities of time should get and retain so powerful a hold upon men, whilst there is at the same time so perpetually set before them such ever-recurring evidence and proof that “their breath is in their nostrils;” that man “heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them!”

How world-wide has so recently been proclaimed the fact, in connexion with the severe and so critical illness of the Prince of Wales, that the brightest human prospects may be blighted, as it were, in a moment; that Death may be commissioned to intercept earthly heirships and inheritances; that he may dash from the regal hand the crown of which it was about to take possession. We say, these facts at the present moment are of world-wide notoriety; and never, never ought to be disregarded or thought of lightly or indifferently. Speaking lessons, indeed, these so lately set before us and the world at large; lessons never before—from the very nature of things—so loudly, and so promptly, and so emphatically proclaimed. God, of His great mercy, give us as a nation and a people to take heed thereunto!

But, whilst the Lord has thus, in His Providence, been speaking about human prospects and earthly inheritances, oh, how precious the reflection of the security and the unalienable character of that inheritance to which the redeemed are heirs—yea, joint-heirs with Christ! Ah, what a thought, that, whilst in the mansions of the great and the noble of earth, there are those whom disease and death are seeking rapidly to sever from all and everything by which their hopes and prospects have been circumscribed, and to which those hopes and prospects are limited, there are languishing in some of the lowliest and most obscure of habitations—hardly, by comparison, deserving the name of dwelling-places—sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Some such there are who have scarcely wherewith to cover their poor frail bodies, and barely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger; and yet, notwithstanding, they are journeying to the place of which the Lord their God had told them. In spite of their sufferings and their sorrows, songs intermingle with their sighs,

as they contemplate the great and glorious fact, that "though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal" (2 Cor. iv. 16—18). "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. v. 1).

"Eternity! eternity!
O bright, O blest eternity,
Which Jesus has obtained for those
Who seek in Him their sure repose!
A little while they suffer here,
But rest, eternal rest, is near.

"Eternity! eternity!
Strange glories of eternity!
Lord, let us now the world despise,
And upward raise our thankful eyes
To joy that ever shall abide,
From sin and sorrow purified." *

Finally, beloved, may the Holy Ghost, of His great mercy, indulge us this year to an extent we have never before known of following the notable example of Moses, who "*brought their cause before the Lord.*" Oh, consider for a moment how great the privilege! Were it not true of us, as of the disciples of old, when Jesus said, "Oh, fools, and slow of heart to believe," how should we rejoice, and how avail ourselves of the gracious exhortation, to "acknowledge Him in all our ways," that He might "direct our paths." In reality, we have no need (as we once heard the present Archbishop of York say, when preaching in Bristol Cathedral) "*to fret and fume,*" whilst there is such a ready way to obtain counsel and help and deliverance. Is not our adorable Immanuel, our Jesus, our elder Brother, emphatically the Counsellor? Aye, and is He not as verily the Mighty God and the everlasting Father? Moreover, is not "the government upon His shoulders," and is it not declared, that "of His government there shall be no end?" Furthermore, will it not behove Him, for the maintenance of His truth, and the honour of His own great and glorious name, to ratify and confirm that blessed verity this year, even as He has done so in every preceding year, "And His name shall be called Wonderful?" Aye; and, for the further establishment of His own covenant character as the "Prince of peace," will He not this year give peace, according to His gracious promise, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid?"

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, Jan. 1, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

* "Songs of Grace and Glory." Edited by Rev. C. B. SNEPP, LL.M.

"REST IN THE LORD."

PSALM xxxvii. 7.

"REST in the Lord!" Sweet word of truth!
 A word for age, a word for youth,
 A word for all the weary world,
 A banner-word by love unfurled.

Then cease, ye wearied ones of earth,
 To slave for pleasure, gain, or mirth;
 Cast down your load of vanities,
 And welcome God's realities.

"Rest in the Lord!" Sweet word of grace
 To all the Saviour's new-born race!
 'Tis music, light, and balm to them,
 An hourly-guiding apothegm.

Then, Lord of rest, we rest in Thee
 For all our daily destiny;
 Our mighty guilt, our grief, our care,
 We cast (strange act!) on Thee to bear.

For Thou, dear Lamb of God, wast slain
 To bear each load and ease each pain;
 And now Thy blood and righteousness
 Are rocks of rest in all distress.

And when at last we fall on sleep,
 Nor heart shall throb, nor eye shall weep;
 Then, blessed Saviour, let it be,
 That Thou shalt write, "They rest in Me!"

The late Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL.

A LIVING EPISTLE.

"ONE day in my travels," says Mr. Jay, "I heard of a servant who had attended a Dissenting chapel. This offended her master and mistress, who told her that she must discontinue the practice, or leave their service. She received the information with modesty, said she was sorry, but so it must be; she could not sacrifice the convictions of her conscience to keep her place. So they gave her warning; and she now determined, if possible, to be more circumspect and exemplary than ever; determined that, if she suffered for her religion, her religion should not suffer for her. Some time after this, the master said to the mistress, 'Why, this is rather a hard measure with regard to our servant; has she not a right to worship God where she pleases as well as ourselves?' 'Oh, yes,' said the mistress; 'and we never had so good a servant; one who rose so early, and got her work done so well, was so clean, and was so economical, never answering again.' And so they intimated that she might remain. Some time after this the wife said to her husband, 'I think Mary's religion does her a great deal more good than our religion seems to do us; I should like to hear her minister.' And so she went and was impressed; and prevailed upon her husband to go, and he was impressed; and now they are all followers of God, and have the worship of God in their house."

Wayside Notes.

THE HIDDEN, HIGHER, AND HOMEWARD LIFE.

“Your life is hid with Christ in God.”—COL. iii. 3.

In our daily lot we are compelled to mix much with men of the world, to go, it may be, into the busy haunts of active life; but is there not with the Christian an upper and higher current of things going on within—a negotiation with Heaven even while the footprints are on earth? Enoch walked with God while he was wending his way across fields, and his walking was the shadowing forth of this fact: “Your life is hid with Christ in God.” But, alas, there is not always the sensible enjoyment of this hidden life: we have to experience, with Moses and the children of Israel, that we are going through “a great and terrible wilderness, and God has taken us from the midst, by signs, by wonders, by war, and by a stretched-out arm, and by great terrors,” all necessary and needful; yet, on the other hand, blessed be His name, He has taken us from the midst to give tokens of His love, revelations of Himself, marvellous upliftings, and gracious soul-meltings, to meeten us for glory, and cause us to feel that *this pilgrimage is life's preparation for heaven's exaltation*. Hence it is that, in passing through this terrible wilderness, we must find much to make us do as Moses said the children of Israel did: “Ye returned and wept before the Lord.” Oh, can we ever forget those **WEEPINGS BY THE WAY** before the Lord?—sometimes in the consideration of our rebellion, when we have so ungratefully “murmured in our tents;” sometimes under a felt sense of our unworthiness, and at other times under the wonderful manifestations of a Saviour's love. What warfare work it has been! And then again, Moses reminds the children of Israel of the time when “they went presumptuously up into the hill.” Ah, how much it takes to keep down creature-pride and felt greatness! Why those losses and crosses we have had so often to endure by the way? why that pressure put upon us? why those emptyings and perfect prostration of spirit, but because we have walked presumptuously in self-sufficiency? It may be a little worldly prosperity has made us think ourselves of some importance in the world, and the Lord has seen it needful to bring us to our level, to learn the lesson of looking alone to Him. No; it will not do! The Christian's life must be one of discrimination and separation; it must be, in measure, like our Lord's journey to the Cross, marked by that which brings us to *humility and obedience*: not that He needed anything to make Him so; for He was obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross by a voluntary service, because of His love for His people; but it takes much sharp discipline to make us in any degree like Him. We feel personally that the Lord has been for years sending such care and such crosses as shall keep us dependent upon Him; nor can His work and ways be inefficient. Almighty power ever will prevail, whether it be in regeneration, sanctification, or glorification. In this way can we see that while the old Adam nature betakes so much of the wickedness and wretchedness of the fall as to make us often tremble, and argue, Can it be possible that I am a child of God? Over and above it all rises the new creation, the stronger man armed; the life of God in the soul, gener-

ating higher hopes and divine aspirations, and telling us the truth, that our "life is hid with Christ in God."

But, referring again to the language of Moses as descriptive of one's own experience, he says to the children of Israel, "For the Lord thy God hath blessed thee in all the works of thy hand: He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness these forty years: the Lord thy God hath been with thee; thou hast lacked nothing." Now, is not this blessedly true concerning ourselves in our little life's history? With all its losses and crosses, must we not affirm that God hath *wonderfully blessed us*? Not one thing hath failed of all that He has promised. True, He has not given us all that we have asked Him in our ignorance, but He has given us all He has promised, and His withholdings what He has not promised have been, we may depend upon it, blessings in disguise, as we often sing,

"Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He withholds."

"HE KNOWETH THY WALKING."—Yes; because He has mercifully ordered every step of the way, is interested in our hourly progress, and indeed walks with us.

Oh, if there should be a depressed and careworn one reading our words, let us advise him to ponder well this gracious fact: "He knoweth thy walking." Abounding consolation is here. Think not that He has forgotten to be gracious: it is impossible. He is the Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, ever having His eye upon you for good; and in due time, when the necessary discipline has done its work, will bring you to sing joyfully His praise. Depend upon it, not a crook in the lot, not a weakness or infirmity, trial or temptation, but *the spot is His as well as ours*. Therefore He not merely knoweth the way, but it is His way; for "your life is hid with Christ in God."

He has, too, been *thy Protector* throughout; hence that secret upholding and wondrous keeping in the hour of temptation, but for which circumstances might have been critical in the extreme; but an unseen arm has encircled, an unseen hand guided, and an unseen eye watched over you. Deity round about has kept Satan at bay, and defeated his purpose again and again, and proved to you that your life is SACRED TO JESUS. Wonderful combination of Deity with the dust of the earth! wonderful surrounding of the pilgrim with His providence! wonderful union of Saviour with sinner! We are lost in amazement at its consideration.

Once more referring to Moses and the children of Israel, as they passed through "this great and terrible wilderness," he bade them remember the Lord's goodness to them, "*specially the day that they stood before the Lord in Horeb*." Ah, there are seasons of special uplifting of soul and spirit we can never forget—marvellous deliverances, wrought as none but a covenant God could work. It may have been in connexion with that great burden of life with many—"HOW TO MAKE ENDS MEET"—matters have seemed intricate, and, to human calculations, there has been no way of escape, and the soul has become disquieted. But the Lord has helped His timid one to pay his way—has wrought a merciful deliverance. Yes, how marvellous has He worked, even though often heavy clouds have overshadowed the way! How peculiarly this was the case in connexion with dear Hagar's career; thrust out to wander in the wilderness of Beer-sheba, with nothing but a bottle of water and a small portion of bread for herself and her beloved child. Soon was the water spent

and the bread gone, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs, for she could not bear to see him die. Desperate indeed seemed her position; hope must well-nigh have fled, and she succumbed to despair. But stay, dear Hagar, *trust still*, adverse as circumstances may appear. Abraham, it is true, could no longer do anything for her; compelled by his wife to cast her out, he was powerless, but God was not. He ever liveth, and now her extremity was His opportunity. God heard the voice of the lad, and His angel called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her: "What aileth thee, Hagar? fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is. Arise, lift him up, and hold him in thine hand, for I will make him a great nation. And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink." Oh, there are striking things encountered in connexion with the hidden life! Again and again are the Lord's people brought to dear Hagar's position of felt helplessness, and well-nigh despair; but their God proves Himself to be all-sufficient and mighty to save.

But what we seem so much to lack in our pilgrimage is "*faith*." How wonderfully this precious gift seemed to be granted in abundant measure to many of the Old Testament saints. For instance, Abraham's faith. Why, ours, indeed, compared with his, seems only as shadow to substance. Only think, in face of the special declaration of his being "blessed of the Most High God." Here comes the command: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering." Yet his faith failed not. Could we take our son, our only son, and offer him up? You may reply, We are not called to do so. Ah, but in other words, but the self-same spirit, could we part with a dear idol so readily for Christ? Do we not hold with a grasp far too firm earthly ties and dear ones? But look again at Abraham's faith; he did as God bade him. With what feelings he went up that mount none but his Heavenly Father knew, and how he could stand the plaintive inquiry of his beloved son—"My father, behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?"—we cannot imagine; but, beyond this, the knife is uplifted—the blow is about to be struck; yet his faith fails not; he rests upon the belief, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering." We know how it all set forth the provision of the precious Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world; but how firm and enviable was Abraham's faith in the matter. It makes us poor, weak, timid, faltering ones ashamed of ours; for we are afraid of the very rustling of the leaves, and tremble lest some fresh trouble should come upon us. "Lord, increase our faith."

But it must be that in connexion with this hidden life the Lord's dear people will have their trials. It is our privilege to receive from many of them an abundance of letters which testify of this fact—all have to tell of some pressure, some care, some cross. So be it, it is all ordered and well ordered—the lot of each is cast into the lap and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." Surely, then, it behoves us to take all to Him, for it is only taking to Him that which is His especial care, and we are told "He careth for thee;" and this sort of discrimination of life we have alluded to must bring with it trouble. You may not be outwardly persecuted as the Church in past ages has been, but if the Lord's own, you will be

quietly and subtilely persecuted. You cannot maintain the Christian course without it. You must be partakers with Jesus of His sufferings; therefore, if it comes from no other quarter, it will come from your own kindred. The thorn in the flesh may be placed in the tenderest part; but, be it placed where it may, grace will prove itself sufficient, and come the trial at what form it pleases the Lord to send it, depend upon it, beloved, if you are realizing that "your life is hid with Christ in God," all, all must be well.

"Yes, it is always well, O God,
With those who trust in Thee,
It matters not how sad or dark
Our earthly lot may be.
For the intricate threads of life
Are woven by Thy hand,
And every change that marks our days
Is sent at Thy command."

But we have been thinking of the *hidden life* in connexion with God's working for us in Providence: let us look at the hidden way in connexion with the footsteps of grace, and which we have termed "*the higher life*." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." In the previous expression, the Apostle says, "*For ye are dead*," which seems a remarkable expression when we know we are most certainly alive. Ah! but as the life is hidden, the death is hidden, and cannot be comprehended by the world or any that are untaught of God. The fact is, the Church of Christ is dead with Christ, that is to say, dead to the requirements of the law because Christ has fulfilled them all—dead to the consequences of sin, because Jesus has shed His blood to wash them all away—dead to the rudiments of the world, because "we are not of the world as He was not of the world"—and dead to all the ordinances of men, for He is High Priest, sacrifice-offering, yea, all and in all—and the life that His people live is a spiritual life hidden in Christ because He is their Head, their Root, their Fountain, their Forerunner. Because the Head lives the members live also. Because the Root is ever alive, the tree shall yield its fruit in due season—because the Fountain flows, the tiniest streamlet shall gain its supply, and because the Forerunner has perfected the work, the least one can never perish by the way. "Because I live," says the All and in All Himself, "ye shall live also."

Again—"your life is hid with Christ in God"—look, beloved, at the safety and security which this fact affirms. Your soul life is treasured up by God. It is a costly gem secured in an eternal casket. It is a life wrapped up in everlasting decrees and covenant love—it is *hid with Christ*—put on a par, as it were,—one in value—bound up together in an indissoluble compact—that which concerns one, concerns both. It is a wondrous combination, the full development of which will only appear when the living members become absorbed in the glory of their living Head; and, as this is realized in blessed foretastes, the soul can argue: I am a poor sinner and nothing at all, and yet the Lord Jesus Christ has told me He loves me, and that, too, with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness hath drawn me to Himself, and, unworthy as I am and increasingly feel, He grants me such communications of His grace as perfectly amazes me. THE WORK IS ALL ON HIS SIDE. I am helpless, and can do nothing. I hear of God's part in salvation, and then of man's part in it also; but my Jesus has done it all. My nothingness

presents itself more and more, and all I receive is a matter of free grace. "Oh! to grace how great a debtor!" Durable riches—wealth—wisdom—power are all in Him, and He bids me draw from His fulness as often as I please, and the oftener I draw the more it pleases Him. What a Friend—what a Brother—yea, closer still, what a Husband! All my fresh springs are in Him. "*My life is hid with Christ in God.*"

And then one thing especially, precious in connexion with this higher life is *the manifestation of heavenly love in the daily work*. Much, very much there is in that walking to cast us down and make us careworn; and some of the trials we have to encounter are very peculiar and mysterious; but, in the midst of all, there comes a light in the midnight darkness, a separation in the leaden clouds, and we get a peep into the starry firmament of God's unchangeable faithfulness. Oh, how precious are such tokens of a Saviour's love! Well might the Psalmist exclaim, with fervid longing for their repetition, "Remember me with the favour that Thou bearest unto thy people: visit me with Thy salvation!" We want again and again reassuring relative to our being adopted children; and, though our frames and feelings touch not our eternal standing in Christ, yet we want constantly to be kept up with tokens of His heavenly love; and the absence of such assurance from Jesus Himself makes us depressed and sad; and, blessed be His dear name! He does not forsake us. No, we can look back to memorable seasons of intercourse with Him, and we have had enough to convince us that we are the objects of His love. Joy has sprung up in the midst of much sorrow—precious gleams and glimpses of Jesus in the midst of many cares; and oh! how distinct from all that the world realizes are the joys of this higher life, walking and talking with Jesus, and telling Him that which we cannot tell to our dearest earthly beloved. Oh! precious Jesus, for more of this upper living near to Thy side—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

People say: Oh! this is all "too high," while all the while we are feeling we live far *too low*. God grant us more of such high living, and so lift the creature out of self and bring him in closer contact with the Saviour! We are far too much pressed down to earth amidst its struggles and cares; we want to be lifted up above the beggarly elements of time to the sublime elements of eternity. See how the prophets and saints, who have long since been gathered home, realized this upper higher life: Abraham communed with the Lord in the Plains of Mamre as he sat in the tent door. Jacob was left alone, and wrestled with God until the break of day. Hannah declared with holy rapture that her heart rejoiced in the Lord and in His salvation. David states that God had showed him light, therefore would he exalt His name. Simeon rejoices that in the person of Christ he has seen his salvation; and the Hebrew youths had fellowship with Him as they walked up and down unhurt amidst the fiery furnace. So that there is a reality in such a life—it is not the mere fancy of the brain. True, the world cannot understand it, and point to such as are realizing it as enthusiasts and eccentric. But, let them say what they will, we will glory in this Scripture affirmation, "*Your life is hid with Christ in God.*" Here, then, we have a precious theme for our comfort and joy. The pilgrim's way is life's preparation for heavenly exaltation. Weakness and weeping must be endured as we press on through earthly cares, but

all is necessary to bring us to obedience and humility. We shall find it a great and terrible wilderness, but grace will be all-sufficient. The Lord knoweth our walking, yea, has appointed all. And then it is in the *higher life* of God in the soul that we trace the wonderful goodness and mercy of the Lord; while the manifestation of heavenly love, as tokens by the way, ought to assure us that our God will never leave nor forsake us. One thought more, beloved, for our comfort, namely:—That, as well as being a hidden and a higher life, it is also "*The Homeward Life*."—What a mercy, abounding consolation is here! We are not going back, but daily forward, and each evening as it closes upon life's toil, brings us a day's march nearer home, and the trials of the past are for ever gone. They were at the time hard to bear, but they are passed, and the promises of God have never failed. But, *Forward* is the watchword of our Commander-in-Chief; and, blessed be His name, He leads the way. "*Forward*!" must be a dreadful word to the man who knows and feels destruction is ahead of him. But the Christian need have no such fear. "*Forward*" brings him onward to the conqueror's crown. Looking in the face of Jesus, he may face the future without one uneasy thought. He may contemplate the end as did dear Paul, when he said: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." Sweet calculation—joyous hope—hallowed expectation—and its certainty is seen in the fact that this hidden life, which we have been thinking of, is but the pledge and earnest of what is to follow, which the Apostle tells us of in the next verse: "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory"—so that in due time there will resound in our ears Heaven's precious message,

"*Come up higher.*"—The gold has become fully purified by fire—the grain has had all the winnowing necessary—the fruit is fully ripe, and the harvest is ready; the Christian has become meet for the inheritance with the saints in light, and from the portals of Heaven the sweet command is heard, "*Come up higher.*" But do you say, "Ah! but before that—there, that Jordan!" True, we shall have to come to the last page of the closing chapter of our eventful life's histories—a life, it may be, known only to a few, but treasured by God. Well, we need not fear the hushed chamber of death, with all its chilling terrors; there will be brightness in the valley, because it is promised, "*At eventime it shall be light.*" The light will not be seen by surrounding friends, but it will be seen cheering the one in Christ who is passing through its shade, and then will come the last blessing of "*dying grace,*" as the soul breaks from its fetters, and blessings burst into beholdings. Wondrous and joyous change—ushered into that upper world of ransomed spirits—one with them in seeing Jesus and surrounding His sacred person—living under the eternal smile of His loved countenance. Oh! what pleasures there await us. No more sea or agitation—there is enough of it here; there will be none yonder; all peace and tranquillity—ending for ever the reign of sin and sorrow, and commencing an eternity of bliss and joy—"absent from the body, present with the Lord." Oh! shall not this bright hope cheer us in our pilgrimage:—

"How bright the prospect is,
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;

We're going through this wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God."

And how sweet that rest will be! The *wearied* traveller finds the greatest comfort in his home. The *weeping* child sleeps the sweetest.

Beloved, if we have written anything about this hidden, higher, and homeward life that has encouraged your soul to press on, give Jesus all the glory! He richly deserves all the praise, for ever and ever! Amen.

Wanstead.

G. C.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REV. W. ROMAINE'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1774 AND 1792.
(Continued from page 58.)

You are full of complaints. I congratulate you on the occasion. Carry them to my Master—He loves to have them. He CAN make the worst of them work for good. And they WILL, if you remember to whom you complain. He is bounty, mercy, love itself. The young ravens complain, and He hears, and supplies their wants. Shall His children call on Him in vain? Oh, no! His name is Jesus—His very heart is described by His name. He is as willing as He is able to relieve every suppliant. Carry this with you in all your addresses to Him. Mind His true character, and depend upon it your trusting in Him will never be confounded; for this is the way to get anything, everything from Him; and, indeed, all I know of practical religion is in this one plain lesson: "Faith worketh love in Him, and then worketh by love to Him." . . . He says, "I will direct thy paths." He will be your wisdom, and I, as in duty bound, will pray Him to bless you with His teaching. As you find the temper of the meeting, you will best judge of your own conduct. I believe it will be right not to oppose, but to propose an amendment, if God be quite left out, as I see He is in most of the addresses. 'To the shame of our country, the Irish have appointed a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for Rodney and for Sir Edward Hughes' victories—and England is silent. You may mention this, if some notice be not taken of God or Providence.

My time is much taken up with the King's business, which you know requires haste. My sun is almost set; so I must not neglect the flying moments. If a little while be allowed me to work in, you will see I have not misspent my time or talents. Thanks, many thanks, for what you sent me relating to —. May my latter end be like hers! If the good Lord please, I would leave it to Him. Let me die in triumph, or without, it matters not, so I am but His. That's enough for me. I know it —am satisfied—yea, am thankful, to-day or to-morrow, in the valley or on the mount, it matters not. I shall die in the Lord. Glory be to Him for evermore! Our kind love to your old disciple. Oh, what an honour! May she burn and shine, and set in an unclouded sky! . . . Indeed, I do

love you, I love your spirit. May you be more Catholic still! Do not forget to pray for—I charge you not to forget— W. ROMAINE.

Your kind letter came to hand. Like life, it was chequered—good news and bad news. Through life we have bitter and sweet; good is all of Christ, bad is all our own, and all the fruit of sin. If we trust in self, or in any creature, we are deceived, and shall be miserable; but blessed is he that trusteth in the Lord. "Trust in Him at all times, ye people." He would have us repose a sweet confidence in Him in our worst days as well as our best; and that confidence will always make the worst trials tolerable, and will sometimes change their nature and turn them into blessings. I was thankful for what you express of your desire to see us. True friendship is a great grace, and a very lasting one too; for, although I have outlived most of my friends, yet I have lost none of them; they are only gone where I am following, and wish to be. As to our departed and much honoured, he is with his Lord and at home. We are to be pitied, who are tossed upon this tempestuous sea, not he who is got into the haven. I can mourn for his wife and for his children; their loss is not to be repaired; but, as I hope soon to see him, and to be with our common Saviour, and like Him too, oh, that thought keeps down every murmuring thought! Lord, keep us for that happy meeting! . . . I only wish the Lord God may bless our visit. May we take sweet counsel together, and warm one another's hearts with conversing on the things of God! I wish your wife, family, friends, may be led to admire and adore with me my matchless Jesus. Oh, I want many tongues to set forth His praise! I have used mine own for a long time, but it fails. He is full above all blessing and praise. If I come short, I aim higher; and I hope to make up by length what I cannot in the excellency of my thanks. A new world made on purpose could not praise Him enough for what I have experienced of His infinite goodness.

The signs of the times are encouraging. A humbled sinner is always an object of mercy. Many such cannot fail of success in prayer; many there are already. Oh, for a growing army of them, who on their knees are imploring the reformation of this land! The Lord of hosts is on the side of every one who is fighting against sin; it is His cause, and His battle. Thus engaged, success is certain through His Almighty aid. From hence I take courage. As God has inclined such a multitude to join humbled in prayer, it seems to me He has not yet given us over. I met here on one day seventeen ministers of this praying society, and we had favourable accounts of their parishes and of their friends in other parts. Oh, what a time of refreshment was it to my soul! I cannot enough thank the Lord the Spirit, who had ordained them, and thereby proved that He had not yet given over striving with our land. May He strive still, and prevail! . . . Some will not pray on our side, though calling on Christ. This makes me more earnest in prayer. I am lamenting the sins of professors as well as profane. God turn their hearts; and I am sure, when they become good Christians, they will be good subjects. But we have one comfort, that, let them oppose us ever so much, we have not any of their prayers to oppose us. I do not know one praying patriot. We are certain, if we persevere, it will be well with us. Oh, for more delight in God, more sweetness in praying to Him! . . . Memorandum.—I fear nothing but sin.

We are rejoicing with trembling, as we are commanded. My son has been mending ever since I wrote to you this day se'nnight, and if he keeps

on growing better, we purpose to see you on Tuesday or Wednesday next; only hope you will forgive us if we come in the evening after dark. This is all joy; but how short, how uncertain is it at best! When the creature is the object, then trembling is right; for no joy hurts when there is dependence on God's will for giving, and using, and taking away. So may you and I rejoice in all His gifts. I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude to — for her letter and for the contents. May He who has given this Christian feeling help her to rejoice with all His rejoicing members! You know my motto, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;" and the great sum of this goodness, vast as it is, has been much swelled by what God did to others as well as to myself. I have had an interest in the bank of mercies, and I have enjoyed others' enjoyments. This enlarges one's estate in grace very much. May — have much income this way, and all bring praise to God, the bountiful Giver!

My son's case has been very dangerous, but many of the worst symptoms are removed. . . . We must stay a few days to see how he recovers, and then you shall hear from me again. What is life? what are comforts? Often of how short duration! sometimes how comfortless! None but Christ for me. Children, wife, substance, His gifts worth having, His blessings. I am learning this lesson daily. And the animal life so strongly opposes the Christian, that, if the Teacher were not Almighty, I could neither learn and much less practice one lesson. But to depend on Him more to-day than yesterday is getting forward. May He keep you at His feet, humbled; there it lies. Humility is His highest teaching. Oh for some *proficiency* in this heavenly grace! Remember me to our common Friend.

This season of recollection (June 1st, 1791) may be very profitable in giving you leisure to review the mercies of the last and present year. It was the hand of a gracious God which carried you out, and brought you back in safety; the same hand which, while you were abroad, visited you with sickness, and raised you up again in much loving-kindness. Oh, let not this great favour be forgotten! I have offered up my sacrifice of praise for you, and I am also praying that you may be enabled to offer up yours, continually giving thanks to your Almighty Physician. It was to me a very pleasant interview that we had at Reading, and I reckon myself greatly beholden to — that it was so long. . . . Mr. Haweis came from Bath yesterday, in order to fit out two young men who are going upon missions into the South Seas. Mr. Wilberforce has obtained a passage for them in one of the king's ships, which is under the command of Captain Bligh, and which will sail soon. The Lord be with them, and spread His fame and glory through the heathen islands! . . . Some time in September I hope to see you face to face, and to confirm that most blessed Gospel, which you have so often heard out of my mouth, and which I know to be "the power of God unto salvation."

He is good, and doeth good. Survey His goodness. If you could make a faithful catalogue of all His dealings with you, I am sure the number would be more than all the papers in Bristol could contain, and the value of them truly inestimable. Oh, think much and frequently what you owe Him for husband, children, substance, and friends! For these are His gifts, and to you they are gifts of grace, because He has given you Himself, to be your Surety, your Sacrifice, your Righteousness, your Heaven. And He has sent His Spirit to quicken your spirit, that you might believe in Jesus, and taste the Father's love in Him; and in

this way might teach you gratitude. What do such mercies require at your hands! Surely a humble and devoted heart. . . . He will withhold nothing from the thankful; yea, He will bestow *more* grace to make more thankful. As He adds to your mercies, may your heart give Him more praise! I am glad to get hold of anything that will increase the fame of my Jesus. You have added much from your account of —. Please to remember me to him, and tell him our motto this year is “Go forward.” May this be verified in his soul and in his labours!

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE TRUE CIRCUMCISION.

A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. JAMES JOHN EASTMEAD, MINISTER OF TYLDESLEY CHAPEL, LANCASHIRE.

“For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.”—PHIL. iii. 3.

THE Apostle in this chapter is writing to the brethren of Christ at Philippi; he exhorts them to rejoice in the Lord. This exhortation he repeatedly addressed to the churches, and it was no difficult or grievous matter for him to repeat his instructions. Indeed, the Holy Ghost led him to see that it was for the safety of the brethren to repeat the same instructions. And so is it still. The sent ministers of God, in preaching the Gospel, declare the same things the Apostles proclaimed; and it is for the safety of the Church that such things are repeated. “To write the same things to you,” the Apostle says, “to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe” (ver. 1). The Apostle warns the brethren to “beware of dogs” (ver. 2), *i. e.*, Judaizing teachers who snarled at the doctrines of the Gospel which the Apostle preached. He exhorts them also to “beware of evil workers” (ver. 2), *i. e.*, persons who perverted the doctrines of the Gospel and turned them into licentiousness. He further exhorts them to “beware of the concision” (ver. 2), *i. e.*, persons who contended for the rite of circumcision as enjoined by the law of Moses. True it is that God commanded the rite of circumcision to be observed by Abraham and all his posterity. But that was typical of that spiritual circumcision effected by the Spirit of God. “For he is not a Jew,” saith Paul, “which is one outwardly: neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh. But he is a Jew which is one inwardly: and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter: whose praise is not of men, but of God;” and in the text the same idea is expressed in another form: “We are the circumcision, which worship God in the Spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.” In opening up these words there are four things we ask your prayerful consideration of; and, oh, that the Holy Spirit may lead us into the truth!

I. The circumcision.

II. The worship of the circumcision.

III. In whom the circumcision rejoice.

IV. In what the circumcision have confidence.

I. *The Circumcision.*—“We are the circumcision:” who are the persons intended by the Apostle? He refers to the brethren of Christ (true believers in Jesus). Why are true believers called the circumcision?

1. Because God has circumcised their hearts. God speaks of Israel of old as being of "uncircumcised hearts." Stephen called the Jews thus: "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and they have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers: who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it. When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth" (Acts vii. 51—54). The hearts of men naturally are just like the Jews—alienated from God, unfeeling, rebellious, proud, self-willed, impenitent; and such is the natural state of all believers. But the Holy Ghost in His grace and mercy has circumcised their hearts. The process is the same as expressed by the new covenant promise: "A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). True believers have had this new heart created in them, and are therefore "the circumcision." God has circumcised their hearts and made them new creatures in Christ Jesus. They are God's "workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that they should walk in them" (Eph. ii. 10). They are broken hearts, and therefore they are humbled on account of sin. They are feeling hearts, and therefore they have a feeling sense of their own vileness. They are penitent hearts, and therefore they are persons who experience a godly sorrow, confess their sin unto God and cry unto Him for mercy and forgiveness. They are loving hearts, and therefore they love God in Christ, and the brethren of Christ. Oh, we cannot be true believers unless the Holy Ghost have circumcised our hearts. Men may call upon their fellow men to repent and believe, and urge it upon them as a duty, but all such as teach in this strain have yet to experience for themselves the circumcision of the heart.

2. True believers are called the circumcision because God has circumcised their ears. While in their natural state men are "dead in trespasses and sins"—as dead spiritually, as a corpse is dead animally. In such a state men do not hear Jesus in the Gospel. But when God, in His grace and mercy, circumcises their ears, Jesus says to them in the Gospel, "Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David" (Is. lv. 3). Oh, if God have circumcised your ears you will know the voice of Jesus which speaks to you in the Gospel; for He says, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me" (John x. 27). And what words do the sheep of Christ hear Him speak to them? They are words of *love*. He says to every poor sinner whose ears He opens to hear Him speak unto Him, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and, therefore, with lovingkindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3). They are words of *forgiveness*. For He says, "Thy sins are forgiven" (Luke vii. 48). Again, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (Is. xliii. 25). They are words of *peace*. He says, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you" (John xiv. 27). Thus, if God have circumcised our hearts and ears, we can take up the language of the Apostle, and say, "We are the circumcision." The Jews carried in them the sign in their flesh which distinguished

them as a nation and as God's peculiar people. God's mark was set upon them in their flesh to commemorate His covenant which He made with Abraham. "My covenant," says God, "shall be in your flesh for an everlasting covenant" (Gen. xvii. 13). And so true believers, as God's spiritual Israel, carry in them the sign that they are "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people; that they should show forth the praises of Him who hath called them out of darkness into His marvellous light: which in time past were not a people, but are now the people of God: which had not obtained mercy, but now have obtained mercy" (1 Peter ii. 9, 10). And what is the sign which they carry in them? Their hearts and ears are circumcised, and therefore they can say, "We are the circumcision." Oh, if we can say so, what an honour God has in grace and mercy conferred upon us! what love towards us He has displayed! "Behold," says John, as the mouthpiece of the Church, "what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God" (1 John iii. 1). And then God gives to the circumcision the righteousness of faith, which He gave to Abraham, and therefore are they beautiful in Christ's beauty and righteous in Christ's righteousness which He imputes to them by the actings of a living faith.

II. *The Worship of the Circumcision.*—"Which worship God in the Spirit." To worship God in the Spirit is a spiritual act, and supposes that the Holy Ghost dwells in them. This accords with the experience of true believers: "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?" (1 Cor. vi. 19). God gathers to Himself a large revenue of worship from the circumcision. There is no worshipping God out of (without) the Spirit. He is needed to breathe spiritual worship in the soul. "We know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered, and He that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because He maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God" (Rom. viii. 26, 27). "We are the circumcision which worship God in the Spirit."

1. True believers worship God as the object of *faith*: without faith it is impossible to please God. Faith is not natural to man. The natural mind is an unbelieving mind. But if we belong to the circumcision we are partakers of precious saving faith. Faith in the existence of God as a Being of unsullied holiness. Faith in the word of God as His revealed will of grace and mercy. Faith in the covenant faithfulness of God in fulfilling all that He has engaged to do in the experience of His people. Faith in the power of God as exercised in holding His people and keeping them as vessels of mercy until the day of their redemption from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

2. True believers worship God as the object of their *love*. There is no true worship of God without love to God, and therefore it is impossible for the ungodly to worship God: "For the carnal mind is enmity against God." But God has implanted love in the heart of the circumcision, and therefore their language is, "We love Him because He first loved us." All God's dealings with His people are displays of His love—covenant, eternal, bleeding, dying love. This love God uses to melt and draw the hearts of sinners to Himself. If, therefore, you are conscious of your hearts being drawn by the cords of God's everlasting love, your desire will be to worship God in the Spirit. You will often be

dissatisfied with yourself because you feel that you do not worship God in spirit and in truth, and therefore you will be led to cry unto the Lord that He will grant you the power and unction of His blessed Spirit. Oh, what could the true believer do without the Spirit? Living in a sinful body and influenced by the carnal mind, he never would be able to present unto God spiritual, and therefore acceptable worship, without the inbreathing of the blessed Spirit. Oh, how dependent the family of God are upon the Spirit! David prayed, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me" (Ps. li. 11). True believers are said to be "sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of their inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory" (Eph. i. 13, 14). Seek, then, dear friends, a larger measure of the Spirit of God. Oh, seek to be filled with the Spirit!

III. *In whom the Circumcision rejoice.*—"In Christ Jesus." The circumcision are supposed to be in Christ Jesus by an eternal union, and brought into living union with Christ by the actings of a living faith. The Apostle frequently exhorts believers to "rejoice in the Lord." Indeed, they have occasion to rejoice in the Lord. Why? Because they "are of God in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto them wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption" (1 Cor. i. 30); and in whom else should the members of Christ's body rejoice?

1. They have occasion to rejoice in Christ Jesus because God has made Him unto them wisdom. Oh, what wisdom do the circumcision see in Christ Jesus! It is the "wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory: which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory" (1 Cor. ii. 7, 8). If we belong to the circumcision, all Christ's wisdom is ours; that is, it is devoted to our benefit, and in dealing with His people the Lord Jesus is ever displaying His wisdom both in providence and grace. All the events in life, therefore, are ordered and appointed in wisdom; and hence the Apostle says, as the mouthpiece of the Church of God, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose" (Rom. viii. 28). Why do all things work together for good? Because the Lord Jesus makes them in His infinite wisdom so to work. And then the Lord Jesus exercises wisdom in His dealings in grace. He knows *how* to deal with the souls of His people. He knows *when* to revive their faith; when to rekindle love and strengthen hope. He knows when to cheer, comfort, strengthen, and also to chastise. In all these respects the Lord Jesus displays wisdom—divine wisdom, unerring wisdom, and therefore true believers have occasion to rejoice in Christ Jesus.

2. And then they have occasion to rejoice in Christ Jesus because God has made Him unto them righteousness. When God begins with a sinner, he soon feels that he has no righteousness of his own. He is made to ask with Job, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one" (Job xiv. 4). Indeed, all his fancied righteousness goes for nothing. God shows him it is worth nothing; nay, that it is his condemnation. What a blessed teaching of the Gospel to such an one is it that Christ Jesus is of God made unto him righteousness. Yes, Christ Jesus is the righteousness of the true believer. It is a righteousness which Christ wrought out by His life of obedience and death, His precious blood-shedding, and His all-perfect righteousness. Oh, how

momentous the question to every one: Am I covered with Christ's righteousness? Depend upon it, if you live and die *without* Christ's righteousness, you will certainly be lost. Listen to Paul's desire: "That I may be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith" (Phil. iii. 9). Is this your desire, my friends? If so, that desire is something good; and "every good thing or gift is from above" (James i. 17). And He that begins a good work in a sinner will not leave it unfinished. If He were to act thus, He would not be faithful. But "faithful is He that calls a sinner, who also will do," or complete, what He begins (1 Thess. v. 24). "Being confident of this very thing" (says the Apostle), "that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 6). Well, then, if your desire be that the Lord will in His grace clothe you with His all-perfect, everlasting righteousness, depend upon it your desire shall be fulfilled; for "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him: He also will hear their cry, and will save them" (Ps. cxlv. 19): and you shall be brought to say, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God: for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels" (Isa. lxi. 10). Oh how beautiful is the sinner in God's eyes who is clothed with Christ's righteousness! Why have the circumcision occasion to rejoice in Christ Jesus? Because they are clothed of God with the righteousness of Christ Jesus.

3. They have occasion to rejoice in Christ Jesus, because God has made Him unto them sanctification. Sanctification is another word for "holiness." True believers are said to be "sanctified by God the Father" (Jude i.), *i. e.*, God the Father in His eternal purpose of love and mercy, which He purposed in Christ Jesus before the world began, set them apart as His people elected in Christ Jesus (as Christ will present them at last unto God), "holy and unblameable and unprovable in His sight" (Col. i. 22). They are not holy (sanctified) in themselves, but in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto them sanctification. Now, this accords with Christ's prayer for His people. "Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth" (John xvii. 17). That is, sanctify them through Thy word, which teaches that Christ Jesus is made of God the sanctification of His people. Again, our Lord says, "And for their sake I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth" (John. xvii. 19): as the Surety and Head of His people Christ sanctified Himself. He had no need to sanctify Himself on His own account, for He is the infinitely Holy (sanctified) One. He sanctified Himself for the benefit of His people, "That they might be sanctified through the truth," *i. e.*, the truth contained in the Gospel message, which reveals Christ Jesus to the sanctification of His people. All who are in Christ Jesus by an eternal union are, in the fulness of time, grafted into Christ Jesus vitally by a living faith, and conformed by the inworking of the Holy Ghost into the holy (sanctified) image of Christ Jesus. Aye, and depend upon it, dear friends, if Christ be thus made of God unto you sanctification, you will be anxious to make your sanctification manifest to a beholding world, and hence the exhortation, "Be ye holy; for I am holy" (1 Peter i. 16). "God has not called His people unto uncleanness, but unto holiness" (1 Thess. iv. 7). Well, then, since Christ Jesus is of

God made unto believers sanctification, they have occasion to rejoice in Him.

4. They have occasion to rejoice in Christ Jesus because God has made Him unto them *redemption*. The language which the Holy Ghost puts into their mouth respecting Christ Jesus is, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7). The work which Christ undertook in the everlasting covenant engagement, and which He appeared in the flesh to fulfil, was redemption. His sufferings in the garden, His death on the cross, were to make Himself the redemption of His people. It is a redemption by blood from the curse of the law. It is a redemption by power from death, the grave, and hell; and therefore the language which the Holy Ghost puts into the mouth of believers, in prospect of death is, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. xv. 55—57). Thus all the blessings of salvation flow to sinners, because God made Christ unto them redemption, and therefore all true believers, as the circumcision, have occasion to rejoice in Christ Jesus.

IV. *In what the Circumcision have no confidence.*—"And have no confidence in the flesh." How can they have confidence in the flesh when their experience is expressed by Paul: "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing?" (Rom. vii. 18); and, since they have no confidence in the flesh, therefore they will not walk *after* the flesh; and therefore the exhortation given to believers is, "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin; but yield yourselves unto God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God" (Rom. vi. 12, 13).

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding,
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell;
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its breadth or length can tell?
On its glories
Let my soul for ever dwell."

HOLY WATER.

LAMBERT, in his travels, says, "A friend of mine was at the house of a French lady in Canada, when a violent thunderstorm commenced. The shutters were closed, and the room darkened. The lady, not willing to leave the safety of herself and company to chance, began to search for her holy water. Having found it, she sprinkled it over the ladies and gentlemen. The storm continued, and she repeated her sprinkling and benedictions at every clap of thunder. At length the storm ceased, and the safety of the party was attributed to the precious holy water. But judge the surprise of the company, when the shutters were opened; the pious lady had made a mistake, and sprinkled her friends with ink!"

Pilgrim Papers.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

THE substitution of Jesus—the suretyship of the Elder Brother—this is indeed the sweet story of old! The love of Jesus to His people, manifested through the grace and power of the Spirit; the love of the Triune Jehovah! Who can sufficiently tell of its sweetness? It was *the* sweet story in days that are past—it is *the* sweet story in the present day; and it will be the same sweet story through the ages of eternity. **THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD!** Think of the poor African woman (as related by Mrs. Stowe in her key to “Uncle Tom’s Cabin”). The slave ship visiting her coast, burning the homes of her people, carrying off her husband and children, and leaving her an outcast and a homeless wanderer. Think of her as wandering up and down the country—none to help, to counsel, or to comfort. “*Rachel weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted because they are not.*” Whence is that voice which tells her, secretly in her soul, that she has a friend near her, who can hear, who can help her? Whence comes that impulse on her mind to throw herself on the ground and cry to that unknown friend for deliverance? Oh, yes! we ask, whence that prayer of faith? And then the answer vouchsafed, not once only, but again and again, the sweet consolation poured into her soul, making her to rest in the Lord Jesus Christ, whilst as yet she has never heard the mention of His name. And then the mysteries of God’s providence unveiling themselves; the slave ship returning, herself the first to be captured, carried into New England, hearing the proclamation of the Gospel, and at once responding to the name of Jesus, “That is the one I want!” Oh! the tender mercies of our God, “the sweet story of old”—Jesus revealing Himself by His Spirit to *His banished ones*. Sealing home the Word to their hearts; saving them with His great salvation. We shall not soon forget a short visit to Lancashire a few years ago. We were in a large *village* of some seven thousand souls. With a dear child we one day walked through the streets—through the Irish quarter. Through an open doorway in the corner of a room, we saw lying on a sorry bed, a young woman, apparently in the last stage of consumption. We took a moment’s gaze, and passed on. In that *village* the Gospel of *God’s grace* had long been preached, and some precious souls had been called to the knowledge of Jesus. We called upon some of them, and found it very pleasing to listen to some sweet stories of sovereign discriminating grace. By and by, said our child to us, “I do not like to be spending our time, all of it, in visiting these dear people of God; that poor woman in a corner of the room, we passed *her* by, and I cannot get her from my mind any how.” We retraced our steps. The door was still open, and we walked in, and to the side of the bed. We found she was a married woman, with two or three young children. Some time before she had taken cold, and it had settled upon her lungs. We spoke to her of her weakness, of her sufferings, and of Jesus. There was an elderly Irishwoman sitting by her side, and they both listened with intense interest, whilst we told “the sweet story of old,” and spoke of Him who stood in the place of His people, and gave

His life a ransom for theirs,—whilst we unfolded the way of salvation, through the atoning blood of God's dear Son. Perhaps it was the first time which these poor Irishwomen had heard of the love and blood and righteousness of Jesus—of the *one* Priest,—the *High* Priest,—the One who had suffered, who had passed into the heavens, who was at the Lord's right hand interceding for His people; and we asked if we should speak to Him on her behalf. She expressed her desire that we should do so—her companion joined us. The spirit of prayer was manifest, and, as we rose from our knees, we saw that the tears had been fast flowing down the face of the dying one. She asked us to come again soon, and we left her. Again we called, and there was the same earnestness, and the same look of gladness, as we renewed the subject of our former visit, and set forth how the Holy Spirit wrought by the Word, in convincing of sin, implanting in the heart, that godly sorrow, which worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of, and leading the poor sinner to trust in Jesus as the only hope. The young husband was present at this interview, and he, too, heard the sweet story of old, and knelt beside his wife, as we again spoke to the great High Priest, and asked for her absolution at His hands. Those were two sweet seasons, for we felt the Saviour's presence, and as we left the house we could but hope that here was "a brand plucked from the burning." We left the county early the next morning, and saw her no more; but when our dear child called, the poor sick woman asked her to leave at once, for she had her enemies, and they had told the priest that we had been there. We heard afterwards that she lingered, not long, but that, as a penance, peas were placed in her bed, and on them the poor emaciated body was constrained to lie. We know not if such were the case. We made inquiries on our next visit, but could elicit nothing satisfactory on the point. Oh! "that sweet story of old," would to God that it could be proclaimed through the length and breadth of our land, and that they who have experienced the fulness and freeness of discriminating grace

"Would tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour they had found;
Would point to His atoning blood
As the one and only way to God."

But how often we find that they to whom grace has been manifested, lock it up in their own bosoms, as "*an empty vine bringing forth fruit only unto themselves*" or in their own little circle of believers. David at one time seemed to be of the same mind, when he exclaimed, "Come unto me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell *you* what He hath done for my soul;" but in another place he cries, "Horror hath taken hold upon me because of the wicked that forsake Thy law." How seldom does that *horror* now take hold of believers! Oh! that there were more of the proselytizing spirit amongst us, that we were more longing to tell of the *old sweet story* in the highways and the byeways, in the lanes and the streets, among nominal Protestants and deluded Papists! Oh! that we were more earnest in following the precepts and examples of the Word of God. Our Lord Himself preached discriminating grace, and that doctrine was so hateful to the Jews, that they would gladly have thrown Him headlong from "the brow of the hill on which their city was built," yet day by day in preaching, and night by night in prayer, He went about building up His disciples in the faith, and gathering in the "lost sheep of the House of Israel." The

Lord Jesus knew the helplessness of the creature, his utter depravity, and his inability to change his own heart; for He declared, "No man can come unto me except the Father which hath sent me draw him." He was a firm believer in the election of grace, for He declared, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you," &c. He gloried, too, in the *so-called* horrible doctrine of reprobation, *for He thanked His Father, the Lord of heaven and earth, that He had "hid these things from the wise and prudent."* He was no caviller. He was satisfied to resolve all into His Father's will, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." And yet how constantly He was amongst the impenitent and the unbelieving, preaching the Gospel of the kingdom. How affectionate His invitations to the sin-burdened conscience, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." How alarming His language to the hardened sinner, "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" How deep His pity for the *judicially* hardened city. "He drew near and wept over it."

And so the Apostle to the Gentiles: the same hand which penned the 8th and 9th chapters to the Romans, in which election and rejection are so plainly set forth, has left it for the instruction of all ages, to the very end of time, that "as his *manner* was, he went in among the unbelievers, and three Sabbath days *reasoned with them out of the Scriptures,*" and, standing on the top of Mar's hill, he preached a sermon entirely to the unconverted; and in the gaol at Philippi he told the *sweet old story* to a poor soul, crying out under the weight of soul-anguish, which was driving him to despair, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And Peter, too, how he preached to the unconverted (Acts v. 29—32). And Stephen: and they murdered *him* for his faithfulness. And their labours were not in vain; they *reasoned*, they *exhorted*, they *denounced*, "and the Lord added daily to the Church such as should be saved." And so says our Church of England. How beautifully is the "old sweet story" set forth in her ARTICLES, and Liturgy. The 9th Article tells of original sin, whereby every man born into the world deserves God's wrath; the 10th shows his utter helplessness to recover himself, and the 11th comes in with the merits of Jesus—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

The 12th cheers us with the assurance that good works flowing from faith in Christ are pleasing to God; whilst the 13th clearly sets forth that *nothing* which the *natural* man can do is pleasing to Him. So the teachings of the Church are in accordance with God's Word, and so the effects which follow. In the ordering of priests, it is said to "*teach and to premonish; to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and for His children that are in the midst of this naughty world, that they may be saved through Christ for ever;*" and thus instructed, the minister goes among his people, and pleads for them, and pleads with them—"Lord, save Thy people, and bless thine inheritance," and "Make Thy chosen people joyful." So grant it, Lord! Make "*that sweet story of old*" more and more precious to the hearts of Thy believing people, and then, whether preachers or hearers, they will go to and fro among the living and the dead, cheering and comforting the one—reasoning with

and warning the other. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people," saith the Lord; "Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead," saith the servant of the Lord; and so *the sweet story* is told again and again, and believers are comforted, and the impenitent are warned, and sleepers are awakened, and inquirers are encouraged, and the lost sheep of the House of Israel are gathered in.

"Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

Kennett.

J. F. P.

GOOD WORKS.

"But what can the Evangelicals show of good works and self-sacrificing piety compared with what is called the High Church party? Look at their sisterhoods—their devotion to the sick, the poor, the helpless—their zeal in the service of God's house, their readiness to give of their substance to support religion, whether it be buildings, decorations, or spreading the views which they think to be right—their devotion to services and such like, and ceaseless labours for God." This is a slender sample of the practical and plausible arguments supplied by people who are ignorant of God's religion and are bewildered by the dazzling religion of externals.

But have the Evangelical body no good works to show to the world? Where are their Bible societies, missionary, tract, and kindred societies? Sabbath schools, ragged schools, floating chapels, orphanages, lay preachers, homes for the aged, helps for the indigent, the fallen, the feeble? Have Evangelicals nothing to show in these matters as in contrast to a religion in the form of wool-work, stained glass, fading flowers, embroidered silk, chiselled stone, or even the higher usefulness of attending upon the sick? If in outside matters only, the Evangelicals surely can glory over the Ritualists, for the array of what may be called *good works* are on the side of Protestantism generally, and we may fearlessly add of those in particular who profess Evangelical doctrines, whether in a greater or less degree of Gospel knowledge and experience.*

Israel of old was prone to idolatry, which is the worship of the visible. In every age, clime, condition of life, this is the character of idolatry—it substitutes outward things for the inward and invisible. Whether it be the work of men's hands or the work of God, the crucifix, or the sun, moon, and stars. Worship, is the heart's homage, which directed to any visible object is idolatry. The plea set up by some that externals call up religious emotions and affections, only proves the fact that idolatry lies at the root of the so-called service of whatever kind it may be that produces this result. The good works whereby some think to commend themselves to God, or whereby men obtain self-satisfaction, is nothing more than idolatry. But the spirit and power of the Gospel brings a man into another state wholly at variance with this, as we read, "At that day shall a man look to his Maker, and his eyes shall have respect to the Holy One of Israel. And he shall not look to the altars, the work of his hands, neither shall respect that which his fingers have made, either the groves

* We allude to these Christian efforts as to the spirit in which they were originated though many of them have fallen into error through the corrupt influence of the day.

or the images" (Isaiah xvii. 7, 8). There is a vast difference between human efforts for the good of others, based either upon benevolence or the natural instinct of fallen man to obtain something from God for his works, and that gracious desire of regenerate souls to serve the Lord and show forth His praise, in whatever station of life God hath called them. Under such a Gospel spirit we have love to begin with, and love has no limits. It takes in the little and the great, looks for no reward, but follows a spiritual instinct in doing, simply because of love. This is the feeling recognized by God as His gift, and, therefore, accepted by Him. "Ye did it unto me," is Christ's commendation of His people's acts—not the quantity done, nor the amount given, nor the zeal shown, nor the perseverance displayed. None of this avails before God—it is simply on this wise "whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord." What mountains of good works sink into mole hills or are swept away altogether by the breath of this solemn word—"ye did it *not* to me." How many small, and forgotten, and ungraciously-received kindnesses are accepted and owned of God on this sole ground, "ye did it unto Me." What an immense amount of Christian charity will be as chaff before the wind in the eyes of the Lord, because of this one great defect, "ye did it *not* to me." How humbling the thought of the little that is done by the best of saints under this feeling, "ye did it unto me." Who can look at their works in a Gospel light and take satisfaction out of them? God calls our righteousness "filthy rags," and His people are of His mind in this matter. They feel it, they smart under the sorrow that sin is mixed with all they do. "The good they would they do not; the evil that they would not, that they do." And this makes them groan, being burdened; the old nature spoils all their efforts, all their good works, and cuts up root and branch all their hopes that the flesh will mend, and they shall take satisfaction in and from their doings. But true Gospel satisfaction does not come from this quarter. It comes "from the Father of lights" by a revelation of what Christ has done, as the Surety of His people. This is the only ground of real, solid, stable peace, when made known to the heart by the Holy Spirit; and this makes the believer desirous to walk so as to please God and bring credit to the Gospel. This will regulate the home, the temper, the purse, the time, the pursuits, out-door charity, and indoor duties. It is love Divine that dictates and directs the work and walk of the believer—"The love of Christ constraineth us." Love in unison with God's mind and God's truth, not to buy salvation, but in proof that salvation has been bought and bestowed.

Now, says the poor trembler in Zion, that cuts me off at a blow! I have no testimony in my soul that salvation is bestowed upon me. Well, be it so; but there is a large portion of the Word of God specially addressed to your case; and despite all your fears, your sinking, your bitter speeches against yourself, you are still upheld, and kept hanging to the skirts of the Jew that has obtained salvation for the Israel of God. You have not been shaken off from the horns of the altar; you are still clinging to Christ as the way, the truth, and the life; and your story is told in these two lines—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

None ever perished there. The feeble shall win the race, and the lame take the prey. Many of these poor feeble folks who have been kept in

bonds all their life, come to the end with a shout of victory! They are "shut up" all their days—it may be—"unto the faith that should afterwards be revealed" (Gal. iii. 23). These poor dear "prisoners of hope" are monuments of Divine sovereignty. They would give all they possess for liberty, but they are kept in bonds. They are living testimonies against Arminianism, against a letter-faith, against a free-will assurance. If all the preachers and teachers upon earth were to assure them of their childship, it would not satisfy their soul, "dissolve their doubts," or give them peace. They have a full assurance of their sinnership, and they can go no further than this point, and there they must abide till the Lord says, "Come up higher." But they do the Lord's work while in this valley of humiliation. They witness for the sovereignty of the Spirit, whose office is to lead unto all truth, and to take of the things of Christ, and show them to the soul, whereby the Lord's promise is fulfilled, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

But they work very hard while in this spot, though they do not know it. They wrestle in prayer, and they groan out their wants, if they cannot pray. They have a tender conscience as to sin, and they are desirous to serve the Lord, though the opportunity may not be given them. The Lord's cause is dear to them, and the Lord's people are valued by them, and gladly helped when in the power of their hand to do it. They watch for the Lord, and are ever on the look-out for His coming to their soul with divine persuasion that they are His. They are at variance with the world in its pleasures, and with professors in their religion. They are compelled to witness for God and His truth, though they are destitute of a comfortable interest in the truths they believe. Many of God's dear ones have long stood on this gloomy spot; but out of it all the Lord has delivered them, and such can subscribe to the declaration of the prophet, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." It was not for their prayers, nor their tears, nor their mortifications, nor their good works, they received the spirit of adoption whereby they now cry, "Abba, Father;" but it was His good pleasure to give them the kingdom, and in a sovereign way and manner to make known to them experimentally their right and title to it, revealing the eternal love of the Father, their personal redemption by the Son, and divine leading and keeping through the eternal Spirit. The blessings thus realized will make the child of God willingly subscribe to the words of the Apostle, "For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." L.

CHASTISEMENT.

ITS CAUSE AND DESIGN.

AN idea is current amongst some professing Christians, persons who are sound enough in the main doctrines of grace, that *God never chastises His children for sin*. The ground upon which this party attempts to justify its notion is that God's chastisements of His children for sin would be contradictory to, or inconsistent with, the fact of His having punished Christ, who was the Representative of, or Surety for, His people.

It is quite possible that this error may not arise from want of due horror of sin. It is possible it may not arise from dislike of all trammels in the Christian walk. It is very likely to have its origin in one of these

two sources, viz., an uninstructed mind, or an unchastened career. The one becoming entangled in a metaphysical subtlety would be ready to confound things that ought to be kept distinct; the other would induce a man to deny *in toto* what he himself had never experienced. Be this as it may, I warn all against the error—an error fraught with most dangerous consequences—and declare that, notwithstanding Christ's plenary satisfaction for the sins of His people, if they forsake God's laws, and walk not in His judgments; if they break His statutes and keep not His commandments, God will "visit their transgressions with the rod, and their iniquities with stripes" (Psalm xxxix. 30—32). I further declare, that, notwithstanding Christ's finished work—notwithstanding that He left nothing for man to do, in order to perfect His salvation—God chastens every one of His children during their progress to glory; and it is nothing but trifling to deny that sin is the cause of chastisement (Heb. xii. 5—8).

If there were no sin there could be no chastisement. Still, God says to His adopted ones, "Fury is not in me, but" "every one I love I rebuke and chasten" (Isa. xxvii. 4; Rev. iii. 19).

That God chastens His people is manifest both from the Old and New Testament Scriptures.

Two or three cases as proofs will do as well as a thousand. Let us select the case of Moses and the case of David for examples. Moses spake unadvisedly with his lips. That was sin. It brought its punishment with it. His importunate crying unto God was of no avail. He was not suffered to go over Jordan; He must die in the wilderness, and on account of his sin (Deut. iii. 23, &c.).

Now, will any man dare to say that Moses was not interested in all the blessings of the everlasting covenant? Was not Moses washed in the blood of Christ? Was he not, as well as the most modern saint, free from all charge—whiter than snow? And yet he was punished or chastised. And why?—ay, why? Let honesty and candour confess it. It was for sin. If any man doubt that this was a punishment to Moses, let him read the colloquy between him and God.

I must confess that I am utterly at a loss to understand the mind of the individual who can evade the force of this example.

Equally clear is the case of David (2 Sam. xii. 13, 14). David had committed gross sin; and, though the Lord had assured him it was "put away," through the efficacy of that blood which cleanseeth from all sin, yet he is punished. Again I ask, why? Was it merely to deter him from future sins? Nay, that was God's design also, but the cause of his punishment was his sin, "Because," said God (through Nathan), "thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme; the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die."

To any unprejudiced mind I should suppose these two cases are demonstrative. Yet to some minds they are not. It is objected that these are Old Testament cases, and have no bearing upon the point at issue. Beneath this lies hid another error—another source of danger. May the Lord keep us vigilant!

When Old Testament Scriptures grow out of esteem, I fear the New will be slighted.

When contempt is flung upon Moses, I fear Paul and Peter and John will not long be honoured.

W. PARKS.

THE SAINTS' BIRTHRIGHT.

THE subject before us, which you will find in 1 Chron. v. 1, brings two things to our notice: 1st, Reuben's sin and its awful consequences, from which we learn this solemn truth, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Yes, God is a God of holiness and of judgment; and He will visit for sin. God visited Reuben's sin by the loss of his birthright. He was dishonest and he was disgraced; thus did God visit his sin upon his head. But then you will say, Is this true of the Church of God? Are all their sins to be visited upon them? They are, and they are not. And now attend to this distinction, as I desire to make it plain. As regards the final salvation of God's redeemed, they are not visited for their sins; Jesus having become their Surety and their responsible Head, He pays all their debts, and cancels all demands. So, in the matter of salvation, they are not visited for sin, and not dealt with as responsible for what they have done; but, as regards their time-state, they are regarded and dealt with as responsible, and, as such, sin is visited oftentimes upon God's family, and they are made to feel it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God. The heart must be made to feel the sore of sin, and the child of God must be taught bitterly the evil of indulging in anything that they are conscious God hates. But we learn another lesson from this passage of Scripture. It was Jacob's child which sinned so awfully. Ah, my friends, godly parents cannot give grace to their children. God's family "are born not of blood;" relatives cannot impart this grace—"not of the will of the flesh"—for how ardently do godly parents long and wish for the salvation of their offspring! "It is not of the will of man." No, it is all of God; and He renews His people according to His own will and covenant purpose, and so shows Himself a Sovereign. Thus we see now, as of old, God chooses one of a city and two of a tribe. Thus, in some families, a mother stands alone, and is called to the knowledge of the truth. Again, a father, brother, child, sister, has to endure all the opposition arising from ungodly relatives who are yet in their sins—ay, and has to realize Christ's own words, "I am come to set a man at variance." Of Jacob's trial, under the ungodliness of his children, we have his own testimony, when he said, "Ye have made my name to stink among the people of the land." Therefore, when they dishonoured their profession, it was no wonder that God dishonoured them. Hence the birthright, which lawfully was Reuben's as the firstborn, was taken from him, thereby warning the Lord's family of what they may expect in their time-state as chastisement for sin. "But," say you, "when I think of my sins, their blackness, vileness, devilishness—my sins in unregeneracy, and my sins committed against light and knowledge—I can only say, 'It is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed;' 'He hath not dealt with me according to my sins.'" Ah, my friends, God reproves and rebukes sometimes in a wonderfully-gracious way. He melts the sinner with a kiss, and not with the rod, as the Lord's children find; for, when they are expecting only wrath and anger at His hands, He wraps them in His bosom, whispers His love, and "kisses them with the kisses of His mouth." "We looked for judgment, and behold mercy." Oh, do you know anything of those embraces? If so, I am sure you were made ashamed of your sins; I am sure you loathed yourself because of them, even as it said in Ezek. xvi. 63. I do hope you are disgusted with yourself. Plenty there are in love with

themselves, but, if you have felt anything of Jesus' preciousness, I know you have been made to abhor your own clothes, even as Job did.

II. I would endeavour to show what the birthright was. It was the double portion given to the firstborn according to the right of primogeniture; and, because of Reuben's sin, this right was transferred to Joseph in the person of his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, who were put among the tribes in the room of Levi, who had no inheritance in Israel. See Gen. xlviii. 8, 9.

Now this was only a temporal blessing; but Israel was a typical people, and, as such, it sets before us God's dealings in grace with His Church. "The genealogy is not be reckoned after the birthright." God acts as a Sovereign; He will do as He will in heaven and earth, and the spiritual birthright shall come by promise: by the Gospel, not by the law, for grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. Christ is called the Firstborn (Col. i. 18; Ps. lxxxix. 27), and the Church of God is called the Firstborn (Heb. xii. 23). Under the Mosaic dispensation God had appointed that the firstborn should be redeemed by a shekel of money, thereby manifesting His right to them, and that they are His possession; and now there is but one evidence that can satisfy the soul as to whether you are of this firstborn, and that is, God taking possession of you and turning out the strong man armed, and planting grace in thy soul. What a wonder is it that some (even professors) are so careless upon this point; satisfied to be in doubt as to their interest in God, and careless of it! Look at Exod. xiii. 2, and iv. 22. It was God's eternal purpose to have a chosen seed to serve Him, and they are Christ's—His by purpose, His by purchase, His by gift, His by blood, His by grace, and His for ever; for they shall all be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of His children. Oh, how blessed to be taught to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!" Can you say so? If so, you are blessed indeed. Are you careless about it—indifferent to it? Then this shows you are the devil's possession now; and, dying so, where God is you cannot come. Oh, if you come to a sick and dying bed out of Christ, what wilt thou do, poor sinner, in that hour? What is to become of thee then? To face an angry God, and hear Him say, "Depart, ye cursed!" And hear it you must, if you die unrenewed, unchanged, unpardoned. But the firstborn were to be redeemed, and no others. Here in type we have the opposite to general redemption: the firstborn typified the Church—they alone are redeemed. Now the only animal put on an equality in this matter is the ass, and the ass was to be redeemed, or have its neck broken. Mr. Huntington used to say, the ass was the believer in type. The ass was to be redeemed, and our Lord rode upon an ass in His entry into Jerusalem. So must the Lord subdue and ride upon each believer, when He brings him to see and feel His power. False professors shall have their necks broken, but God's Israel shall be redeemed with a lamb. Look at Numb. iii. 12; the Levites were to be redeemed, and the whole tribe of Levi was to be purchased at a price. Here we have the Church of God again in type. Art thou a Levite? Yes, if thou art a believer; if thou hast been separated unto God by covenant purpose, and joined (by the Spirit's work of regeneration) to the Lord. What was peculiar to the Levites? They were to have no portion in Israel; which is repeated again and again in the Word, and very worthy of your notice. So the Lord's family are set apart for Him, and separated unto Him. Oh, if you are a child of God, you are not "reckoned according to the genealogy," but according to grace.

You have Christ—not the world—for your portion, and you have Jesus for your all and in all. This is not according to the flesh—not according to nature—but according to grace. And see how He deals with such! Look at Isa. xl. 2. There we have the firstborn's portion, the true double, the saints' birthright—an inheritance in grace, and an inheritance in glory.

J. A. W.

THE PREPARATION.

"And that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on."—

LUKE xxiii. 54.

THE preparation here spoken of was both for the Sabbath and the Passover, which in that year came on the Sabbath. It was called "the preparation" in respect to the Passover, as it was the first day of the feast, on which all was prepared for the Pasch week; and, in respect to the Sabbath, it was called "the preparation," for that day was kept by the Jews with onerous strictness. It must, therefore, have been more than an ordinarily busy day.

These words are not spoken so much in reference to the day, as to the circumstance, that their Master had been cruelly and ignominiously slain, and they had not sufficient time to provide the spices and ointments for His burial, which we find by another Gospel, weighed, of myrrh and aloes, 100 lbs.

"It was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on." We may look at life as a day—and often a very short day—and the life of Christ may be regarded as forming no exception to this view of the subject,—a life of trial, labour, and probation, in which He was to be made perfect through sufferings.

His was a life of poverty, temptation, and persecutions, culminating in inconceivable sufferings; sufferings, not only of His body, but of His soul also. As His life passed away, or was fulfilled, the Sabbath of His eternal rest drew on, and it was for this that He endured the cross and despised the shame. This was the glory set before Him, and He is now at God's right hand expecting, until His enemies become His footstool, and his friends participate in His glory. As it was a life of suffering with Christ, so it is with His people, and in several senses it is a life of preparation. Our life is a warfare, and in it we are made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. The Gospel is preached and the Holy Ghost is given to prepare the people of God for the eternal glory. The Gospel brings the glad tidings, which through grace are believed, by a Divine faith wrought in the heart by the Holy Spirit, and thus the vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory have peace in believing. Their minds are renewed and they become the temples of God, and each hour of this preparation brings them nearer to the eternal Sabbath. They are a prepared people through sufferings, which work out for them an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. They have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, being made conformable to His death, that they may be also found in the likeness of His resurrection. Temporal trials are not unfrequently overruled and made a partial means of bringing souls to Christ; and spiritual trials, such as the teaching of the law, the fear of death, the guilt of sin, and the terrors of hell, distract them, and cause them to feel their unpreparedness. It is a kind of

preparation by which they are brought to have the "sentence of death in themselves, that they should not trust in themselves, but in God who raiseth the dead." It is a course of spiritual training, in which they learn the evil of their hearts, and their utterly ruined state, that they may become truly humble before God. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;" he keepeth silence because he hath borne it upon him. This teaching empties them of self, and prepares them for Christ's fulness; it is the schoolmaster to bring them to Him. They find no rest, and are led to seek it where it can alone be found, viz., in Christ. Christ is the true Sabbath for labouring and heavy-laden souls, and this Sabbath is drawing on. It is when men have nothing to pay that they experience frank forgiveness; so that increasing consciousness of ruin brings them constantly nearer to manifested help.

Moses cannot give rest to the burdened conscience, therefore the Gospel speaks of another rest, even a rest that remains for the people of God; here by faith in Christ, hereafter in full fruition: a sky without a cloud, an ocean without a storm, an everlasting peace, a home for ever, a mansion eternal in the heavens. Weary and heavy-laden sinners can only find rest in Christ. The darkest and coldest hour is that before the dawn, and our greatest distress is frequently just before our deliverance.

"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple." The Sun of Righteousness shall arise and disperse the dark clouds of your fears, and you shall find healing in the light and warmth of His beams.

The troubles of life are so far a preparation, that they cause us to appreciate more fully the delivering hand of God. "When He giveth quietness, who can give trouble?" for in that day it shall be said: "Lo! this is our God: we have waited for Him, and He will save us." Trials will make the eternal Sabbath to be more enjoyed. There "the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest." The world itself looks for a Sabbath, though somewhat hazily. We say, comparatively speaking, that Sabbath is drawing on, when war and strife shall cease between nations and peoples; when "the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the cow and the bear shall feed together."

The Christian—though not with Jewish strictness—prepares for the earthly Sabbath. He desires to keep a day to the Lord, to worship without distraction, to be free from worldly cares, and to put aside completely the things of this life. That this may be realized, he uses forethought and preparation, that every hindrance may be removed, and every obstacle overcome, that can in any way deprive him of the privileges of worshipping with God's people; yet, after all, it is not by human power or forethought, but by God's Holy Spirit.

The true servant of Jesus Christ especially observes the preparation; and, as the Sabbath draws on, longs and prays for a holy day, in which his spirit, enlarged and liberated, shall be divinely inducted into the heavenly mysteries. He seeks a message from God to the people, that, through the Divine favour, may prove a lasting blessing to them. He desires for himself fuller, broader, and deeper views of truth, and a richer experience of it in his heart. He desires that his profiting may appear to all, and God in all things be glorified through Jesus Christ. The mere formalist is entirely destitute of these earnest desires for spiritual delights; like the mill-horse, he goes his round, accounting such emotions merely enthusiasm and excitement. To the wicked it is a melancholy day; it affords them no pleasure, but, on the contrary, puts

a check on their plans and inclinations. May it be our mercy to count God's holy day a delight, that in His house we may have a name better than earthly sons and daughters, and, at the close of this day of preparation, be found amongst those for whom there remaineth an everlasting rest!

Birmingham.

W. H.

THE GOSPEL.

EXTRACTED FROM THE REV. S. A. WALKER'S ANNUAL ADDRESS TO THE MEMBERS OF HIS CONGREGATION.

1. THE apostles and those who should succeed them in the apostolic or missionary office were reminded, and were to remind others, that Jesus, the subject of Gospel preaching, was endowed with all power, to accomplish the eternal purpose of God, and to provide for all the necessities of fallen man. There need, therefore, be no hesitation on their part to proclaim Him as "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," or to assure dying sinners that they might trust themselves, soul and body, to Him, as their sure Deliverer from every evil in time and eternity, and their all-sufficient Provider of whatever they needed, as guilty sinners and dying criminals, in the way of pardon and reconciliation now, and resurrection-life and glory hereafter. All this is conveyed in the word "Gospel," or good news, which differs entirely from "command," "injunction," "exhortation," "warning," or the like, being simply the revelation of God's love and its fruits, to be realized fully and only in the finished work of Christ.

2. The object of preaching the Gospel is primarily to set forth God's character in the work of redemption, so as to relieve it from the imputation cast upon it by Satan, when he first tempted man to rebel against Him; and in every subsequent exercise of his infernal policy. The effect of Satanic misrepresentation on so vital a subject has been to secure man's estrangement from God, under the impression that God was his enemy. Faith in the Gospel message will necessarily produce a directly opposite effect. The hearts of the children will be turned to the Divine Father, and thus reconciliation will be accomplished. Satan's preaching is, that God so hates the world, that He takes a fiendish delight in filling it with "mourning, lamentation, and woe." This is the avowed creed of the sceptic, and the secret conviction of all unregenerate minds. On the other hand, Christ's preaching is, that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). Thus Satan identifies God with destruction, and Christ identifies Him with salvation. Satan's portraiture of God, therefore, repels, while Christ's attracts; only that as the fallen ear is habituated by Satan to hear nothing but what is false concerning God and Divine things, God the Holy Ghost must interpose to open and sanctify the ear for which the message of love and truth is intended, so that it may be received and enjoyed. The Gospel thus becomes the wisdom and power of God to those who hear and embrace it.

3. The Gospel must be proclaimed to all nations, in its witness character for God. The nations of the earth, because left to themselves, have cast off God, and have invented "gods many and lords many" for their own worship. The God of all the earth has faded from memory

and from thought ; but He has not renounced His authority, or ceased to rule in the affairs of men. For thousands of years, however, He, for His own purpose, "suffered all nations to walk in their own ways," but at last, by His messengers, has commanded "all men everywhere to repent," informing them that "He has appointed a day in which He will judge the world in righteousness, by that Man whom He hath ordained, whereof He hath given assurance to all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 31). No one will deny God's perfect right to command His intelligent and erring creatures to repent of their sin against Him, and to believe in the message of mercy which He has sent them by those commissioned to deliver it. It matters not that these messengers echo, from age to age, the doleful words, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" They are to men and women "the savour of life unto life, and the savour of death unto death." They have no commission to apply the message to the hearts of the hearers ; that office belongs to the Holy Spirit only, "dividing to every man severally as He will." The human agents must preach to all ; and they who have ears to hear will hear, that is, the sheep will recognize the voice of the Divine Shepherd, and in the power of the Holy Ghost will receive His Word, which is able to make them wise unto salvation ; and thus they are gathered out from the world, to be "His people, and the sheep of His pasture." Thus human agency, you observe, my dear friends, in the conversion of sinners is confined to the delivery of the message which God the Holy Ghost puts into the minister's lips, and which is heard only by those whose hearts God opens to admit it (Acts xvi. 14), and touches with a sense of the wondrous love which it is intended to reveal. They who cannot trust God with the present application and ultimate success of His own Word resort to various devices to secure the effect which they desire. These consist generally in enlisting the minds and imaginations of the hearers in the service, by appeals to the reasoning faculties, to the fears, to the passions, or to the wills of those addressed. These are commanded, entreated, or touchingly exhorted to believe, to receive the Gospel, to have compassion on the painful suspense in which God is held by their hesitation, to respond to His proffered love, to relieve Him from His fears on their behalf, to close with His offers of salvation, not to compel Him to give them up for ever, to accept pardon at once, not to disappoint God, &c., &c. This language is supposed to add weight to the Gospel message, and to render it more successful than it otherwise would be ; but does it do so ?

It is evident that the appeal here is to man, to remove difficulties, or to supply help ; but are not the difficulties those which the Apostle Paul refers to ? "If our Gospel be hid," he says, "it is hid to them that are lost, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the Image of God, should shine unto them." Can such unhappy persons really undo Satan's work ? Can they enlighten their own minds, or emancipate their own spirits from the power of the evil one ? Could the woman, whom Satan had bound for eighteen years, have lifted up herself, had not Jesus set her free ? Would Legion, who was filled with madness and ferocity, under the influence of the many devils that had entered him, have ever been clothed and restored to his right mind, had not the Son of God crossed the lake to seek and set him free ? Could the youth, whom Satan cast "oft into the fire, and oft into the water, to destroy him," have ever relieved himself from his diabolical persecutor

had not Jesus commanded him to come out of him? These and other cases of a similar kind have been written for our instruction, to show us at once the nature of the evil under which we all suffer, and the only remedy to which we can have recourse. Let us suppose that in each of those cases a priest, or rabbi, or any pious friend had attempted to relieve the sufferer, by resorting to the use of certain words or acts, which they supposed would stimulate him or her to put forth efforts for their own deliverance, how would the attempt have succeeded? It is plain that if the parties themselves could not effect their own rescue, no appeal to them, or other form of pressure, would enable them to put forth the needful power. Very different, however, would the case be, if God had commissioned certain parties to perform the work, and had put words into their mouth, by the utterance of which it was to be accomplished. Then the authority would be in the commission, and the power in the words. Satan would acknowledge both, and tremblingly quit the field, as soon as he recognized the voice of Omnipotence in the language addressed to his victim. Thus does he recognize the voice of Jesus, his Master and Conqueror, when the Gospel message is aimed by the Eternal Spirit at the heart which he has made his home; he says at once, "I know Thee who Thou art," and surrenders to the Redeemer His purchased possession. God is thus glorified; and those who are taken captive by Satan at his will, are set free to praise and serve God, as the Author of their salvation, as alone entitled to their gratitude and love.

* * * * *

While on the subject of sacraments, I may as well say a word about the Lord's Supper, which is included among the means of grace appointed by our Lord to His Church, and of which I desire that you, my dear people, should know the value, so as fully to avail yourselves of it as a reasonable and holy service. Here again we behold an ordinance provided for Christ's disciples as such, not for the world or unbelievers, but for all who belong to the crucified, risen, and ascended One, as believers in His atonement, and as expectants of His coming again, and their appearance with Him in glory. These are His saints, pardoned and accepted in Him, and not only that, but complete before God in Him. As nothing can add to the redemption which He has accomplished for them, so nothing can add to their reconciliation with God, their high relationship as God's children, and their consequent fitness for, and title to, the heavenly inheritance. All this comes to them from the once offered and finished sacrifice made for them on Calvary. They were, with their Divine Head, there, and in Him paid to the last farthing the debt which they owed to God, as was attested by the resurrection of the same Head, and their triumph over death in Him. Jesus now rests, having completed all that His Father gave Him to do. His Church, his bride, His members were to be "sanctified and cleansed," and they are, to the last one of them that shall be born into this world. They were to compose "a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing" (Eph. v. 26, 27). And they do. God challenges the universe to "charge" or "condemn" them (Rom. viii. 33, 34). It is in this character, and crowned with these Divine favours, of which they cannot be deprived, that they come together to "do" something in remembrance of Him to whom they owe all. He has not left that memorial to their own invention. He knew too well what was in man for that. His help to memory and to brotherly communion was of the simplest kind. He had

taught them before, in figurative language suited to their tastes and habits, that all their spiritual life, health, support, and growth, would proceed from their union with Him, and the exercise of faith whereby that union would be realized, and its advantages enjoyed. This idea He wished to communicate with great simplicity to His hearers, and for that purpose no figure seemed more appropriate than that of eating and drinking, by which our natural life is supported, and health, strength, and growth secured. He ever spoke of heavenly things, and His words were spirit and life. He addressed Himself, therefore, to the spiritual nature of man, which He clearly distinguished from his mere physical or animal nature. The two are very different, and must be differently treated. That which would profit man's physical nature would not at all profit his spiritual, and *vice versa*. You can cleanse, clothe, feed the body, and leave the soul filthy, naked, hungry; and, on the contrary, the soul of a man may be washed in Christ's blood, clothed with His righteousness, and filled with holy satisfaction, while his body may present evidence of all the squalor and wretchedness that earthly poverty inflicts. This proves that the provision for each must vary according to its nature. If we have physical hunger, we must be supplied with food that comes from the ground, from which we ourselves are taken; but if we have spiritual hunger, our supply must come from heaven. Take the case of our Lord's body: it was of the substance of His mother, and therefore earthy. We might conceive the monstrous notion of a cannibal feeding on it, and being nourished by it; but the idea of a soul feeding on it, and being spiritually benefited and satisfied by such diet, is quite as absurd as that of the craving of a starving man being appeased by the utterance of religious sentiments. When, therefore, we hear our Lord declaring Himself to be "the Bread that came down from heaven, that a man might eat thereof and not die," we at once perceive that He uses symbolic language to represent the spiritual blessings which He came to impart to those who receive Him. Indeed, the assertion that He came down from heaven settles the point; for His humanity did not come down from heaven: therefore He must have spoken of Himself in a spiritual sense, provided for the spiritual necessities of the spiritual family of God. In this sense we must receive all that He said regarding His body and blood as the food of His people. He whose teaching was always concerning spiritual things must necessarily be understood as speaking in a spiritual or figurative sense, even when referring to carnal things.

ELECTION.

ELECTION was an act of the God of love, and no person "in his right mind" hates it. That man must be in a dreadful state who feels a hatred towards that which benefits "a multitude which no man can number."

Election is, as it were, the very cream of the Gospel. Some people do not like cream in their tea, others do. So some do not like a religion that has anything to do with election.

Election to the Gospel is like honey to the honey-comb, and marrow to the bones. There would have been no Gospel had it not been for election. Those ministers who preach not election preach not "the Gospel of the blessed God." It is to be feared those persons are under God's frown who try to preach election down. Election to salvation prevents

everlasting destruction. Election before time secures protection to "God's elect" in time, and glorification when time shall be no more. It is through election before time that "the arm of salvation" is extended to any in time. Persons who are under the influence of natural faith—a self-righteous and proud spirit—are usually the bitterest enemies to election, and also to "God's elect."

Tetbury, Dec., 1871.

F. F.

Correspondence.

LOST, BUT FOUND; OR, NOTHING TO PAY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

8, Nichols Street, Leicester.

BELoved IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, peace, and truth be multiplied to thee, through the infallible teaching of the Holy Spirit, without which the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven never can be known!—What a heavenly secret there is in Divine teaching! Nor shall one of the Lord's children miss of this teaching. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him," and hidden from all beside. Man by nature fears not God. The transgression of the wicked *saith within my heart*, there is no fear of God before his eyes. The daily life, walk, and conversation of a wicked man carries unmistakable proof, to my mind, that the fear of God is not in him. So says the Psalmist, and St. Paul sums up the fearful description of man's state by nature by saying there is no fear of God before his eyes. The fear of the Lord, taught by the precept of men, and the fear of God which is recorded in 2 Kings xvii. 33—41, are distinct from that fear, which the Lord declares He will put into the hearts of His covenant children, and which is the beginning of wisdom. This fear is twofold; it is tormenting and distressing under the teaching of the law, having God's anger revealed against man's sin for its object, as described by David in Psalm cxvi. 3, and Psalm xxxiii. 3—5, under the teaching the fear of death and dread of destruction takes possession of the soul, which finds trouble and sorrow, and brings on bondage; but, being God's own work, it is sure to lead to Him. Hence David says, "Then called I upon the name of the Lord." The Saviour calls it a hearing and learning of the Father, and declares that all such (sooner or later) cometh unto Him; for, being as naturally legal, as sinful, the poor soul (under this arrest of justice) seeks by every way nature can devise to obtain peace, and flees to vows, promises of amendment, &c.; in short, says, "Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all." But, as rest and peace come not by the works of the law, so his fruitless toil only increases his burden, and his spending money for that which is not bread, eventually exhausts his stock, and reduces him to beggary. Nought to pay! Nought to pay, with all left! All gone! Mouth stopped! Guilty, heart broken down with this hard labour. The Holy Ghost, the Author of this life-giving teaching, begets hope here when all confidence in self is gone, and whispers to such an one, "Thou shalt not die until thou hast seen the Lord's Christ," and every glimmering ray he has of the suitability, beauty, and loveliness of Christ draws out his heart's best desires after the possession of Him. He finds, by the Word opened to him, that Jesus Christ

receives sinners ; aye, in spite of the murmuring, lies, and oppositions of Scribes and Pharisees. He hears of some very vile characters recorded in the Word, who came to Him thus, and were not cast out ; and hope abounds, and he ventures, like the woman with her issue of blood, with an, " If I may but touch," &c., and a " Who can tell but I may find mercy ? " Thus he is driven by fear, knowing Death, the avenger of blood, is at his heels ; and, drawn by loving-kindness, and tossed up and down, sometimes hope seems removed like a tree, and tormenting fears prevail. Then he rises again on a fresh word of promise to poor, needy, hungry, thirsty souls ; and all the time this good work of God goes on, his feelings vary exceedingly. As there is a time for every purpose under the sun, so there is a set time to favour every mourner in Zion ; and, when " Deliver him from going down into the pit " is spoken with a Divine power, and he is enabled by living faith to look to the Lamb of God, all his tormenting fears, his burden of sin and guilt, with the fear of destruction, are all swept away, and gives place to that sweet godly fear (" which is his treasure "), accompanied by precious faith, true evangelical repentance, godly sorrow, self-abhorrence, meekness, humility, hatred of evil of every kind, and an earnest desire that he so part with sin of every kind as to meet no more. This filial fear has the mercy, goodness, pity, compassion, and love of God for its object. Such serve not as slaves with the whip at the back ; but, from the sweetest sense of gratitude, well knowing that he never can repay one thousand part of the infinite debt he owes, and must for ever owe to Jesus, who has saved him with an everlasting salvation.

" The faith that (*thus*) unites to the Lamb,
And brings such salvation as this,
Is more than mere *notion* or *name* ;
The work of God's Spirit it is."

It is, as dear Williams so truly describes it (see the beginning of his letter in a recent number, just after the account of his end), " as different from that arrogant, self-wrought, Satanic, deluded confidence, as heaven is from hell ! " The grand distinction he there makes is among the family secrets. Some of your correspondents understand it :—Mr. Andrews, who is gone, dear G. Cowell, F. F., and others, whose writings find a sweet response in my heart, as well as the Editor's pieces. I admire the piece on " Worship," by " L." How sad it is to see the blindness of multitudes ! The vail is on the heart, and they cannot look to the end of what was abolished nearly 1,900 years ago, and are trying in their blindness to build again that ritual which was destroyed by the coming of the great Antitype of all the types and shadows of the Mosaic dispensation. But in vain do they attempt to worship God, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men. How sad for the rising generation ! I have a daughter, taught of God, who would be an acquisition to any Godly parents desirous of seeing their children trained in sound principles, who is now fixed where Ritualism is the order of the day. May Heaven's best blessings rest on you and yours !

I remain, thine truly in Jesus,

THORPE SMITH.

THE heart of man unconnected is no other than a den of impure lusts, wherein dwell pride, and all kind of wickednesses, just as Babylon is described in Rev. xviii. 2 ; Isa. xiii. 21.

THE LATE REV. J. TARR.

[The annexed is one among the many testimonies we have received respecting this dear servant of God.—Ed.]

Elm Cottage, Sutton Common, Surrey, January 10, 1872.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Within the last few days it has pleased the Lord to place in my hands a copy of "The Life, Letters, and Last Days of the Rev. John Tarr."

I had the privilege of hearing the dear departed one preach twice, during his visit to Sutton, in July, 1870, and can fully endorse your statement that Mr. Tarr's "views were changed" since the commencement of his Christian life. There was no robbing God of His glory, by attributing to the creature the power which belongs to God alone; but "the utmost putting in the dust" (to use Mr. Tarr's own expression) of the doings of the creature with reference to salvation. His last sermon at Sutton (probably the last he ever preached) was from 2 Cor. xiii. 5, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves."

It was Scriptural, sound, loving, earnest, and encouraging. Oh, that we had more of such preaching! "All wise men take stock," said the preacher, at the commencement of his discourse. Then, speaking of what were the habits of men of business, he showed how desirable it is for believers to know their standing in Christ. He then named some evidences whereby we may know whether we be in the faith. "But," said he, "perhaps some one may say, 'Ah, I fear I have not that evidence! Oh, that I knew that I am in the faith!' But why are you so anxious to know this? People don't desire that which they do not value." And then he said that if there is a desire to be the Lord's, and to know it, such may hope that the Lord Himself, having placed the desire in the heart, will fulfil it. I cannot tell you half, but it was very encouraging to the doubting soul. Almost the last words I heard the dear man say were these: "I have no grace to offer; it is not mine to offer, it is God's to give; it is not for me to offer grace to be trampled under foot."

I bless God that He has been pleased to give to His Church, through you, so precious a record of the life, walk, and triumph of faith, as exemplified in the "Life, &c., of the Rev. J. Tarr."

Yours in Christ Jesus,

A. J. HAWKINS.

THOSE WHO HAVE GONE HOME!

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Martock, Dec. 4, 1871.

THE Lord spare you, dear sir, for a long time (yet, though I must just say I believe time is short), for, speaking after the manner of man, we know not how to do without you. I know many a one will be ready to respond to this also.

We are glad to see, by your correspondence with the beloved "Wayside Notes" writer, that the good old-fashioned religion is not yet quite lost—though so rare, that there are, here and there, those who "love one another with a pure heart fervently." And this leads me to think of the dear departed E. B. M. Though we have never seen her in the flesh, yet

we counted her one of our choicest treasures. "Not lost, but gone before," was seemingly whispered into my mind several times about the middle of November, and I felt assured, before I opened this month's Magazine on Friday last, I should find that she was gone to her "*good home*," as she told me, not long since, she had to go to. It was on my mind to write you a letter concerning her, as I did concerning dear Miss Lusher, but the "south wind" did not blow, and, therefore, "the oil stayed." But, however, it struck me this morning to write off some few choice extracts from her letters to us—say, during the last eighteen months—arranged in the form of a diary, by which will be seen how graciously the Lord dealt with her, making her meet, realizingly, for her heavenly home. I trust the thought was of the Lord, and, if so, no doubt, in due time, I shall be able to do so, and I have no doubt you will be pleased to let them appear in our Family Magazine.

The Lord cheer your heart, dear sir, and enable you to look above! Shall such an one as *you* look to any earthly hill? *No*; *your* help cometh from Him who made heaven and earth, &c. I don't know *why* I have quoted this for *you*. Your beloved child is, also, "not lost, but gone before."

I remain, dear Sir, yours respectfully and affectionately,

GEO. HART.

[We shall be glad to receive the extracts from our deceased correspondent's letters, mentioned as above.—Ed.]

HAS CHRIST TAUGHT THAT IT IS USELESS TO CALL ON DEAD SINNERS TO LIVE AND COME TO HIM?

DEAR BROTHER,—Allow a constant reader of your Magazine to say a few words on the article in the December number—"Simon Magus and his Repentance."

In this article G. C. replies to some questions put to him by a "Constant Reader of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE." The questions were called forth by some remarks made by the talented writer of "Wayside Notes," in the September number. His answer yields all that was intended by the "stricture upon the article in question."

SEPTEMBER ARTICLE.

The teaching of the Lord has shown me that it is perfectly useless to call upon dead sinners to live and come to Christ.

DECEMBER REPLY.

Simon was most decidedly a dead sinner. Peter called upon Simon to repent and pray. Most decidedly he did; and quite right too.

The point in controversy not being "repentance," true or false, but whether it is *useless to call on dead sinners* to repent and live. All that G. C. has so ably said about the two kinds of repentance is beside the question.

The writer of these lines is as far as G. C. is from "leaning to the doctrines of universal redemption, and the common belief that repentance ought to be preached to dead sinners, because they can of their own free will repent." He does not believe in the power of a dead sinner to repent of himself, but he does believe in the power of God's Word to quicken a dead sinner, when the Holy Spirit works *through* the word of invitation given. How could the Lord have inspired Peter to call on a dead sinner

to repent and *pray*, if He has taught G. C. that it is useless to do so? Is Christ divided?

Do not those who follow G. C.'s teaching on this point, misunderstand their commission, wrongly estimate the power of God's Word, and fail to comprehend its place and mission in the Gospel dispensation?

The commission is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature*."

1. Every creature is by nature dead in trespasses and sin.

2. Therefore, when the Gospel comes for the *first* time to a sinner, it must find him a *dead* sinner.

3. "Christ came not to *call* the righteous, but sinners to repentance." "The *whole* need not a physician, but they that are *sick*."

4. Who dares affirm that the invitations do not form a part of the Gospel to be *preached* to every creature?

As well might you try to produce a rainbow, with the omission of one colour from the sun's light, as to say that you preach the whole counsel of God, when you omit the invitations of the Gospel to every creature. God's Word is quick and powerful, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the hearts, dead or living. His Word is "a fire and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces;" but, according to G. C.'s view, it is not to be used on rocky hearts, but *only* on living ones, which, according to the Scriptures, have been already broken.

Does not the vision of dry bones explain the whole matter?—"O ye *dry bones*, *hear* the word of the Lord" (Ezek. xxxvii. 4). Surely they were dead enough. They had no power or will to hear, yet the prophet called on them, dead as they were, to *hear*. *As he spoke*, commanded, or invited them to hear, "there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone." Not because there was *any* power in the dry bones to hear or move, but because, *through* the word spoken *by the prophet*, or the invitation given to those *dead in themselves*, quickening life was breathed into them by the Spirit of God. This, I contend, is *God's* plan, though the work of the ministry now.

To say that it is useless to call on dead sinners to hear, is, I submit, pushing the logic of worldly wisdom to its extreme; and, if similarly pressed on other points, would be disastrous. Take, for instance, the Trinity, and it might make it appear that Three cannot be One. Such, indeed, is the process employed by the Unitarian. There may be an air of spiritual discernment in G. C.'s statement, but to me it looks like man's natural reason rejecting what appears to it to be contradictory. Could Paul have been of G. C.'s mind when he wrote, "Wherefore he saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the *dead*, and Christ shall give thee light?" (Eph. v. 14). The Apostle certainly calls on the *dead* to come to Christ. The promise is, "The Word shall not return void." We have to draw the bow at a venture; God directs the arrow whither *He* pleases. The kingdom of heaven—*i.e.*, the preaching of the Gospel in this dispensation—is like a net that is cast into the sea and gathered of *every kind*. It is like the sower who went forth to sow. He had but *one* sort of seed; he scattered it broadcast by the wayside; on stony places; among thorns, and on good ground. The invitations to come to Christ are as much the good seed as the promises and the threatenings are. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," is as much the Gospel as "him that cometh I will in no wise cast out."

The rain from heaven falls alike on the ground that bringeth forth

thorns and briers, and on that which produceth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed.

So will it be in the last great day; the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. It is incontestable that the resurrection power is not in the sleeping dust, nor in the noise the trumpet makes, nor in the messenger that blows it; but that is God's way of quickening and awakening the dead. His hidden but life-giving power passes through the angel's mouth and the trumpet's sound. As well might the angel reply, "It is useless to call on the dead to arise from their graves," as ministers of the Gospel to assert that it is useless to call on dead sinners to come to Christ. Both, it seems to me, would be to dishonour the wisdom of God.

There is another text which furnishes a key to the problem: "Into *whatsoever* house ye enter, first say, Peace be to *this* house. And if the son of peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it: if not, it shall turn to you again" (Luke x. 5).

In *whatsoever* house you preach, give the invitations, speak the promises, and use the exhortations. If an elect vessel of mercy is hidden in the congregation, and the set time to favour him or her is come, your salutation will be a savour of life unto life: if not, your message will turn to you again.

There is another remarkable analogy between the resurrection of the dead and the quickening of dead sinners. The trumpet shall awake, *first*, the dead in Christ, and call *them* to glory. It will then awake the remainder of the dead, and call them to judgment; separating the sheep from the goats. Such is the work now of the *Gospel* trumpet. Its invitations are some of its strictest and most quickening notes.

AN OLD READER OF THE MAGAZINE.

LETTER WRITTEN BY THE LATE RUTH BRYAN, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MOTHER'S DEATH.

Nottingham, Nov. 21, 1846.

I THANK you much, my dear young friend, for your affectionate sympathy in this time of my deep sorrow.

It is evident your heart has had the same sorrow, and felt the same anguish mine is now enduring; for only one who had sustained such a loss could so well understand what the rending from such a loved one is—how the heart must bleed—how the tears must flow—how, again and again, we feel that this drear wilderness has not another mother in it for us, and that

"This rugged world affords at last no rest
Like the sweet covert of a parent's breast."

So I feel, who am smarting under the freshness of the deep, deep wound; and so you seem still to feel, who have so long since felt the parting pang. There is something in a mother's love so safe and sacred that we can unbosom there what would not be ventured anywhere else on earth. We fear not any betrayal of our weakness, or unkind or selfish use made of our confidence; for that heart beats as warmly for our interest and happiness as does our own—and as truly too—because, as my dear mother used to say, "You are part of myself." Ah, I feel it was so, and the

pang of severing from the parent stem makes the left one droop, and seem as if it never could bloom in freshness and vigour again. But I must not thus indulge, lest there should arise one murmur which, however faint, would be to His dishonour whom most of all we love. After forty years' close and endeared companionship, I do—I must—mourn; but murmur I cannot, for the Lord lovingly gave me such a mother. He lovingly spared her so long, and very gently has He taken her away; blessed be His holy name! He was not pleased to grant the bright manifestation we desired. Her mind continued rambling to the last; but I have not one doubt about my dearest mother's safety. No; I have a sweet assurance that she sleeps in Jesus, and that, absent from the body, she is present with the Lord; and shall I not praise Him for this? Oh, yes, I do, that the weary pilgrim has found a place of rest, and never will suffer or sorrow again.

Our loved ones are happier far than we on this earth can conceive, and it is for us, dear girl, to follow them as they followed Christ. It is probable you and I shall never have much personal intercourse; but we may, by pen, stir up and encourage each other to forget what is behind, and press forward to know more of Christ, "whom to know is life eternal." Oh, I would now, by the grace of God, afresh begin to live only in, on, and for Jesus, determining in His strength to know nothing and glory in nothing but Christ and Him crucified. The world has to me a new gloom cast over it; but He is beautiful and precious as ever—He is fairer than the children of men—He is the chief of ten thousand—He is altogether lovely and ever loving; and, though the creature stream has dried up by His will, He, the uncreated Fountain, remains ever full, ever free, ever flowing, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,"—a full Saviour for empty sinners—a blessed shelter and covering for naked souls.

"Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
That has an ocean near?"

"For nought is in the creature found,
But may be found in Thee.
I must have all things, and abound,
While Christ is all to me."

Ah, then I would take the harp down from the willow, and sound it anew to the praise of Immanuel's name; and, though its strains be plaintive, and I weep while I sing, that name is still music to me. May we bereft ones look up, instead of looking back; and, as earth's charms lessen, may we triumph more in our all-lovely and unchanging Jesus! I was wonderfully supported in the trying time of my dear mother's departure and funeral; in those deep waters my Beloved was with me, upbearing and consoling with cordials of love divine; and this sweet word He gave me with blessed power: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will thy God comfort thee." And, indeed, it has been fulfilled; but, since all was over, and I have been more alone, every place, every thing has seemed to tell me she was gone—that those eyes would beam upon me, and that loved voice cheer me, no more; and sometimes it has seemed as if the strings of life must break. But then the Lord revives me again, and He has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

From fatigue and anxiety I have been much out of health, but am better. Am at present in the old house, and think of remaining. Excuse

so much of self. Let me know, when you write, if your health is improving. I am glad to hear you have the prospect of again having a home. I rejoice with you, and wish you success in the name of the Lord. How does your soul prosper? A good appetite is a sign of health. Have you hungry and thirsty desires after Christ, the Bread of heaven? Does your sense of sin, weakness, and shortcoming make you embrace the Rock for want of a shelter? Here is safety, here is peace. This life's dream will soon be over—as a vapour, it will have passed away. May it be our happiness to be found in Him, and may we in love be often saying, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" I am your debtor for two kind notes, for which I thank you. Shall be happy to hear from you. Oh, that hearts, warm with the love of Jesus, may make our pens as those of a ready-writer! The Lord bless you and guide you, and keep you from all evil!—Adieu, dear Harriett; accept the love of an almost widowed heart, and believe me to be your sincere and affectionate friend,

RUTH BRYAN.

A COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN IN 1777 BY THE REV.
AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

To A. B——.

Knightsbridge, August 12, 1777.

IF A. B——'s favour of June 16 had not been mislaid, it would have been answered long before. I hope the polite and ingenious writer will pardon the delay.

In reply to the question stated, I am most deeply and clearly convinced that the saints in glory know each other; and, more particularly, those with whom they took sweet counsel when on earth, and with whom they walked in the house of God as friends. Our Lord Himself, I apprehend, gives us to understand as much, where He tells us that the elect shall be, in the future state, *ισαγγελοι*, or equal to the angels. Now, it seems impossible that the unfallen angels, who have lived together in heaven, or, at least, very near 6,000 years, should not be perfectly acquainted with each other. And the same privilege is requisite in order to our being, in every respect, on an equality with them. The departed soul of the rich man knew Lazarus when he beheld him afar off; and, likewise, at sight, knew Abraham, whom he could never have seen in the present life. Much more do Abraham and Lazarus, and all the glorified family above, rejoice in that communion of saints which obtains in their Father's house. St. Paul, speaking of the spiritual children whom God had given him among the Thessalonians, says, that they would be his "glory, and crown of rejoicing, in the day of the Lord Jesus." But how could this be, and how could they mutually congratulate each other on the grace bestowed upon them below, if all personal acquaintance was to cease? Surely there are no strangers in that land of light and love? The three apostles who attended our blessed Lord on the mount of transfiguration knew Moses and Elijah when they appeared in glory. To add no more: that remarkable text I think fully establishes the point, where our adorable Saviour bids us make to ourselves friends by the mammon of unrighteousness, that, when we fail, they may receive us into the everlasting habitations; as if He had said, "While you are on earth, take care to conciliate the affections of my indigent disciples by bestowing on them a proper portion

of the wealth which God has lent you, and which is too often perverted to purposes of unrighteousness by them that know not me. So, when your bodies die, and when your souls ascend to heaven, the souls of those poor afflicted saints, whom your bounty relieved below, and who were got to glory before you, shall be among the first exulting spirits who shall meet you on your arrival above, and congratulate you on your safe and triumphant entrance into the world of joy." But they could not do this unless they knew us and we them.

May the precious blood and righteousness of our Incarnate God, and the faithful leadings of His eternal Spirit, bring you and me to that general assembly and Church of the first-born, where we shall both see Him as He is, and likewise know each other even as we shall then be known! With this prayer, and in this hope, I beg leave to subscribe myself—who-soever you may be—Your affectionate well-wisher in Christ,

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

A WORD ABOUT THIS MAGAZINE.

It has been suggested that we should make certain alterations and additions, so as to render the GOSPEL MAGAZINE more popular with the reading public and congenial to the general taste. Such a course is out of the question, at any rate whilst *we* have to do with the work.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE, as the propagator and the exponent of the plain, simple, unadulterated, unadorned doctrines of rich and free and sovereign grace, can, as a rule, never be acceptable to any but those whom the Holy Ghost has made sensible of their lost state and condition as sinners, and caused to hunger and thirst after righteousness. Such will seek earnestly Christ the bread of life, and thirst for Him, as the water of life. Hence, when they see, in these pages or elsewhere, the pathway of the pilgrim opened up, and observe the divine leadings and guidance of fellow-sinners, a special interest will follow; and, if not before, they shall begin to realize personally and experimentally the meaning of those Scriptures: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard; and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name;" "And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and opened unto us the Scriptures?"

Now, none know this oneness of soul, speciality of interest, and warmth of heart, but such as are taught by the same Spirit, made manifest as members of the same family, guarded and guided amid the same dangers, called to wage a daily warfare with the same foes, looking to the same Object, leaning upon the same Sustainer, Upholder, and Deliverer, and journeying towards the same eternal and happy home.

It will be seen, therefore, at a glance, that these themes are too sacred, this pathway too spiritually defined, these objects too supernatural, for the carnal, the worldly, the spiritually dead. No trimming, no dressing-up, no lowering the standard of truth, will meet the case, so as to render the soul-humbling truths of the Gospel palatable to the carnal and unregenerate heart. The quickening power of the Holy Ghost must bring the sinner into such a position as to make him long after and love truths which are as opposed to the choice of the fleshly and first-born condition of the natural heart as it is possible to be.

Others may object, and say, The truths advocated in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE consist of too strong meat for the weak digestion of the babes and sucklings of the household of faith, more especially for those who are as yet wavering and undecided between Christ and the world. We venture to say, in answer to these objections, that a due consideration of the tone and spirit of the Magazine will, if we mistake not, exhibit a special carefulness not to wound—much less ignore or despise—the veriest babe in the family. Nay, there are some of the Lord's servants, who have long been called to bear the burden and heat of the day, who, so far from regarding with indifference and disesteem the weaklings of the fold, know what it is to envy their lisping, and long to realize afresh their own former single-heartedness, spirituality, simplicity, and childlike confidence in and dependence upon Him who was then indulging them in their first-love experiences and blessedness.

Again, with respect to those who are in a state of wavering, indecision, or thoughtlessness, if we mistake not their condition is met, from month to month, in the columns of "OLD JONATHAN." In this respect, *he* may be said to be a companion and co-operator with the GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

In conclusion, our spiritual readers will bear with us, whilst we intimate that, with some few and honourable exceptions, *they* are at fault. They testify from time to time of the profit and encouragement they receive in the perusal of these pages. This is all well as far as it goes, and helps to cheer the Editor and his fellow-writers in their labour of love; but, with a little consideration, they might see how materially they would assist and strengthen the Editor's hands, did they seek less "to eat their morsel alone." Were such spiritual readers to resolve to send the Magazine from month to month to the sick and the poor and the spiritually anxious and distressed, what a boon they would afford such! Some of our beloved readers have done this for years, and peculiar satisfaction they have derived from so doing. As an illustration of the adopting of this practice, we may state that, a year or so ago, we received a letter from an aged minister of the Gospel (since gone to his rest), as well as from a second person who well knew the case, stating that they were commissioned to convey to us the heartfelt gratitude and thanks of a dying one in Devonshire, to whom we had regularly sent the Magazine. It had been a solace and comfort upon her sick-bed for years; and abundantly were we repaid by her dying testimony to its power and preciousness. This practice we have adopted to the utmost of our power—yea, and beyond our power. And we recommend the same course to others. If any of our readers should not happen to know to whom to send the work, our Publishers or ourselves can soon help them in this matter.

Some are in the habit of lending their own Magazine after they have perused it. This we conceive to be a mistake. If we may speak personally, we can with the utmost truth testify, that some of our most refreshing seasons have arisen, instrumentally, from the reading of the back volumes, of the work. The re-perusal of what was thus published years ago has been such a help to remembrance, and served as a fresh stimulus to hope and trust and expect the like mercies and deliverances for the *future* as have marked the *past*. Hence, if subscribers dispose of their Magazine, by gift or loan, they deprive themselves of at least this means of comfort and refreshment in their onward and homeward way.

Now that we have nearly completed our two-and-thirtieth year's editorship, it is but natural that we should miss many—very, very many—who

were formerly our supporters. With reference to those whom they leave behind, we could wish that they would follow the example of the son of one well known in his day for his liberal support of what would minister to the well-being of the Lord's people. Said the gentleman in question, "It is my wish and aim to set the same example before *my* children that *my* father did before *his*; and, therefore, I seek to keep up whatever he contributed to."

Our readers have a further stimulus, namely, the brevity of time, and the poisonous and destructive literature that so characterize the times we live in.

We hope these few remarks will prompt our readers to do what they can to promote the increased circulation of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. If it is worth *reading*, it is worth *recommending*. THE EDITOR.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Letters by the late Joseph Charles Philpott, M.A. With a Brief Memoir of his Life and Labours. London: J. Gadsby, Bouverie Street.

WE had prepared a somewhat lengthy notice of this volume; but, by some means, it has been mislaid; and in the present Number we can say little more than that the work is handsomely got up, and, in contrast to the Memoir of Mr. HUNTINGTON, is printed in clear type, which is a great boon for the readers of such works. Although the letters themselves contain very manifestly the experience through which Mr. PHILPOTT was, from time to time, passing, we are disappointed in not finding more ample details of the inner and spiritual life. The outspokenness and honesty of Mr. PHILPOTT, in the free and unreserved utterance of what he felt of the daily warfare, none can dispute. We admire that honesty; hence we the more hesitate in any wise to qualify our commendation of this work. Still, if we are equally honest—and God forbid that we should be otherwise!—we must frankly say that the volume has a more *depressing* than *uplifting* tendency. We revere the memory of Mr. PHILPOTT. He occupied a most difficult and unenviable position—a position which (humanly speaking) would have sent us to our grave years ago. He had a keen judgment—deep spiritual perception—a clear, logical mind. He was a skilful anatomist—his forte lay in separating the precious from the vile—the chaff from the wheat. But men, in their anxiety to be honest and faithful and true, may wound the weaklings of the fold ere they are aware.

For our own part, rapidly going the downhill of life, as we feel ourselves to be, we are increasingly anxious to set forth the simple, plain, unadulterated truth, and leave the application of it to God the Holy Ghost. Whatever men professing to be jealous of God's honour may say to the contrary, there may be a *guarding* the truth, according to man's estimate and judgment, until it is brought down to such a negative state of things, that there is nought to feed and cherish—comfort and establish—the dear flock of slaughter. May we not illustrate what we mean by an appeal to the personal ministry of Him who spake as never man spake? It was not until just the close of His ministry, that our dear Lord declared that one of His disciples was a devil, and should betray

Him. Previously He had proclaimed the truth, in all its preciousness and power, as they were able to hear it; but not until a little before He left them did He so speak as to arouse in them the agonizing inquiry, "Lord, is it I?" Humanly speaking, it would seem as though He were loath to alarm them unnecessarily.

We are quite aware that these observations are open to criticism, and the course we have implied likewise open to abuse; but we know our own heart in the matter. Men of keen judgment and reputed deep insight into character, have, notwithstanding, made some of the gravest mistakes in their estimates; whilst others, with no pretence to such discernment, have, in childlike simplicity, delivered their message, and left all results and consequences with God.

We remember a remark made to us, many years ago, by the late Dr. HENRY COLE; and who that knew him but will bear testimony to his soundness of doctrine, integrity of purpose, and holy jealousy for the truth as it is in Jesus? Speaking of those admitted by the Church of England to the Lord's Supper, he said, "He thanked God that he was not the judge of his fellow-men." We maintain that in the proclamation of the Gospel the same truth holds good. We declare it, according to our little insight into it, and with the ability the Lord may vouchsafe. We testify what the Gospel is, who need it, and for whom it is designed; and then leave it for the Holy Ghost to bring it home to whomsoever He will, whosoever He will, and wheresoever He will.

Now, in proof of how little we know, as Ministers or Editors, for whom or where or when the Lord intends or applies His word, since we sat down to our writing this evening, a former member of our congregation called from a distant town; and, in the course of conversation, testified to the fact of how the preached word had been applied to sundry persons known to himself whom we had never known, nor had we the slightest conception of the word being so applied. One had been in captivity until the eleventh hour, when the Lord graciously broke in, she triumphantly exclaiming, "He's come!" and soon after sweetly slept in Jesus.

Mr. PHILPOT's Memoir contains a letter written by himself to Mr. TIPTAFT, at the time the latter contemplated leaving the Church of England, which we would gladly transfer to these pages, had we space. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. PHILPOT should himself have afterwards taken the step about which he so strongly remonstrated with his friend and brother.

Beeton's Bible Dictionary: a Cyclopædia of the Truth, and Narratives of the Holy Scriptures. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

A most useful book—one which deserves, and will doubtless secure, a large circulation.

Hours of Communion in a Season of Affliction: being Meditations on Scripture Subjects. By NEIL SMITH, Jun. London: Morgan and Scott.

This work contains some precious reflections, evidently the sweet fruit of sanctified affliction.

A Memorial of the Rev. W. H. Havergal, M.A. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. London: W. Hunt and Co.

A BRIEF record of a precious Pastor. Short as is this Memoir, there is abundance to show how gracious a character he was on earth, who is now

gone to be "for ever with the Lord" above. We understand that there is a probability of an enlarged Memoir being published. We are sure it would be a boon to the Church of God; and, therefore, should gladly hail such a work.

The New Cyclopædia of Illustrative Anecdotes. London: Elliot Stock, Paternoster Row.

JUDGING from this first part, this work promises to be as useful as it is interesting and instructive. It is announced for completion in twelve numbers.

Christian Armour; or, Truth for the Times. London: Shaw and Co.

ANOTHER monthly, adapted for meeting the scepticism of the times, as far as the letter of Scriptural truth is concerned.

The Sower and Little Gleaner retain their position for Gospel truth.

The British Workwoman and *British Juvenile* furnish much material for home-thought and adoption.

The Secret of Life. By H. G. STOKES. London: Simpkin and Co.

A POEM in four parts. Either too deep or too visionary for the general reader.

The Bristol Orphan Houses. London: Morgan and Scott.

A NEW issue of a book that must of necessity be read with interest, as descriptive of one of the marvels of the age.

Words of Ministry; or, Sunday Readings in the Home. By the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK. London: Simpkin and Co.

ONE of Mr. Bullock's happy productions.

The Law from Patmos. By W. PIFFARD. London: Morgan and Chase. A BOOK of special interest in these days.

Songs of Grace and Glory. Edited by the Rev. C. B. SNEPP, LL.B., Rector of Perry Barr, Birmingham. London: Hunt and Co.

PERHAPS the strongest recommendation we can give this volume is a very practical one. When, twelve months since, we had so disastrous a fire in our church, destroying a large proportion of the flooring, seriously damaging the building, and consuming a quantity of books, we remained in a state of indecision about what hymn-book we should adopt. We examined a great number, but could not decide on any one, until a few weeks since "The Songs of Grace and Glory" caught our eye in an advertisement. We sent for a copy; and the result was, our immediate resolve to adopt it. Without exception, it is the best hymn-book we have ever seen. It contains 1,025 hymns—a large number of them our very choicest: "Abba, Father," "A debtor to mercy alone," and such like. The taste of the compiler may be judged by the fact, that his book contains a number of the late JOSEPH LEWIS' hymns, and very precious they are. The book, moreover, has this striking feature: the hymns are given not only precisely in the wording of their authors, but the names of those authors are likewise appended, and the date at which they were written. The indices (of which the larger edition contains six) are most complete. The preparing them must have been an herculean task.

Gospel Truths; or, Old Paths. Oxford: J. O. PEMBREY.

A NEW Magazine advocating old-fashioned Gospel truths, brought out in connexion with those who advocate the "close communion" practised by "Particular Baptists." So says the Editor in his opening address: "We are Baptists and Strict Communists."

The Wiltshire Protestant Beacon still continues of a bold and unflinching advocacy of Protestant principle and privilege.

The Mothers' Friend. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

WE lately selected a piece from this work to read at a large meeting of parents: it was received with the greatest possible interest and enthusiasm.

The Herald of Peace contains startling statistics as to the enormous expense of war, as well as its fearful destructiveness.

Golden Hours.—Very suggestive to the young and inquiring.

The Sunday Magazine has, as usual, some deeply interesting papers from the pen of Dr. Guthrie, as well as other able writers.

The British Workman maintains its character for the boldness and beauty of its illustrations.

The Missionary World opens a marvellous field.

We have received also the *Friendly Visitor*; *Zion's Witness*; the *Protestant Churchman*; *The Voice of Nature to the Invalid*; a Sermon by MR. BRYANT; *Learning to Follow Jesus*; or, *Leonore's Trials* (Hamilton and Co.); *Six Lectures on the Ark of the Covenant*, by the late Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A. (Hamilton and Co.).

Messrs. Yapp and Hawkins have recently issued a number of poetical leaflets (chiefly on religious subjects), by M. J. M., which are well worthy of attention.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

OH, Lord of life, whose ceaseless care
Directs our thoughts and ways;
As Thou hast heard a nation's prayer,
Accept a nation's praise.

Humbly before Thy throne we came
In sorrow's bitter day,
And now we bless Thy worthy name
For shadows passed away.

We pleaded with the King of kings
Our future king to spare;
And borne aloft on angel-wings
Arose a people's prayer.

Fain would our grateful souls prolong
These feeble strains of love,
And raise an "everlasting song"
With angel-choirs above.

But even in our brightest hours
Our high thanksgivings die;
Oh, strengthen, Lord, these failing
powers,
Thy name to glorify.

And still to her who rules our land
Let gracious care be shown:
Oh, make the bounties of Thine hand,
A rainbow round her throne.

So let the Sun of Righteousness
On prince and people shine,
That we with lips and lives may bless
The love that made us Thine. Amen.

THE AUTHOR OF "PSALMS OF LIFE" in *The Rock*.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE prayers offered up for the recovery of the Prince of Wales have been graciously answered. He is gradually regaining strength, and the physicians who so long attended him are able to leave him. We are glad to see that special thanksgivings have been by authority offered up in the churches of our land; and that a special day of thanksgiving is to be set apart, when the Queen will proceed in regal state to St. Paul's Cathedral, publicly to acknowledge God's great mercy.

The defence in the Tichborne trial has commenced with a lengthy speech by the Attorney-General. He argues that the claimant is a base imposter, utterly unlike Roger Tichborne in attainments and character, and completely ignorant of a multitude of facts which Roger Tichborne must certainly have known.

An eminent statesman has passed away—the Earl of Ellenborough. Referring to him, the *Record* says, "His long career as an orator, a statesman, and an administrator has been reviewed by the usual organs of public opinion; and it is already obvious that great as was his reputation for transcendent talents, his place in history will be far higher than that assigned to him while yet mingling in the busy scenes of worldly ambition. This is an instance of human life which induces Solomon to write, 'Vanity of vanities! saith the preacher, all is vanity.'" Lord Ellenborough became Governor-General of India at a most difficult and critical time, just when our troops had met with serious reverses in the Afghan war; but under his able administration those reverses were followed by a series of victorious campaigns, which effectually re-established our authority in India. As an orator he was highly distinguished. Lord Brougham wrote of him, "He was one of the best speakers I ever heard. It was to me one of the highest gratifications to hear him."

We have also to notice the death of an excellent Christian minister—Archdeacon Pratt, of Calcutta. He was a son of the late excellent Josiah Pratt, once Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and afterwards Rector of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street. He graduated at Cambridge as third Wrangler; afterwards became chaplain and friend of Bishop Daniel Wilson; and ministered to that devoted prelate on his death-bed. He was author of several works, one of which is of special value at the present time, viz., "Scripture and Science not at Variance." Respecting this work, Canon Clayton says:—"His book was written, in the first instance, to meet the assertion of the late Professor Baden Powell, that 'all geology is contrary to Scripture.' He found, he says, that so bold a statement was troubling many minds. He therefore set to work to administer an antidote to this 'mischief-working declaration,' and any other similar sentiments which might emanate from the pen or lips of 'scientific or would-be scientific men.' While giving every credit for the facts brought together by modern science, he shows how wrong are oftentimes the conclusions drawn from those facts; and he states how easy, but at the same time how unphilosophical, it is for men quietly to assume the very things which they set themselves to prove. In this new edition [1871] he has incorporated all the most recent objec-

tions urged against the Scripture narrative. The book, which is published by Hatchard, is half as large again as the last edition. It contains 384 pages of excellent matter. It is printed in good type, and the price (3s. 6d.) remains as before. The spirit in which the book is written is a model for all controversial authors. While he is most bold and decided, and feels that he is standing on a rock; while he asserts that the God of nature is the God of the Bible, and that Scripture has nothing to fear, but everything to gain, from the reasonings of true science, he is most lovingly anxious to do good to all those who have been confused or led astray by the illogical assumption of 'science, falsely so called.'"

An important memorandum has been signed by a great many eminent medical men. The purport of this memorandum is to protest against the indiscriminate recommendation of alcohol by medical men to their patients, and to enforce the necessity of strictly limiting the quantities of alcohol prescribed. The memorandum also expresses a strong opinion that the value of alcohol, as an article of diet, has been greatly over-estimated of late years, and offers strong support to any legislative measure tending to diminish the general consumption of alcoholic drinks, and to promote habits of temperance.

The effects of the Infallibility dogma are beginning to be seen even in America. The reports of the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary in the United States assert that a large number of American Roman Catholics have been so affected by this new dogma that they have manifested a desire to enter the Greek Church, which, they say, has preserved the spirit of primitive Christianity in its purity. The leader of the movement is said to be Dr. Bjeoring, an American theologian of Danish descent, who was formerly an ardent preacher of Roman Catholicism. Dr. Bjeoring addressed a letter to Pius IX., protesting against the errors upon which the dogma was founded.

It is curious to notice the description which Romanists give of the present state of things in Rome. The correspondent of the *Tablet* at Rome writes as follows, under the heading "Protestant Aggression" (!):—"Sermons to be given by Gavazzi are advertised everywhere on the walls. We have had a visit here also from Mr. Spurgeon; perhaps to reconnoitre for a future campaign. There are also now to be met in the streets a number of military-looking gentlemen with whiskers and mustachios, who are pointed out as ministers of this or that denomination; and, what is worse, there are ex-monks and ex-priests who have come from various parts of the world, and over whom our Vicariate has now no control. Several Evangelical or Bible establishments have sprung up, though their traffic seems very limited; and occasionally you may meet with a poor individual, whose only means of support would seem to be his pay for hawking little tracts professing to be a proof that S. Peter never came to Rome."

We are at war again, although on a very small scale. It appears that on the north-eastern frontier of our dominions in India live a people called the Looshais. Inside the frontier are some districts which have been lately brought into cultivation by tea planters. The Looshais have repeatedly attacked the British settlements, and killed or carried off British subjects, and so it has become necessary to check them. Late intelligence informs us that our troops are successfully penetrating the enemy's country; but we are sorry that any necessity should have arisen for the expedition.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAUOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 75, }
NEW SERIES. }

MARCH 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,275,
OLD SERIES. }

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. I. 4.

"COMING!"

THE LAST WORD OF A DYING SAINT, WHO SLEPT IN JESUS
ON SATURDAY, FEB. 3, 1872.

WE never remember to have felt the mind more deeply solemnized in the house of God than it was on a recent Sunday morning. On looking around, we saw the weeping members of *four* distinct families who had within the previous few days been bereaved of those most near and dear to them. Immediately before us sat a bereaved husband, with no less than *seven* out of *eight* little children, the eldest being but twelve years of age. Only that day three weeks his beloved wife occupied her seat beside him in that pew, looking the very picture of health. Before that Sabbath week we saw her upon what we believed would—and did prove to—be the bed of death! Scarcely ever was the uncertainty of life more strikingly illustrated than in her case. But three clear days before we thus saw her writhing upon the bed of suffering, we saluted both herself and husband, as they drove to business, full of energy and animation, as she, in particular, was wont to be. That proved to be her last visit to their house of business. She sickened and speedily passed away, whilst her next-door neighbour (of whom we shall presently have to speak) still remained, after being not months merely, but for even years, an intense sufferer! How marvellous are the ways of God! A little in the rear of where this bereaved family sat was another pew occupied by the mourning members of a household, a beloved daughter belonging to which had just been called away. We had long admired her for the meekness, gentleness, and retirement of her character. She was ever ready for every good work, but her services were always rendered in such a quiet, unobtrusive, unostentatious manner, that we could but be struck with it; and, although when we visited her upon her sick-bed, we anticipated a very different result—even her recovery from that sickness—yet we cannot but reflect both

upon her character and her end with the greatest hope and satisfaction. Again, on our right-hand was another mourning family. Of her they had lost we had seen sufficient from time to time to cause us to entertain every hope on her account. As a rule she belonged to another denomination, but occasionally—more particularly of a week-evening—we have seen her under the word, a deeply-attentive listener. For years she had suffered from a frail body and exceedingly nervous, excitable mind. She was (as far as we could judge) of the Martha-school, “careful and troubled about many things.” Residing, as she had done for some years, towards the brow of a somewhat long and steep hill, and being very stout, walking was exceedingly trying to her frail body. Some of us who happen to be similarly constituted, as regards stoutness, can readily enter into her feelings, when shortness of breath and a palpitating heart would seem to indicate instant death! We doubt not that this feeling, together with that over-anxiety about her household to which we just now referred, helped to detain her from the house of God. This, in her last illness, was to her a source of deep regret and the bitterest lamentation. And those who may be disposed to allow little matters (perhaps far less than hers) to deter them from attending the courts of the Lord, may well take heed by her painful sick-and-dying-bed experience in this one particular. It was the oft-repeated expression of our own long-sainted mother: “Children, you can never expect the blessing of God to rest upon any engagement entered upon when the doors of the house of God are open.” By this remark she did not by any means intend to sympathize with those who in our day are resorting to their Ritualistic or Romish Churches for the sake of their formal and heartless so-called prayer-repeatings. What she meant was the availing one’s self of such opportunities as our week-evening—as well as Sabbath—services afford, when and where the truth, in its simplicity and power, is preached. She knew that by this means spiritual health and strength were renewed and invigorated. It is astonishing how soon a spirit of indifference to the public means of grace may gain the mastery over the mind. We have seen those whom scarcely aught was allowed to form a sufficient reason for absenting themselves from the house of God, gradually decline. By little and little they have suffered this and that trifling matter to deter them, until at length they have well-nigh given up going altogether. Now, we hesitate not to say that, where the truth is preached in simplicity and power, if this kind of thing be indulged, not only will leanness of soul speedily follow, but ah, we would not attempt to say, into what state of darkness, distress, doubt, and gloomy forebodings and dismal apprehensions the souls of the once deeply spiritual and most cheerful and hopeful of the Lord’s own children may be plunged. We would, therefore, most earnestly and ardently entreat our readers to beware of trifling with or neglecting the means of grace. Moreover, there is one means of grace that is too readily neglected—yea, the first to be forsaken, if not despised; and that is, the *prayer-meeting*.

Now, God is our Witness that we never remember in any one instance to have regretted going to our Saturday-night prayer-meeting. Many times have we been tempted, on a wet or boisterous night, to forego attending. Certain reading or writing—the quiet and (at that hour) uninterrupted of the study, and a nice fire in contrast to the wind and rain without, have offered strong inducements to remain at home rather than venture abroad; but on these occasions neither in the reading nor the writing have we been able to make any headway. The heart has been *chilled*, if the body has been *warm*. Hence we have raked out the fire, turned off the gas, and sallied forth to meet perhaps not more than half-a-dozen kindred souls at a distance little short of a mile, upon these unpropitious evenings; but, as we before remarked, never do we remember in one single instance, during a period of thirteen years and upwards, regretting having attended the humble, unpretending *prayer-meeting*.

The love for the house of God of her of whom we shall have presently more particularly to speak was indeed most marked; and, when there, she was one of the most attentive hearers we ever remember to have seen. With a sharpened countenance, and a keen hearing, she would seem as it were to devour one's words. In proof of her love for the sanctuary, in one of our last visits to her sick and dying bed, some three or four weeks before she was called home, she said, she had often gone out across the fields when she could scarcely grope her way, and that, too, with a heavy heart, but she would come away, she said, "light as a feather." On one occasion she stumbled over or into a heap of lime, but this failed to divert her from her purpose. To the house of God she was going, and to the house of God she went. Moreover, she said that her heart was so with us at our last midnight meeting, at the close of the one year and commencement of the next, that, notwithstanding her weakness and anguish of body, she left her bed at that midnight hour, and, just a few minutes before twelve o'clock, when she knew the congregation would be engaged in silent prayer for a blessing, she threw open her bedroom door, so that she might cast her eyes down to the church, which was to be seen in the distance, and there, upon bended knee, unite with us in our supplications at the mercy-seat. Precious soul! but a very few weeks at most were appointed to elapse ere she would be a worshipper indeed around that throne, not trammelled as then with a poor, sinful, weak, and suffering body; but, disencumbered and disenthralled, her ransomed spirit would be casting her blood-bought crown at Immanuel's feet, and shouting, "Victory, victory through the blood of the Lamb!"

Oh, reader, dear reader, what a *reality* there is in divine things! On the other hand, what a perfect farce is that—how deceptive and destructive—which absorbs men's minds and engrosses their thoughts and time and attention, if aught connected with and circumscribed by this poor dying world be the sum and substance of their

purposes and pursuits. We are bound to declare, before a heart-searching God, that the longer we live, and the more we contemplate men and things, the more are we astounded, and the more we discover the extreme weakness and deception and folly of those, the one end and object of whose life appears to be the accumulation of that paltry gain, one single iota of which they cannot carry with them. Oh, how those words arrest our ears and appeal to our hearts, as from time to time we read them in sight of the coffin and in presence of the mourners, "Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

Oh, what can be more true than this, and who of us have not seen the extreme folly of these toilers after gain, in that we have again and again seen them cut off as it were in a moment, proving to a demonstration indeed that they have been frittering away their precious time and talents in an effort to obtain that which fails to prolong their lives a single moment, and which only proves at last to have been Satan's crafty means of diverting them from seeking to think of and pray for durable riches and righteousness?

Dear reader, we would earnestly urge you to consider the weighty words of the Apostle where, writing to his son Timothy, he says: "Godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness" (1 Tim. vi. 6—11).

In contrast to the scenes which so reminded us of mortality, to which we just now referred, and under the pressing influence of which we sat down to the writing of this article, we shall not easily forget the thoughts which were awakened in our mind by another scene. Standing for a moment in a bookseller's shop, the principal whispered, as he gazed upon a certain elderly man, "There is one of the richest men in B——." Coming forward, he asked the price of an almanack at which he had been gazing; and, after being informed that it was one penny, he was at much pains to find in his purse a threepenny or fourpenny piece, out of which to pay the penny. He was an old man, stooping from very age, and had, we doubt not, passed his three-score years and ten; and yet at this patriarchal age, and tottering as he was upon the very brink of the grave, money—money—money (as we were informed) seemed to be his one end and object. Again we say, such a course is the very extreme of folly. Men, in the seeking after and endeavour to secure gain, are wont to regard themselves as shrewd and clever, and entitled to the respect, esteem, and good

opinion of their fellow-men ; at the same time, in a spiritual point of view and in the divine estimate of things, men thus occupied and engrossed with time and its baubles are but following an *ignis fatuus*—a mere *will-of-the-wisp*—which (if sovereign grace prevent not) will only lead them on and on and on to eternal and irremediable destruction. How such men lose sight of and virtually ignore the words of Him who spake as never man spake : “And He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness : for a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. And He spake a parable unto them, saying, The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully : and he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits ? And he said, This will I do : I will pull down my barns, and build greater ; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years ; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee : then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided ? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God” (Luke xii. 15–21). Again, “What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? or what shall he give in exchange for his soul ?”

Perhaps some of our readers may wonder at our writing our first article in this strain ; but can they be surprised when we tell them, that directly opposite the house we occupy, two neighbours living side by side have within a few weeks been called to their great account : the one summoned, after only some three or four days’ illness, and called away from the very midst of business-life ; the other (on the contrary) after months of weakness and debility ? Again, within some few hundred yards, two other neighbours, living likewise side by side, have been summoned hence : the first (as we have before shown) after only some few days’ illness, the other after months and even years of acute suffering. Can you, therefore, wonder, dear readers, at our mind being deeply and solemnly imbued with these things, and especially as sickness and disease prevail in the parish with which we are connected to an extent we never before witnessed ?

But, amid all this, oh, how special are the privileges and how unspeakably blessed the condition and estate of the dear children of God ! They have in reality naught to fear as to *safety*, “their lives are hid with Christ in God, and, when He who is their life shall appear, then shall they also appear with Him in glory.” Nothing can in the leastwise affect their security, or interfere with or militate against their privileges and blessedness. True it is that their present condition may be one of privation and suffering ; one which indeed calls for the exercise of faith and patience. Nevertheless, it is but the old beaten track to the kingdom. Their position and circumstances do but ratify and confirm the testimony, “He hath chosen you in the furnace of affliction ;” and “It is through much tribulation ye

must enter the kingdom." But the mercy is that their very circumstances and their very tribulation are but the means which the Lord Himself sees fit to employ for the accomplishment of His own work in the hearts of His people, and the furthering of His own wise and loving and gracious purposes with respect to them. And, let their present state or condition be what it may, it will only sooner or later lead to their personal participation in the fulness and blessedness of the declaration: "We know that all things work together for good to them who love God, and who are the called according to His purpose."

But we must not too greatly extend our paper, and, therefore, we shall now come to the case of her of whom we before spoke. For more than twelve years we have known her as being one of the most earnest and devoted seekers after God and godliness we ever met. For nearly one-third of that time she has been labouring under that dreadful disease, cancer; and in regard to which her sufferings at times have been of the most acute and distressing character. Still, we believe we can, with the utmost truth and perfect unreserve, declare we never witnessed in her the veriest impatience, fretfulness, or murmuring. Her whole mind seemed absorbed with a sense of the wondrous grace and mercy of God to her a sinner. She would regard herself as a transgressor of deepest dye, and look upon the mercy manifested to her as of the richest, most sovereign, and astounding nature. Her spirit and tone and manner were most marked, and they are richly present to our mind as we attempt to pen these simple lines. To do full justice to her case, as a wondrous trophy of rich and free and sovereign grace, we never can. We can only touch upon it, and must leave the spiritual reader to imagine the rest. Jesus was her ever-engrossing theme; salvation her meat and her drink. She lived as it were upon the very confines of eternity.

Some two years ago, she was supposed to be near her end, if not in the very article of death. A neighbouring minister was sent for. Upon his arrival, she revived; and for an hour she talked so as perfectly to amaze him. As attached to another form of Church government, having sat in silence to listen to her testimony for God and truth, he went away, declaring his perfect astonishment at what he had witnessed, never before conceiving, he said, that such truth could be learnt in the Establishment. Again, after a time, another person of a different persuasion—a Plymouth Brother (so called) visited her; and, as she was at the time labouring under a measure of darkness, he remonstrated with her; and intimated that there must be some reason for her being "under a cloud;" that she must have been under bad teaching; that there was no ground whatever for doubts or fears—darkness or distress—to a real believer. Something must be wrong. (Poor deluded man! it was very soon after proved that there was indeed "something wrong"—not, however, with *her*, but with *him*. But here we forbear.) Upon this charge, her whole soul was fired with a godly jealousy; and, weak and suffering as she was,

she raised herself in her bed, and gave her visitor such a testimony of personal experience, coupled with her declaration of faith, as completely to silence him, and speedily induce him to withdraw; nor we believe did he ever attempt to see her again. The mere visionary enthusiast was abashed and confounded before such a student of the heart and such a defender of the truth as it is in Jesus. Although a plain, unlettered woman, there was a weight and dignity with her words, which could not be gainsayed. It must have been evident to the most sceptical or superficial observer, that she spoke as one who had tested and proved for herself the things of which she testified. Moreover, there was a marvellous firmness about her. On one occasion, some months before she died, when her husband and his sister were greatly distressed at witnessing her sufferings, she roused herself in order to encourage them. The tables were completely turned. A mere bystander would have supposed that the sick one and the sympathizers had changed places. They must cease that weeping and lamentation, she said, or must leave the room. She could not have that there, at the same time testifying of the all-sufficiency of God and His divine faithfulness in the time of sickness and trial. We repeat, that we never remember to have been more struck, at the sick and dying bed, than we were with her whole tone and manner. So firm, so decided, and withal so cheerful. Yea, if at the commencement of our visits, she touched upon what she had suffered since last we had seen her, in a minute or so her tone was completely changed; her face would be lighted up with the liveliest smile; and, with warmth of heart and readiness of tongue, she would speak of the love and tenderness and compassion of Jesus, her ever-present and all-sufficient Friend.

When returning home, after a then painful recent bereavement, some four years ago, we met her one day, when she said, "I want to see you, to tell you something to cheer you." We arranged that she should call the following forenoon. She did call at the given hour, and then stated, that she had long taken a deep interest in a certain couple, the husband having met with painful reverses. She had again and again besought him to come to church. He, however, from time to time, made excuses, saying, he had no clothes fit to appear in. "Oh, never mind that," she said: "Mr. D. calls himself 'the poor man's parson;' he won't mind. Ask for my seat; I shall not be ashamed of you." At length it appeared that, one Sunday morning, he left his home as usual to take a walk, when, passing over a certain bridge, he felt as it were spellbound, and could not resist the prompting to turn out of his road down by the river, by the side of which our church stands. When he came opposite the church, the congregation were singing the hymn before the sermon. He halted, not with a view of entering; but, as God would have it, the sexton at the moment happened to go to the door, and, placing his hand upon the poor man's shoulder, he good-naturedly said, "Come in, my son, come in." The kind manner in which he was

thus addressed had such an effect upon him, that he could not resist. He went in and was shown to a seat. In the course of the sermon we quoted a verse from the 53rd of Isaiah, and commented upon it. "Why," said the stranger to himself, "Mr. D. knows all about me; and yet no one can have told him." He was astonished, and sat as it were transfixed. Upon returning home, at the close of the service, he said to his wife, "Where do you think I have been? To church." "Not to Mr. D.'s church?" she said. "Yes, I have," was the reply. "Where is such a text?" he added. The daughter got the Bible, turned to the 53rd of Isaiah, and read it. The dinner was spread upon the table, but not one partook. One wept against the other. "From this time," said the wife, "I trust you are a changed man." A few days afterwards he was seized with severe illness, and had to be taken to the hospital; and there, in a day or two, he died. His wife attended him to the last. She asked him, on one occasion, if he would like to see any one? Would he wish her to send for Mr. D.? "No," was his reply. "*I have Jesus. He died for me. I want no one else.*" It appeared that for a long time he had had a great objection to being buried in what they call a ten-shilling grave, but now he told them that they might bury him anywhere—he had no choice or care about it. The Lord alone knows how refreshing this testimony was at the time from the lips of our now-departed sister in the Lord; and one to us most cheering feature in the case was this, that he sought nothing at the hand of the creature. Poor fallible man was left out of the matter. It was emphatically "Jesus only."

In one of our last interviews with Mrs. F——, she remarked, "Some years ago, when preaching, you said, 'I wonder how many present would be glad to take their seat by the side of poor Mary Magdalene, if she entered this church, and talk with her about the riches of that free and sovereign grace by which she had been saved.' Said I to myself (she continued), 'Here's one that would gladly do so.'" Reader, can *you* say the same? It is a good test, by which to ask ourselves whether our poor proud hearts have been humbled by precious grace and mercy.

In a little note-book we find the following jottings with respect to the departed sister in Jesus:—

Within a few hundred yards of where we are now seated, lies a deeply-taught child of our loving and gracious Father, smitten with that dire disease, *cancer*; but how sweet and how refreshing it is to hear her testify of the Lord's goodness! "Some," said she, in a recent visit, "who are afflicted with this dreadful malady, I am told, even climb up the bedpost, in trying to get a little relief to their agony; but I lie here without disturbing any one, crying to the Lord. And I often think," said she, "if any one outside the door were to hear me talking to Him, they would think I was not right, but that I must be out of my mind." "Ah," thought we, "if ever a poor creature was in their right mind, *you* are!"

Again she said, at our last visit, "Death, death! why, I think nothing of it. I look into the grave, but I have no fear—not the least. What is all this poor world?"—and she waved her hand as she pointed to the lovely prospect which her chamber-window commanded. "What is it all? Why, it's nothing. I often lay here," she continued, "and think, What must heaven be? And oh, when I think of Jesus there, and surrounded by such poor sinners as we! Then, again, when the pains come on—they are so dreadful—I want the Lord to take me. I am afraid I am impatient." We reminded her of the words of Job, which we had, a Sunday or two since, preached from: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." "Yes, I know," she said, "my sister was there, and was weeping nearly the whole time." Speaking of personal experience in past years, we stated, how often we had desired, and even asked, the Lord to take us, but now were most thankful that He had not done so, because we had seen the more of His hand—of His gracious acts—and been able to bear our humble testimony to His Divine faithfulness and all-sufficiency. Then we asked, "Are you not thankful that the Lord did not take you, according to your wish, that thus you may prove a witness for Himself?" She fully fell in with the remarks; and saw, moreover, how important that service to which the Lord's suffering ones are called, according to that Scripture, "Unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to *believe* on Him, but also to *SUFFER* for His sake." Yea, what an all-important service this is; but how apt are the Lord's dear afflicted ones to overlook it! We know of no more effectual service than that of the calm, patient, submissive, resigned falling into the hand of the Lord, with a "Let Him do with me as seemeth Him good;" "Not my will, Lord; but Thine alone be done;" "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Oh, this is service indeed—more telling, more real, more convincing, under God, to the sceptic and the infidel, than all the eloquent harangues and wordy arguments of the public speaker, except where God the Holy Ghost is pleased to render His Word effectual, and "make it the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth."

Visit to Mrs. F.—, June 26th.—Spoke of hearing Mr. Thomas at Mary-le-Port Church. Restlessness and dissatisfaction; a feeling that all was not right. A neighbour calling on her, she spoke somewhat of her fears. Her neighbour remonstrated, "What had *she* ever done that was of any harm?" "Mrs. —," said she "there are but two places—a heaven and a hell. If you are not bad enough for the one place, do you think you are good enough for the other?" The woman, struck with the truth of the remark, remained silent, and made no attempt to reply.

In answer to my inquiry, as to what tended to make her so anxious, and to bring her under such deep convictions for so long a time, she said her heart had so centred in her husband. She looked upon him as a man of such strength and nerve that, having him, she need fear nothing, when it pleased God to lay His hand upon him, and

then she was plunged into the greatest possible distress. She felt as though she had no husband, and not a friend to whom to look. She became intensely miserable. She went from time to time to the house of God, but there seemed nothing for her. At length, after a long time, it was as though a voice said to her, "*Go and tell Jesus.*" So she went upstairs, and she cried, in a way she had never done before, "Lord, help; Lord, save, or I perish!" She said she thought of the two men that went up to the temple to pray, the one a publican and the other a Pharisee; and she felt like that poor publican, who could not so much as cast up his eyes even to heaven, but smote upon his breast and cried, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." Her mind at this time found a little measure of relief, but she said it was months before her burden was quite taken away.

When speaking afterwards of the Lord's privations and sufferings, she said, "Sometimes when I put down the money for the payment of certain things, I say to myself, 'Why, my blessed Lord had to work a miracle in order to pay a penny.'"

With regard to her death she said, "I have but one request, and that is, that you should bury me, and that I may be laid up near the top of the hill. I don't want to be put down in the lower part. It may seem strange, but I don't like the thought of my poor body lying down there in the water."

When we recollected that, at our previous visit, she spoke so strongly of her entire freedom from the fear of death, that she could look into the grave without the least shrinking, we thought the feeling she now expressed was remarkable. It served, however, to convince us that all the Lord's children are tried and troubled in some way or other. Their fears and feelings vary, but all are the subjects of care and anxiety, more or less, and all in order that they may feel their entire dependence upon the Lord, and their ever-constant need of His grace and strength.

When speaking of the Lord's goodness to her in her affliction, she stated that, upon a recent night, her pain was so intense, that she knew not how to bear it. Sleep was entirely gone. She cried to the Lord for help, beseeching Him not to lay more upon her. In her pain and anguish of body, she had got out of bed, and laid down upon the hearth before the fire. When she then cried to the Lord for help, He was so gracious and condescending to her, that she actually fell asleep as she lay there upon the hearth.

At intervals, when the pain had subsided, and she found a little rest and relief, she would sing hymn after hymn, with holy pleasure and delight.

Her love for the house of God was a marked feature in her character. Now in her weakness and prostration, how intensely did she desire, like David and Hezekiah of old, to "go up to the house of the Lord."

On the last Sabbath of her earthly sojourn, prior to her being called hence on the Saturday following, the mind of the dear departed

was for a moment under a cloud. "Do you think that He will leave me?" said she to a friend who frequently visited her. She was assured to the contrary. At that interview she said, it had been mercy from first to last; yea, it was "all mercy." When the same kind friend saw her, two or three days afterwards, she read the 659th hymn from our new hymn-book, entitled "*Songs of Grace and Glory.*" The first verse of that striking hymn reads thus :

" Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home :
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opens His arms, and bids the weary come.
With Him I found a home, a rest Divine;
And I, since then, am His, and He is mine."

She said how completely this verse had been her own experience ; how she had tried to the utmost to find pleasure and satisfaction, in various ways, but all was to no purpose.

It must, we presume, have been when she was in this state of mind, that her husband having heard of, and once or twice attended, our temporary wooden church, urged her to try the ministry. At first (as she afterwards testified to us) there seemed nothing for her ; but the Lord graciously ordered it otherwise afterwards.

Our first interview with the deceased was at the time we were collecting funds for the erection of St. Luke's Church. Among the many who brought in their contributions upon a particular day which had been set apart for the purpose, when one of the churchwardens was sitting with us in the vestry of the temporary building, was a neat but plainly-dressed person, who, as she put her hand into her pocket, and drew forth, as we thought, a handful of silver and half-pence, said, " My husband and I are but poor beggars. We have only been able to get fifteen shillings. Having put down that amount, she went on picking out, as we thought, shilling after shilling, from among the silver and half-pence : this, however, proved to be *ten sovereigns*, which she placed upon the table as their united gift. Never was anything bestowed with less parade. In fact, although possessed but of limited means, and, until her last illness, usually doing the entire household work with her own hands, her one end and aim was to prove that " she was not her own, but bought with a price : " hence she sought to " glorify her Lord both in her body and in her spirit, which were His."

Personally, by her removal we have lost one of the most steadfast and heart-cheering of our congregation.

With reference to her last hours, her devoted sister and so-constant attendant writes :—

" Several days before she departed, I heard her say she was not at all afraid to die. She felt that, when she got to the Jordan, the *life-boat* would be in waiting for her. She was sure her sins were all forgiven her, and Jesus was waiting for her. The last time she called me to her bedside she said, ' I am fast going home to my Father and

your Father, my God and your God.' In about half-an-hour from that time, she pointed upwards and said, 'COMING !' This was the last audible word uttered. For three days before her death there seemed no earthly thing whatever to trouble her ; she named neither relative nor friend after that, seeming only to wish to die in peace. She spoke of everything of her interment in the month of June last, which was carried out to the letter."

Oh ! call it not death—it is life begun,
For the waters are passed, the home is won ;
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore
Where they weep and suffer and sin no more.
She is safe in her Father's house above,
In the place prepared by her Saviour's love.
To depart from a world of sin and strife
And to be with Jesus—yes, this is life.

Oh ! call it not death—'tis a holy sleep,
And the precious dust the Lord doth keep ;
She shall wake again, and how satisfied !
With the likeness of Him for her who died.
As He rose again, she also shall rise
From the quiet bed where now safe she lies ;
Then cheer, ye fond mourners, who sadly weep,
For happy are they who in Jesus sleep.

Oh ! call it not death—'tis a glorious rest,
Yea, saith the Spirit, "for all such are blest ;
They rest from their labours," their work is done,
The goal is attained, the weary race run ;
The battle is fought, the struggle is o'er,
The crown now replaces the cross they bore :
The pilgrimage path shall no more be trod,
"A rest remains to the people of God !"

—*Songs of Grace and Glory.*

St. Luke's, Bedford, Feb. 12, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

THE FIRE UPON THE ALTAR.

True religion is compared to many great and beautiful things in the Word of God, but there is one to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers, which, perhaps, is the grandest of all.

In the 6th chapter of Leviticus, and the 13th verse, we read, "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar ; it shall never go out."

When the first sacrifice was made upon the brazen altar of the Jewish tabernacle, we are told that fire descended from heaven and consumed the offering. From the fire thus miraculously kindled the sacred lamps were lighted, the incense was kindled, and all other necessary fires of the tabernacle.

To use any other fire was to be considered profane ; and in the 10th chapter we read that Nadab and Abihu were devoured by fire because, instead of putting the fire from the altar into their censers, they put strange fire in.

This fire also devoured all the sacrifices, whether yearly, monthly,

weekly, or daily. Every day a lamb was slain and burnt, morning and evening. And such was the care bestowed upon this fire, that it was never permitted to go out.

In heathen temples, which were a corruption of God's temple, the greatest attention was given to keep up the fires; and among the Romans, the vestals, whose business it was to keep them in, were put to death if they allowed the fire to go out.

Let us now try to ascertain what this Jewish fire was a type of. We believe that it shadowed forth true religion, or the work of grace in the human heart—

1. Because it *came from heaven*.

We know that, as naturally we are unable to exist without fire or light, so spiritually we are dead and useless without the fire of true religion. The sun, by its light and warmth, produces innumerable species of natural life; and the Sun of Righteousness, by shining into the human heart, begets a spiritual and holy life. Men, naturally, are dead in trespasses and sins: they are as indifferent to the voice of God as the dead in yonder cemetery would be to our voice if we went and addressed them. Paul, writing to the Ephesian Church, says, "You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." We know that we cannot put warmth into a dead person, or make him see the things by which he is surrounded; so, until this fire from heaven enters into a man's heart and conscience, he has no spiritual life, no pleasure in God's service, and therefore sees no beauty in the Lord Jesus Christ that he should desire Him.

While, however, he is dead to God and spiritual things, he is a lively and willing slave to the prince of darkness, whom he serves cheerfully and constantly.

The great mistake of all ages has been the kindling a strange fire, instead of calling down the divine fire; hence darkness instead of light, sorrow instead of joy, superstition instead of true religion, and destruction instead of salvation.

2. Because it *ascended to heaven*.

Nothing can rise higher than its level. Earthly things, even the very best, continue to be of the earth. Our Lord, who spake as never man spake, declared that "that which is born of the flesh is flesh;" therefore He said we must be born again—we need a spiritual nature that can rise in thought and devotion to God.

All the people of God have this flame of devotion kindled in their hearts, and which, like the fire on the Jewish altar, ever ascends in prayer and praise to the courts of heaven. The new nature thus imparted must rise to its source, just as the needle turns to the pole, or the flower to the sun. Well may our Lord say, "By their fruits you shall know them;" "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit."

3. Because *fire softens and purifies*.

Sin hardens and defiles. We know how hard iron is, and yet the furnace will melt it, and make it so liquid that it can be poured into moulds, and made into all kinds of forms and shapes.

Thus this fire from heaven will soften the hardest heart. It softened the heart of the Philippian jailer who treated the Apostle so severely. It softened Saul of Tarsus, who was so cruel to the early Christians; and it softened the dying thief as he hung on the cross. Has it not also softened your heart and mine, dear reader? If so, can we say with Toplady—

"O might this worthless heart of mine
The Saviour's temple be;
Emptied of every love but Thine,
And shut to all but Thee?"

This fire also purifies as well as softens. It cannot enter the human heart without purifying it. Remember Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ cast seven devils. Was she not cleansed by the entrance of Christ's love? Think of Augustine—that wicked young man for whom his godly mother never ceased to pray for divine light and fire—was he not purified by receiving it into his heart? Then, again, John Bunyan, who ever described himself as the chief of sinners; was he not sanctified by this heavenly fire?

And what a blessed thought it is that this heavenly gift—the fruit of the Redeemer's blood and righteousness—retains its power still to cleanse the vilest sinner, and make him whiter than snow! As dear Cowper writes,—

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransomed Church on earth
Be saved to sin no more."

4 Because *fire warms and gladdens.*

What a cold state is that of the unregenerated! Imagine what it would be if we lived in a world where there was no sun. The absence of sun means darkness and death! And what a wretched state is that of the soul without the light of God! Its faculties are torpid and frozen. It loves darkness rather than light—has no affection for God or heavenly things—and is the most degraded slave that ever existed.

The entrance of God's word giveth light and warmth. Well may the Psalmist write, "He sendeth out His word and melteth them: He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters flow." Just as in nature, so in grace. Until He speaks, all is cold and barren. He says, "Let there be light," and there is light and the accompaniments—warmth and fertility.

True religion, like fire, warms the believer's heart. Well might the disciples say, "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?" Christ's visit to the soul always warms—it cannot be otherwise. Sometimes we feel it in the closet, sometimes in the sanctuary, sometimes in performing the duties of our daily life; but whenever it comes we feel the heavenly beams, and can say with Watts—

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

This holy flame also gladdens the heart. Religion is not a gloomy thing. The truly religious are usually the most cheerful persons. They enjoy a peace and happiness to which the world is a stranger. Well may the Psalmist exclaim, "Happy are the people whose God is the Lord!" For, truly,

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

The experience of the Church in all ages has been that—

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

Think of Paul and Silas singing in the Philippian prison ; their feet fast in the stocks, their backs smarting with the scourging they had received, and the place in which they were—a miserable dark dungeon !

We are told of some of our reformers who were put into Bishop Bonner's coal-hole, and there they sang during the night so heartily that the wicked Bishop could not sleep for their loud praises. Verily, they had meat to eat the world knows nothing of !

How many of the godly martyrs went to the stake with such gladness, that, like Stephen, their countenances became like angels, and gave evident proof that they were able to see the things which are invisible to the carnal eye.

"These are the joys that satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the Spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind."

True religion, like the fire upon the Jewish altar, *must always be kept burning ; it must never go out.*

This is the great distinction between true and false religion—the one is kindled from heaven, and, like the path of the just, shines more and more unto the perfect day ; and the other is a spark of our own kindling, which can never light us through this dark world, or give us any consolation when we are called to pass through the valley of the shadow of death.

What a sweet assurance it is to the timid believer who fears, after all his profession, he may be overcome by sin and temptation, and make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience ! How blessed to know that God has said this Divine light in the human heart shall never go out !

Bunyan tells us that the reason was because, while the enemy tried to extinguish it by water, our Lord kept feeding it with oil, and thus preserved and strengthened this holy fire.

"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete ;
His promise is, Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

But perhaps some one may ask, "Is there no danger of this fire burning so low that scarcely a spark can be seen ?" There is, dear reader, and our Lord warns His followers to watch. If we wish our lamps to burn brightly we must be given to constant prayer and meditation. Nothing but Divine oil, the unction of the Holy Ghost, can cause our light to shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father who is in heaven. If, as believers, we neglect to use the means, viz., daily perusing God's Word, and continual prayer to Him from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, we must not be surprised if leanness creeps into our souls, and we are made to mourn the absence of Him who has declared, "For all these things I will be enquired of by the house of Israel."

Few of us know how much we lose by neglecting to follow the Psalmist's

excellent example, who said, "I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy word."

The truth is, that we do not drink largely at the fountain. Our souls know but little of communion with God. Knowledge abounds, but where is the unction—the power? Is there not cause for us to cry—

"Breathe Thy Spirit, so shall fall
 Unction sweet upon us all;
 Till, by odours scatter'd round,
 Christ Himself be traced and found?"

It shall never go out.—Religion must not be like a dress which we change, but a life which we lead. We must not be religious on the Lord's Day, and irreligious during the week. We must not be professors in the Lord's house, and be destitute of true religion in our homes and our businesses.

True religion is seen in the conduct of David, who said that he called upon God three times a day, and even at midnight arose to give thanks.

It shall never go out.—This fire is of a Divine nature, and will never be seen to perfection till it gets back to heaven, and breathes the atmosphere that suits it best. It is an exotic that feels the chill of this earthly soil, and will never bloom in its heavenly beauty till it returns to celestial soil. But nothing can destroy it. Throughout eternity it will shine as a star to the honour of His praise, who alone is holy.

"Blessed state!—beyond conception—
 Who its vast delights can tell?
 May it be our blissful portion
 With our Saviour there to dwell!"

E. W.

TWO WORLD-EMBRACING EPITAPHS.

GOD writes but one of two epitaphs on any of our tombstones—yes, above each mouldering form in the universe:—

"IN CHRIST," or "OUT OF CHRIST!" i. e., "*without Christ*" (Eph. ii. 12, 13; see also Rom. viii. 1, xvi. 7; 2 Cor. xii. 2; Eph. i. 6, &c.).

"This is the record, that *God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is IN HIS SON. He that hath the Son hath life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life*" (1 John v. 11, 12).

"*As IN ADAM all die, even so IN CHRIST shall all be made alive*" (1 Cor. xv. 22).

"IN CHRIST"—the ever-living—lie,
 As seeds in earth,* the faithful dead;
 And the blest harvest draweth nigh,
 When they shall join their risen Head.
 They do but sleep beneath the sod—
 Their "*lives are hid with Christ IN GOD!*"

But, "*out of Christ,*" corrupting lie,
 As seeds that with no germ are rife;
 All who in the first Adam die;
In him is no immortal life,
 No hope for those beneath the sod
 Who, "*out of Christ,*" are "*WITHOUT GOD!*"

J. E. J.

* John xii. 24; 1 Cor. xv. 35—8.

Dayside Notes.

LISTEN !

"Alleluia : for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—REV. xix. 6.

How sad and sickened at heart the Christian often becomes in consideration of the sinfulness and wickedness by which he is surrounded in his daily contact with the world, and when he thinks of the blessings that a gracious God has long showered upon his beloved country, and the ungrateful return that is being made by multitudes of his fellow-creatures! He exclaims, "Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men!" When he considers, again, of how a bare profession of religion is increasingly taking the place of vital godliness, and of how Christ is dishonoured by the introduction of all manner of false doctrines, he gets into the spirit of the prophet when he cried, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" And he argues, "Surely the Lord must visit for these things? surely He will be avenged of such a nation as this for their ungodliness and vanity? Oh, will He not remove the candlestick out of its place? Will He not withdraw His blessing from our land, and cause England to lose her prestige among the nations of the earth?" But then comes, above the troubled waves of thought upon this matter, a still small voice from the archives of heaven. Listen to it! for it says, "*The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.*" Ah, yes; so He does. He will overrule all for His people's good—He will do all that is right. But then, again, the Christian looks from that which is without to that which is within; and, when he thinks of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and of how often he acts unbecomingly, exhibiting anything but the Spirit of Christ, he is apt to write bitter things against himself—to doubt whether it can be possible that he can lay claim to be a child of God. But there comes, amidst all such agitation, the hush of divine grace, and the Word asks him, "Is anything too hard for the Lord? Is there not all power with Him? What hast thou to fear from the temptations of Satan, while 'the Lord God omnipotent reigneth?'" Then, again, when the Christian reflects upon the difficulties of his pathway, the perplexing things that ever and anon are rising to make him feel, "This journey is too great for me; I shall certainly one day sink by the way, and make shipwreck of faith"—ah! above and over all the details, drudgery, and difficulties of his life, there stands out, in the clear sky of God's unchanging faithfulness, this writing of truth: "*The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.*" He is ruling all, appointing all and will bring through all; for, as He is omnipotent to save, so He is omnipotent to succour and support by the way, as well as to secure the promised home and rest.

"Tis His to charm the burden from the soul, and give
The tears that solace and the hopes that live."

But, again, how sad are the bereavements we have to encounter by the way! A dear one is laid low upon the bed of suffering; we cry in our agony, "We cannot part with that one; life will be a burden and a blank

without that loved companion of our days. Oh, spare! oh, restore!" But it does not please the Lord to hear our prayers; it is a sickness unto death. Every human help is sought and given, but all in vain; and the desire of our eyes sinks before us, and passes away. We follow the dear remains to the grave; we look with tearful gaze upon the familiar name upon the coffin-plate; we think we shall never be happy again. And yet, amidst all the gloom and sinkings of heart that accompany such a sorrow, oh, listen! for there is still the sweet voice of divine truth reminding the bereaved one that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth;" that "Jesus abides when all else fails." As a dear saint, a few days before his death, said to a friend who was with him, "It is all right; the covenant is sure."

The preciousness, then, of this declaration is especially felt in connexion with the burdens and trials of the way; and it is sweet and consoling to look up and feel, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Burdens there will be of various kinds—some the result of the curse, which has brought upon the body disease, decay, and death, very often reminding us that we are of the earth, earthy; at other times the burden of conscious guilt on account of sin. It is this that made Isaiah say, "Woe is me! I am a man of unclean lips;" and Job declare, "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes;" and Peter cry, "Depart from me, O God, for I am a guilty man." Then, again, there is the burden of spiritual desertion. The Lord has sweetly manifested Himself as He doth not unto the world; the communications of His love have been precious and felt; union has been realized and enjoyed: but there comes a darkness and deadness over the soul, and we lose the sense of the sweetness of Jesus, and are sad. A very heavy trial this to the child of God who has had sweet views of his dear Lord. Well, now, at all such times—be the burden what it may—listen!—"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth," and "earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot bear." Sometimes, it is true, the Lord will even add to them, for He has gracious ends to accomplish; but, even if it please Him so to do, He has promised to give grace sufficient to bear it. There is no storm we have to encounter on the voyage home, but there is a refuge provided; no fire we have to pass through, but the Lord will prevent from destroying us; no waves that will be sufficiently powerful to engulf us, for underneath are His everlasting arms; no burden to bear but what under it we are encouraged to lay hold of omnipotent strength; and, though there may be much that we meet with hard to bear and difficult to understand, yet He is saying to us, "What I do now, thou knowest not, but thou shalt know hereafter." It will be all cleared up by-and-bye. 'Tis ours to believe in His unerring wisdom, and cast our every care upon Him.

"O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on Thee;
If we from self could rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best!"

But, beloved, the declaration we are considering will be increasingly precious if we trace it as referring to the *person and power of the Lord Jesus Christ*, for He is verily the Omnipotent One who reigns and rules over all;

and that such is the true meaning of the assertion is evident from the context: "The much people in heaven" are described as with one voice saying, "Alleluia; Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God." Now, as salvation is of the Lord Christ, glory and honour are ascribed to Him; and, as God has ordained Him to be the Judge of the quick and dead, He is described as carrying out His power in the condemnation of "the great whore which did corrupt with her fornication." This, and all that follows, will show that it is Jesus who is the theme of the anthem of the redeemed; whom they describe as "the Lord God omnipotent who reigneth." And it is well to point expressly to this fact, because there is a so-called "worshipping God" prevalent, which is only the expression of the natural feelings, but which is put to the score of religion, while, at the same time, the heart may be estranged from, and at enmity with, Christ. God will never own any worship that does not centre in Jesus, and anything that tends to undervalue Him is wrong, call it by what name we will. So that we do not hesitate to affirm that there is brought out here *the omnipotency of Christ*.

We love to think of how He displayed His power when "veiled in the flesh." Who but the Omnipotent One could turn "water into wine," raise the dead to life, cast out devils, heal all manner of diseases, walk upon the sea, still the tempest, and do a number more of God-like acts? Jesus has ever proved Himself to be great in power and majesty, doing wonders; and so, also, when we come to spiritual matters, He is "*omnipotent to save*," for He is as powerful and able to save the soul as He is to calm the boisterous elements, or call the dead to life. How sweetly does the Psalmist set this forth!—"The Lord looseth the prisoners: the Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous: the Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord." Nor can frames and feelings interfere with the work of omnipotency. We sometimes in our depression think, "Surely they must!" But not at all: "the covenant is ordered in all things and sure," and the great thing for us to do is to search out what is ordained and promised, and then leave the Almighty strength of Christ to perform, without a fear or a doubt about the issue. And then, as well as the person, power, and omnipotency of our dear Redeemer, there is brought out in this declaration HIS EXCELLENCY AND GLORY. This we may trace in *His oneness with the Father*. "I and my Father are one," as He Himself declared.

"Whate'er His Father hath He claims,
His honours, attributes, and names."

And He is "*The brightness of His glory*." Sweet fact! He has the same glorious nature and perfections, and is called "the Lord of Glory." And, as it is the ray of the sun that warms and brightens all natural life, so it is the brightness of the Father's glory centered in and emanating from Christ, and manifested within the soul of His redeemed, that produces life, light, growth, grace, and glory.

"All power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are seen in our Immanuel's face;
All glorious in the Father's view,
The brightness of His glory too."

And the Apostle goes on to describe Him "*as the EXPRESS image of His*

person," which clearly denotes equality; for, if the Father is God, Christ must be so too: and if He is a person, His Son must be so likewise, or He cannot be the express image and character of Him. And then it is said, "He upholdeth all things by the power of His word;" not merely bearing up all the pillars of the earth, but bearing up the poor and needy of His flock; great in power, yet that greatness, mingled with grace, brought down to His people's need—the weakest being as much the objects of His care as the strongest; yea, more, for the greater the need, the more does He proportion His strength. And then we are told that, "when He had purged our sins, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

"When He had purged our sins."—And what could do this but the blood of Christ? Their blackness and vileness would show up through whatever else was applied; but His blood has obliterated them entirely. "This is the blood of the New Testament, which God hath enjoined unto you." And when He had done all this, He sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Shall we not, then, say, it is Jesus who is described as "the Lord God omnipotent who reigneth?" But, again, Christ's excellency is seen

In His mediatorial work.—"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye to the heart to Jerusalem, say unto her that her warfare is accomplished;" not that it is only half finished—that Christ has done His part, and now it rests with the creature to do his—no, no—her warfare is *accomplished*, the work is perfected—no failure nor flaw—and now He stands within the veil as *the Mediator* in virtue of His atonement—the only One between God and the sinner—*our spiritual Moses*, representing in Himself all His elect before the Father's throne—*our spiritual Aaron*, who, standing between the dead and the living, has caused the plague of sin to be stayed, and His people to become cleansed, pardoned, sanctified, accepted, and saved—and *our spiritual Melchizedek*, who has brought forth the bread of eternal life, and the wine of the Gospel, pouring out blessings from above upon His regenerated family. But, again, behold the excellency of Christ

In His spotless purity.—*Spotless!* The only one that ever was so is Jesus; hence He said to the poor guilty woman, "Where are thine accusers?" And to them He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." But could there be found one to do so? Oh, no! "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Jesus was the only One who could have cast the stone at her; instead of which, the Spotless One was the sinner's best Friend, and His hand was ready to lift her up, and His voice to utter those sweet words, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." And how remarkable that this spotless perfection He imparts to His bride, the Church; so that, looking upon her in the tenderness of love, He says, "Thou art all fair, my love; comely through the comeliness which I have put upon thee:" and He declares that He will present her to the Father "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." "O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! who hast set Thy glory above the heavens."

"On yonder high eternal throne,
Where dwells th' infinite Three in One;
Jehovah-Jesus holds His seat,
And worlds lie prostrate at His feet."

Nor would we overlook the fact that the excellency of our adorable Saviour shines forth with radiant sweetness

In the fulness of His grace and truth.—"And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us : and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth;" so full that the Christian cannot be brought to any position of felt need, but there is the grace suited to the need. Does he say, "I am helpless in this matter ; it fairly beats and baffles me?"—*supporting grace* is granted. Is he downcast on account of surrounding circumstances?—*upholding grace* is given. Is he cold and lifeless in connexion with divine experience?—"melting grace" flows into the soul, bringing with it the sunshine of Jesu's presence. Does temptation present itself, and Satan take advantage of a weak moment?—*resisting grace* is mercifully at hand, keeping him from dishonouring his God and tarnishing his Christian character. Is it some sore bereavement that makes his heart sad?—*consoling grace* sweetly bids him look up and think that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Is he brought by death near the eternal shore?—there is *dying grace* to suit the dying time ; and so will he find that Jesus, his covenant Head, is full of grace, and well may it, in its application, be called "grace upon grace." So, again, how precious is this other expression : Jesus is "FULL OF TRUTH," for He is the Truth. Paul may be bound as a minister of the Lord, but the Word is not bound ; and even Christ's faithful messengers may be few and far between in the present day, but Christ is still the Truth. Circumstances and conditions may alter, but He remains. We may be straitened in ourselves, but the Lord's arm is not shortened that it cannot save. Ah ! there are times when we feel very dry and sapless, but again grace comes, and, through the divine influence of the Holy Spirit, the truth is unfolded. "He openeth the rock, and the waters gush out : they run in the dry places like a river." Nothing can keep down those precious flowings from the Fountain Head, Jesus. And then, once more, the excellency of Christ may be viewed

In His exaltation.—"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah ? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength ? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save." And, responding to this prophecy, the beloved John, in his grand revelation of Jesus in the upper world, beheld Him "as clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and His name is called the Word of God." "A vesture dipped in blood !" How wonderful that this fact should have been set forth in type ages before it was fulfilled ! Aaron the high priest was to kill the goat of the sin-offering that is for the people, and *bring his blood within the vail*, and sprinkle it upon the mercy-seat and before the mercy-seat. Jesus has brought His blood within the vail.

"Now behold your conquering Lord,
With His triumphant train,
Clad in a vesture, dipt in blood,
That flowed when He was slain.

"Exalted on His great white throne,
His blood-stain'd vest He shows ;
He gave His life for you t' atone,
And conquer all your foes."

Thus do we trace the excellency and glory of Jesus in His Oneness with the Father in His mediatorial work perfected and completed for His

Church and people; in His spotless purity in Himself, and imparted to His bride, whereby she is "accepted in the Beloved;" in the fulness of His grace and truth flowing through the Spirit, the Comforter, into the souls of all His elect, and in His exaltation, "God over all, blessed for ever."

Oh that ministers would proclaim these facts more than they do! It does make the spirit of the child of God sad to listen to much of the preaching of the day, which tends to obscure our precious Jesus in the mist of Arminianism, and the doings and duties of the creature; but, when we do meet with a servant of God who sets forth and unfolds the person, power, omnipotency, and excellency of the Lord Jesus, how the heart of the saint leaps for joy, and, enraptured with His beauty, he exclaims, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His. He is the Chiefest among ten thousand and the Altogether Lovely." There is enough in Him to occupy our thoughts through all time, as He will be the theme of our joy through all eternity. "God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name;" and unworthy are the pastors of their calling who do not extol Him too. When the heart is truly influenced by vital godliness, the uppermost desire will be to honour Christ. And this reminds us of one more fact in connexion with this subject, namely, that the glory and excellency of Christ is being celebrated by the redeemed above, who are ever singing with a loud voice, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

Oh! to catch, while remaining on earth, the joy-notes of heaven, and mingle our praises with the anthems of the redeemed, ascribing all the glory of our salvation to the Lamb once slain, but now the Lord of glory, who is clothed with majesty and strength!

In conclusion, then, beloved, we have thus desired to hang upon the precious declaration of heaven's joyous ones, that "the Lord God omnipotent reigneth," viewing it as a blessed source of consolation under all the circumstances of this our time-state. There may be much, very much, going on round about us that makes us tremble concerning our beloved country. There may be too much in connexion with the difficulties and trials of the way very perplexing and trying to flesh and blood; but, in the midst of all such exercises, Faith can look up and say, "What have I to fear? My Jesus lives, reigns, and rules. There is none like unto Thee, O Lord: Thou art great, and Thy name is great." Listen, then, to it, trembling one; mark, learn, and inwardly digest it in all its bearings—let the pressure by the way be what it may—"The Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

That declaration, verified as it is by covenant love, grace, mercy, and faithfulness, will do to live by, and to die by: cling to it, and take the abounding consolation of it as your own. By-and-by, in His appointed time, angelic spirits will bear thee up into the presence of the King of kings and Lord of lords, and then you will join the glorified songsters of heaven in this their unceasing anthem—

"Alleluia! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Pilgrim Papers.

THE STRAYED SHEEP.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The ministry of God the Spirit—what a glorious gift this is to the Church redeemed to God out of every kindred, tongue, people, and nation! Without this ministry in me, Jesus is no Jesus Christ to me; and all the knowledge which I may think I have of Him is only knowing Him after the flesh; for no man can say, spiritually and experimentally, that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. Oh, what a precious, invincible, sovereign, indulgent Teacher He is! How, in our pilgrimage, He takes and uses events and circumstances through which we are made to pass, to unfold and teach us heavenly lessons, to warm our affections, enlarge our hearts, cheer our spirits, fill our souls with wonder, and our mouth with praise!

It is sweet to me to trace the Lord's footsteps and the work of His hands in the various providential events that He leads me through, and makes to pass before me from day to day. I say, "Lord, make me watchful, that things may not slip by, insignificant as those things may, for the moment, appear! Oh, make me to be and do as Thou hast said, 'Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord.'" If the unction of the Holy One is in and upon us, we shall see the lovingkindness of the Lord in everything. None of the Lord's providential dealings and leadings are barren or unfruitful. Oh, no; there is a world of lovingkindness to be seen at times, even when we change our route, in a journey, from a road to walk over the fields, which will be seen in the following narrative:—

Some months gone by, I was walking to Downend; the day being very hot, and the road very dusty, I turned into the fields to escape the dust. I had not walked far before I came to a corner: there I found a solitary sheep. I halted and looked round to see where and how many companions he had, but, to my surprise, I found he was alone, and I wondered at this, because I knew that sheep feed, and love to feed, in flocks. In a field, some distance before me, I saw a great quantity of sheep feeding, and I thought the sheep that was in the field with me had strayed from them through some breach in the fence, and was so foolish that he could not find that breach to return to the pasture and company which he had left in his wandering. "Ah," I thought, "there is something like wisdom in swine; for, when they have wandered, they can find their way home again, and the breach through which they passed when they began to wander. But it is not so with this poor foolish sheep, for he will wander further and further astray; indeed, he would continue an endless wanderer if the shepherd, proprietor, or some kind friend did not restore him. Ah, what a striking picture this is of myself, and of all the Lord's sheep!" One of these sheep, feeling his lost condition, we hear him mourning in his wanderings, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek Thy servant." To feel ourselves lost is a painful load; and shame and sorrow, arising from a sense of our having gone astray, adds to the crushing load: yet it is blessed to feel this, for, when it is felt, there is in our souls infallible evidence that the Lord Jesus is fulfilling in us the relations He sustains to

us, and the gracious promises He has made : " I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away."

The field where I was walking was long and narrow, and the path was in the middle of it, and the poor wandering sheep ran before me ; no doubt filled with fear. I said, " Poor wanderer, don't be afraid ; I am not an enemy, I will not hurt you, but rather, if I can, I will restore you to your companions." But all my efforts to find the means of passing the poor sheep into the adjoining field were ineffectual. When I came near to the end of the field, I saw there was a rude stile in the fence, at which, when the sheep came to it, he paused for a little time ; but, when he looked behind him and saw me coming towards him, he turned his head and took a leap, but could not clear the top bar, but fell upon it, and there he hung. I was sorry to see him in that plight, therefore I ran to help him over ; but this caused him to strive more earnestly, and he fell on the other side of the stile into the adjoining field. " Poor thing," I thought, " how you must, by your foolishness, have hurt yourself!" But he soon gathered himself up, and sounded the key-note, which was heard by a quantity of sheep that had been hidden from me by a ridge at the top of the field. And these sheep ran towards the place from which the sound proceeded, and the poor wanderer ran towards them ; but, when he drew near to them, he halted and looked upon them as if suspicious that he should not meet a welcome, and they looked upon him as though he was an intruder. What I saw was new and strange to me, therefore I waited the issue of what I was looking upon.

By and by there was a silent deliberate movement of the whole flock, and, as if obeying some word of command, they ranged themselves shoulder to shoulder round this stranger, and in the middle of the ring stood this new-comer, upon whom the eyes of the whole flock rested. I thought they intended to abuse him as an intruder, and I said to myself, " If you dare to push him with your horns, I will let you know that there is a friend here who is watching your movements, and he will stand up for his help, and deliver him." But nothing was done for some minutes. There he stood in the middle of them, under their eye ; and I sat upon the stile, wondering at what I saw, and waiting to start to my feet, if it was needful, to help the poor wanderer.

After a time there was a movement in the ring, and one of the old sheep, as I judged him to be, left the ring, and walked deliberately towards the stranger ; but, instead of striking him, as I expected, he stood and looked upon him, and then he smelt different parts of his body ; afterwards he turned away, and took his stand on the outside of the ring, and there he waited looking on. Then the next sheep in the ring walked in the same deliberate manner as the first had done, and, when he came to the stranger, he looked upon him and smelt him, and then he withdrew and took his stand by the side of the first.

In this way they continued to move until all had done as the first had done, and, being a large flock, it took them a considerable time to go through the ceremony ; and, when the examination was ended, and all were satisfied, they spread themselves in the field and began to crop the grass and feed together.

When I turned to leave the field I looked upon the sheep, and thought about the flock—that beautiful flock which was given by God the Father to Christ Jesus. And I said, " Glad am I that I came over these fields

to-day ;" but I little thought the Holy Ghost intended that I should turn over these fields, and that He would preach to me, by those sheep, such a solemn sermon, and by them have presented to me a living lively pattern of how matters have been, and ought to be, managed, in receiving into the fellowship of saints. "Lay hands suddenly on no man," is the caution of the wisdom that cometh from above ; and to deviate from this rule generally brings grief.

At a time, humanly speaking, when one might have expected that to swell the number of disciples, their number being then small in the days of the apostles, that if any person had presented him or herself to be joined with the disciples, they would gladly have received them ; but it was not so, as we may read in the Acts ; for, when Saul came to Jerusalem, he essayed to join himself with the disciples ; but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. Then Barnabas brought Saul to the apostles, pleaded his cause, testifying that he had seen the Lord, and the Lord had spoken to him, and that he had spoken boldly in the name of the Lord. To remove their suspicious fears, the disciples wanted then what we want now, the same mystically that Isaac demanded literally when Jacob came before him for the blessing in the name of Esau ; for Isaac said, "Come near me, that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son Esau or not." And when Jacob drew near, and Isaac had felt him, and smelt his raiment, he said, "See, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

Ah, it is nearness, feeling, and smelling, that is necessary to remove fears, and satisfy as to who and what the man is, who wants to be received as a disciple of Jesus, and a suitable companion of, and to, the household of faith. How blessed it is to have the gift of spiritual senses exercised to discern the good and the evil, by feeling and smelling ! for it is in this way, and only in this way, that a real disciple is distinguished from a counterfeit. Let the feeling and smelling be shut out, and there is sure to be an error committed, and a doing, as the Lord hath said Ephraim did, "Mixing among the people a cake not turned."

Come near, and let me feel whether you, who talk so glibly, are what you profess to be ; for, if the spirit of sonship is professed in communion, there will be a spiritual concord, not only in melody, but in rich harmony, —not in sound alone, but in feeling substantially. When a son is speaking, we know he is a son, not by his words, but because of those feelings which we have in our own souls, produced by the same spirit of sonship ; like Elizabeth, when she heard the salutation of Mary. It is said, "The babe leaped in the womb," and she felt and confessed this. And so it is now ; when a son speaks, the spirit of the son, recognizing and responding in the soul of the hearer, leaps with joy.

And so it is also with smelling and tasting. Oh, there is a honey sweetness in communion with living souls, as Solomon hath said, "Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart : so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel," or by heart counsel. This is the standard to measure by, and the touchstone by which I ought to try all who profess to be strangers and pilgrims, travelling with me heavenward ; for these are they, and only these shall I find to be helpers of my faith and joy in the Holy Ghost.

THE OLD PILGRIM.

HEAVENLY-MINDEDNESS is the special work of the Spirit.

THE CAST DOWN SUPPORTED.

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance."
—PSALM xlii. 5.

THERE were many that said of him there was no hope for him in God. It seems that his hopes of being king were all gone; he was a fugitive and an outcast; he could no longer take part in the services of the sanctuary; he was not gladdened by the presence of those that kept holy-day, and his enemies taunted him, saying, Where is now thy God? His soul was cast down within him, and his tears were his meat day and night. We will notice—

- I. The question asked.
- II. His support in trouble.
- III. The revival of his confidence.

We may remark, by the way, that in the 1836 edition of the Bible Society, it is rendered "heart," the seat of life and the affections. In a later edition, as also in the Dutch annotations, it is translated "hart or hind," the female of the stag, and the warranting to do so is conclusive, the same Hebrew word being used in Joel for "beasts of the field generally." This latter rendering is, doubtless, the correct one, from its analogy with David's flight from Saul, like the hart or hind, fleeing from the hunters. There is something peculiar in the instincts of this animal. It is, as though it understood the gradients of the earth, and that ground always gradually sloped towards the lower levels, in which the rivers are sure to be found. It naturally takes this course, when pursued, to cool its heat, lave its sides, and quench its thirst. It is just so with the troubled soul: it seeks unto God, it feels that He is the only refuge, and that safety is only to be found in Him.

The causes of the soul's down casting are numerous. We may notice its feebleness, its proneness to doubt, the burden of guilt, the littleness of its faith, its partial knowledge, its obscure and erroneous views of God's dealings, and its want of establishment. We find Jonah fainting outside Nineveh from the loss of creature comfort; Elijah, under the juniper tree, through Ahab's persecution; Gideon's army, by long abstinence and hard travail and conflict; and Israel, because he conceived his way was hid from the Lord, and his judgment passed over from his God. The people in the wilderness fainted by reason of the difficulties they encountered, and the great Apostle of the Gentiles says, "without were fighting, and within were fears," and though not destroyed, certainly cast down. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and believers have not only troubles peculiar to themselves, but also those to which all are liable. Thus it is that temporal griefs, the lack of spiritual consolation, the power of unbelief, and hard thoughts of God, are prolific sources of disquietude to the soul. Though many are the afflictions of the righteous, yet it is equally true that much comfort is destroyed for lack of knowledge. It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace, that we have right views of God, that we understand the mode of His divine government, and are assured that nothing can, by any possibility, be against; but that, on the contrary, all things are for the elect's sake, that the abundant grace might, through the thanksgiving of many, redound to the glory of God. It is well to remember that there cannot be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it, that God creates light and creates darkness, and that

whether it be as King, Captain, or Physician, a just rule, a certain victory and assured recovery will be the issue. It is only too true that the soul is continually cast down and that its disquietudes are many. We have not yet learned to stand perfect and complete in all the will of God. We desire to know the end and to be assured it will be prosperous. We think more of deliverance out of than support under, and good gained by, the trouble. Yet, by taking thought we cannot add a cubit to our stature, and we are assured that of however little value a sparrow may be, it shall not fall to the ground without the knowledge of our heavenly Father.

II. *His support in trouble*—"Hope thou in God."—There is everything to encourage us to hope in God: He is a covenant-keeping God, His marvels of old exhibit both His will and power to deliver His people. His character as an unchangeable God, His relation to His people as a Father, His promise to supply all their needs, and deliver them out of every trouble, and last, though not least, in the gift of His dear Son. For if He gave the greater, surely He will give the smaller mercies, and He has promised to freely give us all things. This Paul well knew and expressed, "He hath delivered, He doth deliver, in whom we trust, that He will yet deliver us."

He is the God of hope: He begets and maintains it, and sometimes makes it to abound by the power of the Holy Ghost. He leads us into deep waters where we cannot swim, that we may trust in Him; He brings us into furnaces that would consume us, but for His presence and power; and He makes "crooked things straight, and rough places plain."

Hope that is seen is not hope; it is an anchor, of use only when sight fails, and most useful when out of sight. Paul says that he was obliged to cast anchor and wish, or hope, for the day. It is an exercise of the soul: to train it to live upon the Divine faithfulness, and to commit all to God; that, in the end, we may be saved by hope. God discovers Himself more graciously and fully to souls in trouble, that their belief in His mercy, goodness, and truth may be increased and strengthened by these discoveries. Our present exercises are to serve as an occasion for the future; for, if we have run with footmen and they have wearied us, what shall we do in the swellings of Jordan?

He had no other refuge than the Rock that was higher than he. It is as though he should say, "Saul is unfaithful, Joab is a sorry confidence, Samuel has only ministered to my disappointment, and Jonathan is not able to carry out his good wishes. I was vain in my ambition, and I shall be the laughing-stock of my enemies, a trouble to my friends, and the rebukes of my brethren are only too well deserved. It must, indeed, have been my pride that urged me to go down to see the battle, and the slaying of Goliath an accident or chance. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? hope thou in God,' there is goodness, compassion, and faithfulness in Him, and all other refuges fail me." He speaks, in one place, of God being a refuge for the destitute; and so he now found Him to be, and a refuge for the oppressed in times of trouble; while those that know His name will put their trust in Him. "Hope thou in God."

III. *The revival of his confidence*.—The vision might not speak so soon as he desired; it might be a dark, dreary, and long night, but it would certainly be succeeded by a bright morning. He says, "'I shall yet praise Him.' God will appear for my deliverance. He will lift upon me the

light of His countenance," and this was more to David than thousands of gold and silver.

Gradually rising in confidence, he was persuaded that God, who had shown Him great and sore troubles, would quicken him again, increasing his greatness, and comfort him on every side. Thus "David encouraged himself in the Lord." He remembered Him from Mizar and Hermon, and was assured that if he were hunted to the extreme borders of Israel, if he sank in deep waters where there was no standing, if deep called to deep, and all God's waves and billows rolled over him, that he should yet praise God. He was sure that God would command, for him, His loving-kindness in the day-time; and that, in the help of God's countenance, his own countenance would be full of health. His castings down and disquietudes would vanish, his strength would be renewed like the eagle's, and he would have to call on all sorts and conditions of people, both high and low, and rich and poor together, to exalt God's holy name for His delivering favour.

Lastly. "Who is my God?" he says. This is a buckler indeed, that is proof against every dart from earth or hell. This is a wondrous support in sorest trials, in greatest straits; and nothing is so effectual as this to subdue the murmurings of the heart and make it lie passive in the hand of God. He says in another place, "Unless Thou hadst been my Hope, I had long dwelt in silence. But—

"How can I sink with such a prop
That holds the world and all things up?"

Yes, God would appear; he should yet praise Him; He was his God—and then—

"In darkest shades, if He appear,
Our dawning is begun;
He is our soul's bright Morning Star,
And He our Rising Sun."

Birmingham.

W. HUNT.

CALLING UPON DEAD SINNERS TO LIVE.

If there be one thing we dislike more than another it is controversy upon religious subjects, and we are thankful that having now written for the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for upwards of twenty-five years, we have, in the spirit of our beloved Editor, kept tolerably clear of it. Willingly would we do so now, did we not feel that we shall be expected to reply to the letter of "An Old Reader of the Magazine," which appears in the February number now to hand. In the opening of that letter it will be seen that our dear brother has quoted an assertion we made upon one point, and made it reply to an assertion upon another point, thus:—

"It is useless to call upon dead sinners *to live and come to Christ.*"

Reply. Peter called upon Simon a dead sinner to *repent and pray.*

Passing by the unfairness of such a method of discussion, and not needing to dwell upon repentance and prayer, which we have so recently enlarged upon, we will come at once to the former point, "*the uselessness of calling upon dead sinners to live and come to Christ.*" In order to show that dead sinners can live and come to Christ through the invitations of the preacher, our brother states:—

I. Every creature is by nature dead in trespasses and sins. We reply, Who disputes it?

II. Therefore when the Gospel comes for the first time it must find him a dead sinner. Of course, it must. But the Gospel coming to a sinner is just our point; while the sinner coming to the Gospel is our brother's position.

III. Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; the whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Just so. Christ came to call sinners; and when He calls it will be with the voice of a King, and Lazarus shall come forth at that call, though he be bound hand and foot in the graveclothes of unregeneracy.

IV. Who dare affirm that the invitations do not form a part of the Gospel to be preached to every creature? *We dare* affirm that invitations which it is impossible for a dead man to accept is not the Gospel, which is good news to perishing sinners. And then our brother asserts, "His Word is 'a fire and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces,' but according to G. C.'s view it is not to be used on rocky hearts, but only on living ones." I must say I felt an indignation of spirit rise when reading this statement, one so contrary to the teaching of "the Wayside Note Writer."

I will defy "An Old Reader" or anyone else to find a single sentence in any of my writings which shall show that "according to G. C.'s view the Word is not to be used as a fire and a hammer, to break in pieces the rocky heart;" on the contrary, again and again have I asserted it has broken mine, and I only hope it may shiver to pieces all the freewill notions which are held by "An Old Reader." And then our brother, to prove, as he thinks, his point, says, "The vision of dry bones explains the matter: 'O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord;'" and there he stops. But the word runs thus: "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones; Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live. So I prophesied," &c. And while he prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together. What, of themselves? Oh, no. Who produced the shaking, and the coming together, the breath, and the life? It was the Lord, as afterwards stated: "Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel." So that our brother may invite the dry bones to come together as long as he pleases, and they will remain dead and dry still; but when God *commands* it will be a very different matter. And then our friend asks, "Could Paul have been of G. C.'s mind when he wrote: 'Wherefore He saith, Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light'?" G. C. is most decidedly of the Apostle's mind; for it is not the Apostle calling upon dead sinners to awake. The "*He saith*" is the Lord Jesus Christ, as the context shows; and when "*He saith*" awake, they must awake. So G. C., like the Apostle, would show that the work from first to last must be of the Lord, who is the Alpha and Omega. Then our brother comes out in the true colours of Arminianism, and, among other things, asserts "the invitations to come to Christ are as much the good seed as the promises and the threatenings are." But we must not enlarge.

In conclusion, let us ask, Now is there one living child of God that would affirm, "Yes, I heard the minister say, 'Come to Christ—come now, and you will be saved;'" and so I came, and was saved. It was my

accepting the invitation that was the cause of my salvation." Yea, rather would not the living child of God turn away with disgust from such freewill, and sing with gratitude of heart,—

"Grace first inscribed my name,
In God's eternal book;
'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Wanstead.

G. C.

A JOYFUL SOUND.

ALL sounds are not joyful; but when the blessed Spirit brings home to the soul, with sweet, savoury, and saving power, the dying words of the ever-living and reigning Jesus, "It is finished," this is indeed a joyful sound. The ear that hears this sound is of the Lord. "It is finished," so said the expiring Saviour while hanging on the accursed tree, dying for the ungodly. The words are big with vast importance. He did not say, "It is finishing," but "finished;" showing a great and mighty work was not doing, but done. Some do not like this word "done;" no, they like the word "doing" much better. The writer, for *one*, likes the word "*done*." It was not anyone qualified to accomplish such a work. Angels and men could not have done such a glorious deed. The Lord Jesus Christ, being God and man in one mysterious person, was every way fitted to perform the wonderful work of salvation.

The scheme was formed from eternity, and performed by the eternal Son of God in time. Had eternal love, mercy, and grace anything to do in it? Oh, yes.

"Hail, Sovereign Love that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!"

"Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man."

And a marvellous contrivance it is, admired by all who enjoy a sensible interest therein. To complete the work of salvation, it was needful that the plan formed in eternity should be carried out in time. In order to do so, "God's dear Son" took our nature, was made under the law, born of a virgin at a certain time, and in a certain place, and of a certain person; also that He should undergo certain sufferings from man, Satan, and the justice of God; that He should keep the law, endure its curse, overcome the world, sin, death, and hell; that He should rise from the dead, ascend up on high, and take His seat on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens, as the glorious Victor of His and His people's enemies.

"God, in the person of His Son,
Hath all His other works outdone."

Through finishing the work of salvation the Lord Jesus merited pardon for every sin His people have or ever will commit, strength to support

them, wisdom to direct them, righteousness to clothe them, light to enlighten them, riches to enrich them, beauty to beautify them, love to comfort them, and all-sufficient grace to deliver them out of all the prisons, dens, caves, quagmires, and horrible pits wherein they may be found. This finished work of Christ will bring revenues of glory to "God in the highest;" the blessed fruits and effects of it will ravish the souls of the redeemed, filling them with the purest delight and joy through eternity, as the mystery of this great work and love of Him who finished it are opened to them.

Satan could not prevent the finishing of this glorious work. If he had, no prisons would have been opened, no fetters knocked off, no pardons bestowed, no guilt removed, no eyes opened, no ears unstopped, and no sinners saved. This proclamation of Christ from the cross is enough to make the powers of darkness shake, to raise the sinking and desponding head of the sighing prisoner, to inspire hope in the well-nigh hopeless, and to call forth from the soul of such who know its preciousness through the Holy Spirit: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." Some have been found with things clenched in their hands after death. The sinner who by divine faith grasps this finished work of Christ will have in possession what he cannot lose by dying.

Who did the Lord Jesus Christ perform this finished work for? His people, His sheep—the ungodly, the thirsty, hungry, and those made willing in the day of His power. He did it with a full knowledge that it would not and could not be in vain. This work in vain which had occupied the mind of the Great Eternal Three before time began! This work in vain which was completed by the incarnate God! This work in vain in which is displayed the attributes and perfections of God on a scale so grand! Who believes it? None savingly taught by the ever-blessed Spirit of Truth. This finished work of Christ is one prime theme of the Gospel. There would have been no Gospel to have been preached if this had failed.

How is a sinner to know that Jesus finished this work for him? The character for whom Jesus completed this work is one who feels himself a sinner, a law-breaker; one who is concerned about his soul, and cries, "Lord, save me!" feels guilty, and cries, "O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great;" feels his poor heart at times ready to break, and cries out, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" feels weak, and cries out, "Lord, help me!" feels sin a burden, a cross, a daily plague; is made willing to confess and forsake sin, and creeps aside, sometimes in some corner of the shop, barn, warehouse, wash-house, bedroom, quarry, pit, or field, in order to pour out his sighs and cries unto the Lord. Reader, if thou art such an one, it may be said of thee, "Thou art the man" for whom Jesus said, "It is finished."

Oh, how many eyes were fixed upon the Performer of this finished work! How many obstacles were in His way! How many enemies to oppose Him! How low He had to stoop! How heavy the burden He had to bear! How deep the sea He had to wade through! How keen the sword He was smitten with! How hot the fire this Paschal Lamb was roasted in! What says my soul unto it all? "All hail the power of Jesus' name," &c.

Tetbury.

F. F.

THE SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST.

"Verily I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men, and blasphemies wherewith soever they shall blaspheme: but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation. Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit."—
MARK iii. 28—30.

THIS is a most important subject, for many whose hearts are right often live under a cloud, fearing that they have committed the "sin against the Holy Ghost," when, indeed, it is far from them to do so.

I. What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?

II. Is it a possible sin at the present day?

I. *What is the sin against the Holy Ghost?* I do not think the sin is so much the denying the divinity of Christ as blaspheming against the *Spirit of Christ*, that is, attributing His working to diabolical power and influence, as the scribes said of him, "This fellow doth not cast out devils but by Beelzebub, the prince of the devils;" or, as it is in the passage before us, "Because they said, He hath an unclean spirit." Ignore the Spirit of Christ and there can be no forgiveness, because the Holy Spirit is the channel of communication whereby pardoning love and mercy are conveyed to the sinner. Perhaps we might illustrate it thus: you may have a pipe of good old port in your cellar; but, if you cut off all communication from that store, the wine may be there in all its fulness and fruitiness, but it is of no use to you. So with Christ: "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily,"—mercy, love, grace, and everything; which fulness can only flow through the medium and influence of the Holy Ghost; therefore, blaspheme this power, and attribute it to the agency of the devil, and there can be no salvation, forgiveness, &c. Men may blaspheme against Jesus—nay, many have in the wickedness of their unregenerate hearts—and yet in mercy it has been forgiven them; but against the Holy Ghost "hath never forgiveness."

II. Is it a possible sin at the present day? Undoubtedly. From the refinement of society they may not roughly say, "He hath an unclean spirit," but many tacitly ignore the work of the Spirit, and thereby cannot realize forgiveness on account of sin.

Deduction.—The Christian should honour the person and work of the Holy Spirit more and more, and in all seek His Divine aid and influence.

G. C.

"SO SHALL WE EVER BE WITH THE LORD"

1 THESS. iv. 17.

O THRILLING thought, that I shall be With Him who shed His blood for me, Where nought from Him shall sever; Where I with sainted hosts above, O'ershadowed by the Holy Dove, Shall banquet on His boundless love, And KNOW those words—"for ever."	O thrilling thought, to see Him shine, For evermore to call Him mine, With heaven, ALL heaven, before me! To stand where angel myriads gaze, Amid the illimitable blaze, While He the Godhead full displays To all the sons of glory!
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By the late Rev. W. H. HAYEGAL, M.A.

A USEFUL HINT.

"WHAT does Peter mean by exhorting us to grow in grace?" asks some one. Answer: Growing in grace means nothing more or less than growing in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ—growing more deeply in the knowledge of God's plan of salvation; and the more we thus grow, the more filled with a sense of our own vileness and unworthiness shall we be, and, consequently, the more humble we shall be. The conjunction *and* here, as in many other places in Scripture, might have been better rendered by the word *even*, and then the second clause of this Scripture will explain the first.

"But," say objectors, "is it not written, 'The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day?'" (Prov. iv. 18). Let us examine this *much-abused* passage of Scripture. It does not say that the *just*, or the *justified* one, shines brighter and brighter unto the perfect day . . . but it is the *PATH* of the just, or justified, one that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Now that this cannot mean the *path of providence* is plain, for many of the saints have had a most gloomy path of providence in their old age. It cannot mean the *path of sanctification*, for thousands of saints have openly confessed that they were harassed by a body of sin and death in their declining years. It cannot be the *path of assurance*, for many of God's people have never enjoyed assurance till their last moments. But, if we take the path here alluded to as *CHRIST*, the whole thing is as plain as daylight. Christ calls Himself *the Way*. Oh! blessed be God, this is the key to the difficulty. Yes, Christ shines brighter and brighter—not in sight, but to faith—to the just or justified one, even to the perfect day. The longer a child of God lives, the more glorious, beautiful, and precious doth Christ appear; and thus does the path of the just shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

W. PARKS.

GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

THE February number of this, our family Magazine, contains (see page 108) some strictures upon G. C.'s writings on the subject of preaching invitations; and as "AN OLD READER" has, I think, failed to make out his case, another "Old Reader" will endeavour to answer him.

The first proposition laid down by "An Old Reader" is, that as the Gospel is to be preached to "*every creature*," and invitations form part of that Gospel, such invitations must and ought to be given to men who are dead in trespasses and sins; and, to substantiate this indiscriminate mode of dispensing the ministry of God's Word, he asks, "Does not the vision of dry bones explain the whole matter?"

Now, as I am taught to read God's Word, "the vision of dry bones" (in Ezekiel xxxvii.) does *not* explain the matter either in whole or in part, but just the contrary.

1. It was not "*every creature*" that was addressed, but a certain specified and chosen people, called (in verse 11) "*the whole house of Israel*."

2. There was not a parallel position with that of a man who is "dead" and insensible to God through "the fall." These children of the Mosaic covenant were then in a state of *national deadness* to Israel's God, arising from their inability, and perhaps indisposition, to observe and keep the laws, ordinances, and statutes of His house. They were captives in

Babylon, and as such were cut off from all the privileges and blessings peculiarly appertaining to the Hebrew race. Thus they were "dry, very dry," as the people of God, but not dead, very dead, as the "*every creature*" by whom they were surrounded.

3. The prophet Ezekiel was not commissioned to go into the region round about, but expressly to these particular people; and *that*, not to preach *unto* them, but to "*prophecy upon*" them; and, having so sounded the alarm, which at once supposes their capacity to hear it, Ezekiel does not invite them at all, or even hint at a conditional proposal as forming part of his message: but says, "Thus saith the Lord God unto these dry bones, Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live." Here we have God's "*I will*" and "*Ye shall*," two positives without one negative! and not a word such as "Will you arise and go to God?" &c., or, as I once heard a polite free-will preacher say to his audience, "Now, I ask you as a *personal favour* to come to Christ." No, no; Ezekiel's commission was not to persuade, but command! and when he had commanded their hearing, God commanded His blessing.

4. The seer was then to "*prophecy unto the wind*," or Holy Ghost; this at once shows that it was not an invitation sermon to the captive Jews, but an occasion for a sovereign display of the mighty power of God. And this was founded upon a previous promise (Ezekiel xxxvi. 9—11).

5. When Ezekiel had so prophesied, this self-same "*whole house of Israel*" (not a few persons thereof) stood up upon their feet "an exceeding great army." They were not asked to do so, or was it through any persuasive power of the prophet; although "An Old Reader" says it was "through the word spoken by the prophet, or *invitation given to those dead in themselves*." Methinks if this had been the case, he might have invited them long enough, but, to my mind, they were the words of God's power spoken in fulfilment of His promise to deliver Israel out of all their troubles, and from the hand of every enemy.

"An Old Reader" then asks, "Could Paul have been of G. C.'s mind when he wrote 'Wherefore He saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light?'" To this I answer, Yes; or, I should rather say G. C. was of Paul's mind: for the Apostle, like the prophet, here describes the state of the persons addressed as those that sleep, and from which state of unconsciousness comparable to death, the Apostle's "*call*" to awaken was not by the word of *invitation*, but the voice of truth with power. This "An Old Reader" himself involuntarily shows in his last paragraph on the judgment-awakening trumpet.

But there is a Scripture sense in which neither dryness, or drowsiness, or darkness, means death; but refers to that state of soul through which a believer passes in the many-changing suffering scenes of life.

Our friend next says, "The Apostle certainly *calls* on the dead to come to Christ." Well, God often by the ministry "*calls*" sinners to repentance. But this is somewhat shifting the ground of argument; we are upon the subject of a minister's *inviting the dead*; not God's sovereign "*call*" of the dead to life. Again, to the so-styled *invitation* of the Apostle, "An Old Reader" adds, "The word shall not return void." But this is an incorrect rendering. It is God Himself who says, "*My word shall not return unto Me void*." It is very important, in all matters of doctrine, faith, or disputation, that the Scriptures should be properly quoted.

And again, "His word is a fire and a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces." True (though another misquotation); but whoever heard of the fire first inviting a thing to be burned, or the hammer asking the rock to come and be smitten? And yet such is the inevitable conclusion of our friend's argument. But the Scripture itself does not teach this, for its language is positive and consistent; and therefore ought not to be made subject to such possible inferences. As to the Scripture also quoted, "Into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house; and, if the son of peace be there," &c. I say, to apply this to the ordinance of preaching is indeed, as our friend says of G. C., "pushing the logic of worldly wisdom to its extreme." To my mind the "*house*" here spoken of may spiritually mean *the heart*, and "*the Son of Peace*," *Christ*. Oh, what a difference there is between twisting the Scriptures to serve our purpose, and *turning to the Scriptures in search of Christ*.

"An Old Reader" then says, "The preaching of the Gospel is like a net that is cast into the sea." True, but not in the sense our aged friend would make out. Surely there is nothing in the action of a drag-net to indicate an *invitation* to the fish to be caught? There is that more subtle sport, called "angling," which may be compared to the Arminian preacher's invitations; for those who follow this practice do seek to catch fish by such specious means, for they use a hook artfully concealed in some tempting, alluring, *inviting* bait. Our friend then cuts the ground from under his own feet; for, in referring to the trumpet sound at the last great day, he says, "It is incontestible that the resurrection power is *not in the sleeping dust*." Just so; and, such being the case, as it is not in the power of the dead to arise "*of themselves*," and come out of their graves, so neither can those dead in sin by any inviting ministerial voice come forth into "*newness of life*." But if, in preaching, this persuasive influence *may* be used in the pulpit, that *must* suppose a superhuman power in the creature, which even "An Old Reader" himself here repudiates.

Finally he says, speaking of the Gospel trumpet, "Invitations are some of its strictest and most quickening notes." Granted, to those who are alive unto God, and who, after awhile, through a felt sense of the darkness of their minds, hardness of their hearts, rebellion of their wills, or seeming deadness of their souls, cry out in the bitterness of their spirits, "Quicken me again, O God, according to Thy word." God often puts his hand a "*second time to the work*." It is His way first to *make* alive, and then to *keep* alive. And this is just where the distinction must be made. The effectual proclamation of the Gospel is, first, "*the power of God unto salvation*," and then the preaching of those things "*that accompany salvation*." And among the many gracious provisions of God's mercy, "Invitations" also have their proper assigned position in the new covenant Gospel ministry; and such "invitations" must be preached *where the God of order has placed them*; not before a revelation of Christ, or a knowledge of one's need, or a felt sense of necessity, but as an *after act of grace to lead the soul to Christ for everything it wants*: and until "An Old Reader" can point me to one Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, where an invitation is given without the character being described or implied (in proof of life already imparted, and therefore unto whom such invitation is suited), I must consider he has not succeeded in putting our esteemed correspondent, G. C., in the wrong.

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

THE FAITHFUL GOD.—A CHEERING WORD TO ANXIOUS PARENTS.

I THINK if ever I looked up in simplicity and truth with a "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" it was on a certain Sabbath morning when no preaching engagement awaited me. I have so commonly found the Lord faithful to His word, "He that watereth shall be watered also himself," that, as a rule, I rather shrink from what I call "*silent Sundays*." They generally leave me barren and comfortless; and, at such seasons, I reproach myself for not having duly estimated the sweet and sacred privilege of speaking in the Lord's name.

On the Sabbath to which I refer, I had happened to have just previously been apprized that one in whom I had long felt a deep interest was to preach within a convenient distance of where I was visiting. His career had been so remarkable, and he had, withal, been for so many years the subject of such intense prayerful anxiety, upon the part of his godly father—himself an honoured servant of the Most High—that I became the more anxious to avail myself of this opportunity of hearing him. I might, moreover, never have such another opportunity, as, in the providence of God, our two distinct spheres of labour were so remote from each other.

On my way to the chapel where he in whom I felt so deep an interest was to preach, I met the widowed daughter of another dear servant of the Lord, who had long gone to his rest, and whose brotherly sympathies had, on one occasion in particular, been largely drawn forth on behalf of him who was now about to proclaim the preciousness and power of Him whom, at that time, he knew not, in the sweetness and savour of His grace. As we thus journeyed together towards the house of the Lord, this dear deeply-tried and well-taught handmaid of the Lord testified of how deep had been her anguish of heart in very early life, under the dark and gloomy fears and apprehensions of death. For many, many years had this been the case with her, until at length the Lord was pleased to remove those fears. We, at the same time, were of one mind in the conviction, that much—very much—may be going on in the minds of the children of godly parents at the very time when those parents might not only be ignorant, but have not the least suspicion of the fact.

After the singing of one of the sweet songs of Zion—a precious experimental hymn—the servant of God read a portion of the 17th of John, and expounded somewhat largely and sweetly upon the first two or three verses. This was followed by a short but earnest prayer, indicating access and ardent pleading at the throne of one who was evidently frequent and familiar there. He divided his subject in a simple but natural way. In fact, his whole manner and bearing was perfectly natural and most unassuming. His illustrations were those of an observant mind, drawn from home-scenes and every-day life, and tending to throw special light upon the Word of the living God. But there was a feeling and a power and an unction about the whole testimony that bespoke so much the Spirit's indwelling, and the Spirit's holy and divine anointing. We never remember to have heard an exposition or sermon more fraught with savour, dew, or unction. It was the blessed outflowing of a heart sweetly bedewed with light, love, and liberty. The preacher spoke of a very recent season of special darkness, weakness, and entire soul-prostration;

but his whole bearing and testimony bespoke the sweet renewings, revealings, and revivings of the Holy Ghost, leading up to Jesus, as the great Object and Subject of all satisfaction and blessedness.

We had a second benefit in the evening, and never remember to have passed what we call a "silent Sunday" more profitably. One striking feature of the preacher's spirit—at any rate on the occasions on which we heard him—was the entire absence of cavilling and censure and sitting in judgment upon others. In fact, he opened his evening testimony, by stating, that he did not stand there to talk about other men, but simply to give utterance, as the Spirit might enable him, to those truths into some little knowledge of which he had been experimentally led.

As we sat with sweet melting of heart under that testimony, and recollected the eventful career of the preacher, and of how for years and years he had been so much the subject of ardent and importunate wrestling at the throne of grace upon the part of a tender, loving father, we could but pray that the like mercy might be vouchsafed to our as yet far-off ones. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

In stating from our own pulpit, on the following Sunday, what a blessed example we had thus so recently witnessed of the power of prayer, and the so rich a proof of divine faithfulness and mercy, we found afterwards there was a widowed mother present deeply affected under the narrative, as she herself is mourning the absence, we believe, of an only son.

Surely no Christian parent need despair, when they read the unctious history of the former Lancashire weaver, but subsequently so many years' God-honoured minister of the Baptist Chapel, Trowbridge, and his then untoward son—but now savingly-taught and sweetly-led servant of Christ—JOHN WARBURTON.

D. A. D.

THE LIGHT OF DAY.

WELL, and how comes my dear brother on now? Does the blessed work go on? Doth the true light now shine? God shines into our hearts to make manifest the evil of our nature. The more it shines, the worse we see ourselves; and it shines—

1st. To discover our sins, and to reprove us for them. All things that are reprov'd are made manifest by the light, "for whatsoever doth make manifest is light." It shines into the Word: "we have a sure word of prophecy, to which ye do well to take heed, as a light shining in a dark place, till the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."

2ndly. It shines in the face of the Mediator: God gives us the light of the knowledge of the glory of Himself in the face of Jesus Christ.

3rdly. By this light we see what God hath done in and for us: "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight."

4thly. This light discovers more and more the evil of our hearts and the suitableness and all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ as the only way to the Father: "The path of the Just"—Christ Jesus—"shines more and more unto the perfect day."

Cherish, my brother, every conception, every discovery of sinful self; every reproof, every frown, every correction; for "reproofs of instruction are the ways of life." If God loves us, He will not let us be deceived; He will stir us up and make us restless and uneasy, dissatisfied and

discontented, barren and miserable, that we may feel our need of the provision He hath made for us in Christ; nor will He suffer us to stop short of the promised rest, nor let us make up our happiness in the things of this world. "Arise, depart, saith God; for this is not your rest, it is polluted," and no small share of sharp exercises do we need, in order to strip us of self, and raise our affections above the things of this world. This I know by sorrowful experience. This severe winter tries me not a little, but, blessed for ever be God, who hath given us a better country in hope, and hath promised to bring us to it; but our way lies through this. The next country affords the prize for which we run; our life here is but a vapour.—Farewell! Grace be with you! Ever yours to serve in Christ,

Feb. 22, 1799.

WM. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL.

VERY weariness of this long-pending and seemingly-interminable trial has caused us for weeks past to pass over it altogether, when scanning our morning paper. Now that it has continued for little short of a hundred days, and seems likely to last almost as much longer, we stand amazed at the patience of the jury and all officially connected with the court. We are, moreover, astounded at the craft and subtlety, as well as the dogged perseverance, of the principal actor upon the scene, if so be he is really entitled to the epithets pronounced upon him in the opening remarks of the Attorney-General. Black and bad as the human heart is, who could conceive of a man standing under the lash for a whole week of the searching cross-examination the said Sir Roger Tichborne had to undergo? What a tissue of lies must he have spoken, and to what a desperate course of deception must he have yielded! One is at a perfect loss to conceive of any man being so foul and so craftily, perseveringly clever as to have pursued a course which should occupy a court of justice little short of half a year to unravel and expose. What a proof, we maintain, it is of the desperate foulness and wickedness of the human heart. To what extremes will not men go, and to what subtleties and subterfuges will they not lend themselves, when left to themselves, and given up to the power of that great adversary who leads them captive at his will?

"Aleph," the venerable, deeply-read, and very talented writer, thus closes one of his able articles in the *City Press*. Having given a full column in that journal of the court-scene in the Tichborne trial, as witnessed by himself, he says:—

It was our amusement, when a lad, to visit the courts, till our black coat and composed face gave us the *entrée*, and we took rank with the young clerks of briefless barristers, and was allowed to sit on corners of side benches, where we drank in for hours the wisdom and lofty talk of the fathers of the bar. An observable difference in the periods referred to, as to forensic, clerical, and Parliamentary speeches, is the small amount of action now employed; a sermon is often delivered, a political discourse spoken, or a defence or accusation at law gone through, without a finger being raised. Some leaders still twirl a string round the finger, or dig into their pockets as if fee-hunting, or trifle with a brief-bag as if searching for a sandwich. We know several clever men who, while dealing with a cause, insert both hands in their coat pockets, clench their

fists, and round them into the shape of penny loaves. It is dangerous to remonstrate. A client, weary with the string trick, stole it from the advocate, who lost his memory and his cause. You have seen Paul preaching at Athens, as depicted by Raphael. Demosthenes' doctrine, when asked to define what were the chief aids to eloquence. "Action, action, action," may involve exaggeration, but no orator will impress his audience much who does not seem in earnest. Hence, it is, perhaps, the dissenting preacher who carries his hearers more along with him than the Churchman, who commonly repeats his sermon without the slightest variation of tone, while the Boanerges of the meeting-house thunders out his periods. The medium style would be best, but the "noise and fury" is preferable to the apathy. Earlier in our history, and especially just prior to, and during the Commonwealth, all public speakers spoke vehemently. Men were too thoroughly convinced of the importance of the doctrines they promulgated, to prose over them, as men prose over a college thesis. Cromwell discoursed in a strange, involved strain, as if he thought in hieroglyphics; but the stern energy of the Protector cropped out whenever needed. He could do more than dissemble. A grander flow of language or loftier declamation was never exercised more fully than by the Earl of Strafford; and, as we descend to modern times, Clarendon, Bolingbroke, the Earl of Pulteney, and, to crown all, Chatham, teach what constitutes real eloquence. Burke excelled in every division of intellectual exertion; Grattan, Curran, and Plunkett were unapproachable in fire and sustained animation. The trial of Warren Hastings gave a platform for marvellous displays of oratory. Sheridan was thought to deserve the palm. What must his power have been when Pitt thought it necessary to move, that the court should instantly adjourn, lest it should be carried away by that wonderful exhibition of eloquence?

In conclusion, is it allowable to inquire when the Tichborne case will be decided? No witness has yet been examined for the defendant. No doubt his witnesses will be numerous, and Serjeant Ballantine will prove a rigid cross-examiner. How many weeks will the Chief Justice take in summing up? Will the jurors ever agree upon a verdict? If not, must there be a second trial; or will the whole dispute pass out of sight into the mystic regions of Chancery, where crystallized causes in equity remain torpid from age to age, and "make no sign?"

The Protestant Beacon.

POPERY UNCHANGED AND UNCHANGEABLE.

January 10, 1872.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Please insert the following awful proof of Popery being always the same. As it was in the days of Smithfield, so it is now; and may the Lord stir up our spirits to withstand the encroachments of Popery in this Protestant land, is the prayer of yours in Jesus,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

POPIST PERSECUTION OF PROTESTANTS IN MEXICO.

SOME Pauline missionaries lately visited the town of Tizayuca, and from the pulpit have been inciting the fanatical portion of the population to

deeds of violence, saying that "he who killed a Protestant would go to heaven direct after death;" and, to show their hatred of the holy Bible, have publicly torn up a volume in the pulpit, and spat on it. Last month (I think the first Sunday), Brother Segovia, who took the leading part of the Protestant service, was in his house with his family, just preparing for bed, to which some had already retired, when an armed mob of about fifty persons, headed by some of the authorities, attacked his house, person, and family, stabbing him in several places, shooting him through with pistol-bullets, and then dragged him into and through the streets as one would a log of wood. To make the cruelty somewhat more refined, they tore away his little boy from his mother, and placed him in front of his father whilst they were torturing him.

The wife and the rest of the family fled, with their clothes nearly torn from their backs, and others quite naked. Several women were cut about their heads with swords, and one, who was nursing, so much so that her child was literally drinking its mother's blood with her milk. Fire was then put to the houses of Segovia and other Protestants, and very soon these poor families were left homeless, and without means of providing for themselves.

Whilst in the road, fleeing from their persecutors, and looking back on their homes in flames, Segovia's wife, believing him to be dead, said, "I FORGIVE THEM; HE DIED FOR JESUS, AND COULD NOT HAVE DIED FOR A BETTER CAUSE."

The State Government sent a detachment of troops, and apprehended fifteen of the offenders, who are now in Pachuca awaiting their trial.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Times* mentions some startling facts in reference to the practical working of the confessional. On Christmas-day the *Linzer Tagespost* published a letter, signed "Maria Dunzinger":—

"My daughter Anne, 20 years old, was up to last autumn a modest, cheerful girl, a skilful dressmaker, who earned enough to maintain herself and her old mother decently. Last autumn she was induced by some female devotees to go to confession to Father Gabriel, of the order of the Carmelite Brethren. Having done so several times, she told me that Father Gabriel had ordered her to come to him at 6 in the evening for a general confession, which I forbade her to do, remarking that 6 o'clock in the evening was not the time to meet Father Gabriel. In one of the confessions, which now rapidly followed each other, my daughter told Father Gabriel of my objection, on which he advised her not to tell me anything more—in general, not to speak to me or confide to me anything, as I was a person who had no religion, asking her, in conclusion, once more to come to a general confession. Without my knowledge the unfortunate child was induced to go several times to Father Gabriel, in the plea of a general confession. Decency does not permit me to say what he did there with my daughter, or to repeat the speeches which he addressed to her. After these so-called general confessions, a startling change occurred in my daughter. She became reserved, spoke for whole days not a word, or was cross and rude to me, and cried by the hour. At last weakness of the mind showed itself. The poor girl could scarcely find her way about the town, did her work wrongly, and has now become quite de-

mented. Day and night she cries and moans, being seized by the monomania that she has no soul. Day and night she calls in her folly to God and the Holy Virgin to do a wonder and to infuse a new soul into her; she then turns to me and says, "If I had not obeyed your injunction, and gone more often to Father Gabriel, he would have infused a new soul into me, and I should be now a saint," &c. With all this the once blooming girl has become quite a skeleton. In her clear moments she becomes aware of her very sad position; she sees that, she being unable to work, we are condemned to starvation, and then she regrets that she did not go at once to the Bishop to accuse Father Gabriel. As a warning to others I make this case public. We two, my daughter and I, we are lost, as according to the opinion of the doctors there is no hope for her, and as I a poor old widow, deprived of my sole support by an infamy without parallel, do not know what to begin in order to save myself and her from starvation.—*MARIA DUNZINGER, Linz, Dec. 25, 1871.* The girl has been taken to the lunatic asylum, and the editor of the *Linzer Tagespost* adds that he has had no end of cases—abuses of the confessional—sent to him for publication, which have occurred, above all, in the monastery of the Carmelites, which is the fashionable place for confessions in Linz, and which has had a large accession of brethren from Italy, who had to leave when the monasteries there were done away with. . . . 'We hear of such cases frequently,' says the editor, 'although only few cases become known, as most young girls have not the courage to tell their parents of such things.' The day after the publication, the organ of the noted Bishop Rudiger, in whose diocese the case occurs, denounced the whole as a base calumny, insinuating that it was not the confessional which had done the mischief, but refraining to bring any proof of this statement, as this would entail a violation of the secrecy of the confessional. In the meantime steps have been taken by the Tribunal of Linz to inquire into the matter. The correspondent goes on to mention instances of religious fanaticism which are exciting the public mind. In one case a scullery-maid burnt herself alive. After she had heated the oven, and said her prayers, as may be concluded from the remains of a wax taper and a rosary, she crept into the oven, lay down in it, and was burnt to cinders. She had latterly gone much to confession. . . . From her talk with her acquaintances it would appear that she had been taking the words of the chaplain literally, and had thought that after the general confession she had become so pure that she might go straight to heaven."

TRIALS.—Grace must be tried; yea, every grace; and nothing tries the grace of a new-born heir more than weaning him from the breast. Unbelief within, oppositions without, and the withdrawals of the King's presence, try faith. Deep poverty tries patience, and abounding plenty tries temperance. Cruel workings, reproaches, and insults try meekness; abounding errors, and damnable heresies will try the root of the matter; wealth will try charity; pleasure, beautiful snares, and creature comforts, will try the sincerity of love; feigned hypocrites, half-hearted professors, human applause, and clouds of self-seeking, men-pleasing, preachers, will try faithfulness; while every besetting sin that strives for mastery will try the loyalty of the heart. The word of the Lord tried Joseph, and the same incarnate word will try every heir of promise. But, when the King tries them in the fire, He sits by as a Refiner.—*Huntington.*

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

ONE BY ONE: BEING A FEW REMINISCENCES OF THE
LATE MRS. E. B. MOENS.

WE have been hoping that some further details of the life and death of this dear departed and richly-taught saint of God would have appeared ere this in the pages of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE; but, as such is not the case, it is laid upon our mind to gather up a few reminiscences of one who followed so closely her dear Lord and Master.

It is now nearly twenty years ago that we received a message from our home to the effect that a lady (a stranger) wished for an interview with us. We recollect that it was at a time of deep anxiety, resulting from difficulties which prostrated our spirit greatly; but, ushered into the presence of our unknown friend, how soon did we become lifted far above the beggarly elements of time into sweet fellowship with Jesus!

Our first interview thus with the dear departed made us feel we had met with a "kindred spirit;" and so we afterwards proved again and again. Her mode of living was exceedingly simple. Long had she retreated from all worldly society, finding her enjoyment in the secret companionship of her dear Lord and Saviour; and there, in her quiet home, would pour out her soul in adoration of Him thus:—

THE PRESENCE OF JESUS—ALL-SUFFICIENT.

Jesus! no tongue can ever tell
All that Thou art to me,
The fulness of the peace, and joy,
My spirit finds in Thee.

My lonely chamber beams with light
When I can feel Thee near;
My heart with happiness o'erflows
When Thy sweet voice I hear.

No solitude with Thee is sad,
Thou all-sufficient Friend!
And without Thee, the world in vain
Its brightest charms might lend.

Thou, Thou alone canst fill my soul
With satisfying peace!

Canst give my heart and conscience
rest,
And bid each murmur cease.

I only want to know Thee more,
To lose myself in Thee,
To dwell by faith within Thine arms,
Till called Thy face to see,—

To have each thought of pride subdued,
To sit at Thy dear feet,
With patience waiting till Thy grace,
For Home hath made me meet.

Then gladly will the message fall
On my expecting ear,
Which bids my soul its prison leave,
And before God appear.

Thus did she commune by the way with her dear Lord; and in all the visits we were privileged to pay her, there was a savour about her conversation which showed how truly she had found Jesus to be her "All and in all."

She devoted her talents to teaching the young; and we once had proof of the excellency of her management of the children committed to her care. It was a cold wintry morning when we found ourselves not far from the home of our dear friend, and we thought how nice it would be just to rush aside from worldly care and have a few minutes' talk about Jesus with the dear old saint. Putting our thought into practice, we found her in the act of instructing about five-and-twenty children ranged on forms

before her. The children, seeing a muffled-up stranger in their midst, began to titter and screw themselves up to prevent themselves from laughing during school-hours. Now, the plan with many would have been to rebuke sharply the little ones for their ungainly conduct; but not so dear Mrs. Moens. Entering fully into the feelings of the youngsters, with a benign smile on her countenance, she said, "Now, then, children, have your laugh out." Immediately the little group burst into one loud shout, and their pent-up risibility having thus spent itself in the effort, they settled down into a calm spirit, and were prepared to listen to anything we had to say to them. We could soon see that our dear friend ruled by the power of love, which is so Christ-like, and, as a consequence, had gained in return the simple love of all the dear little ones around her.

Her thirst for the unfolding of the Word of God was great, and, like Hannah of old, her delight was to be in the temple of God.

It was at the time when Mr. Lillingston was Incumbent of St. George's, Edgbaston, that dear Mrs. Moens became one of his most attentive and profited hearers.

Many a time, under depression of heart, have we wended our way on a week-night to that sacred spot; and, as we have listened with earnest rapture to the ministration of that dear saint of God, we have forgotten our care, and drank in the water of life to the lifting up of soul and spirit; and then, as we exchanged glances with the dear departed saint, we could read in her countenance the expression of her heart. Indeed, when we came out of the house of God, and walked a part of the way home with her, our souls have rejoiced together in the precious truths we have received concerning our lovely Jesus; and, if this by any possible means should reach the eye of Mr. Lillingston, let me tell him that he has not cast the bread upon the waters in vain, for we know for a fact that dear Mrs. Moens, as well as myself, became greatly enriched in soul, and strengthened in the faith, through his ministry. Nor will the Editor of this Magazine forget the time when he occupied the pulpit at St. George's. If we mistake not, it was a season of much temptation and trial with him; and yet dear Moens, myself, and some members of our family, were not sent empty away. He will recollect also a rough old collier, who had come some distance to hear our dear brother preach, and who stood at the vestry door after the service to shake him warmly by the hand.

Her many precious and unctious leaflets are well known to the Lord's living family; and greatly cheered we know she was to receive, from time to time, testimonies of the blessing they had been made to "kindred spirits" in seasons of affliction and trial.

The following, to our mind, was the most precious she was led to pen:—

HEART-BREATHINGS IN SOUL-TRIAL.

I'm a pilgrim and a stranger,
Rough and thorny is the road;
Often in the midst of danger—
But it leads to God!
Clouds and darkness oft distress me,
Great and many are my foes; [me,
Anxious cares and thoughts perplex
But "My Father knows."

Oh! how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife;

Although sorrows, past endurance,
Follow me through life,
Home in prospect still can cheer me,
Yea, can bring me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me,
For "My Father knows."

Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love,
Sends me help when foes assail me—
Bids me look above!

Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended;
This "My Father knows."
I shall then with joy behold Him!
Face to face my Father see;

Fall with rapture and adore Him,
For His love to me!
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In that land of sweet repose;
Jesus stands engaged to bless me!
This "My Father knows."

We have a number of her letters around us, all of them breathing a spirit of fervent love to, and living upon, Jesus, which is rare to meet with in the present day; and, although our impression is that *extracts* from letters are not generally acceptable, there is a savour and mellowness about hers which *must commend them to the children of God*.

In 1868, she writes to us:—

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE BONDS OF THE GOSPEL,—In all my communications with the *saints*, I have long thought "the *salt* had *lost its savour*;" but, as a single remark of mine has opened up such a *precious* vein of truth to you, it gives me a little hope that I am not *quite* laid by as *useless*. But ah! my brother, when strength and energy are alike failing physically, one's mental powers seem at times very dormant. And *then* what an unspeakable mercy it is to *feel* the hidden life springing up within, and thus renew our spiritual strength! I have had many a *feast* from your *precious* piece, dear brother, and am *quite* sure many a child of God will *bless* God that you ever wrote it. Oh! how sweet it is, when "an *unction* from the Holy One" rests upon us and our labours! It is then blessed work to *speak*, to *write*, to *hear*, to *read*, and to enter the "*Holy of holies*," in fellowship with Father, Son, and Spirit.

Yours affectionately in Jesus,
E. B. MOEN.

Again she writes:—

BELOVED BROTHER IN THE BONDS OF THE GOSPEL,—I trust you had a happy family gathering yesterday, and I am quite sure that with *yourself* and *beloved wife*, "*Ebenezer*" was the *watchword*. My petitions ascended on behalf of yourselves and dear ones. I was led to ask *great* things for you, beloved friends; but, when I am favoured with access to the "*Holy of holies*," either on my own personal behalf, or those dear to me, whether by nature or grace, I am a very *covetous* beggar, and *cannot* do with *small* things. Oh for more enlargedness of heart before the throne of our God who has *said*, "Ye are *not* straitened in me, but in yourselves!"

I thank you much, dear Mr. C—, for encouraging my widowed heart to speak a word for the Lord. I often feel myself to be a *dry tree*, and long more sensibly to realize the precious fulness contained in Psalm xcii. 12—14.

"Alas! dear brother, upon what a *brittle* thread hang our sweetest earthly joys! We grasp the *rose*, but *immediately* feel the *thorn*; we sip the *honey*, and are pierced by the *sting*! *Not* so with the *upper-spring* blessings of grace,—*there* all is safe and secure. The *more* we *grasp* them, the *more* *highly* we *prize* them; no lack—no disappointment *there*; but time after time the soul is *satisfied*, as with marrow and fatness."

In 1870 she writes as follows: "After reading your precious '*Lanes*,' this morning, and *also* your reply to some correspondent on the *cover* of *G. M.*, I felt *constrained* to tell you how *sweet* the Lord made them to my soul. 'A word spoken in *season*, how *good* is it!' how it comes home to the *heart*, and touches the *joints* and *marrow* of *spiritual* life! This is often the

case with your precious '*Wayside Notes*.' You seem to be with the Apostle Paul, '*pressed above measure*' with worldly matters; but '*in all these things is the life of your spirit*.' Dear brother, we should never have these rich and unctious heart-breathings of yours, but from the *pressure* without upon the *inner life within*. Oh! what a wonder-working God is ours! and '*this God is ours for ever and ever*; He will be our Guide even unto death.' I feel this earthly tabernacle is being unmistakably taken down, dear friend, but so gently, so mercifully, that I feel it to be a Father's hand that is loosening the pins, and only pray that I may be enabled to know no will but *His*. I trust that you and yours are all well, dear brother in the Lord, and are daily realizing the blessedness of being '*kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation*.' "

Again the same year she writes: "I hear you are in the furnace. I hope it is not heated very hotly, and that the presence of our dear Refiner cheers and comforts you amid all the painful process. He knows we cannot do long without this furnace-work, in some shape or other,—aye, dear brother, and we know it, too, by sad and bitter experience. Prosperity is very pleasing to the flesh, but sadly robs us of close and intimate fellowship with God; and the nearer we get to our journey's end, the better we comprehend the why and wherefore of this and that bitter trial during our pilgrimage, which seemed so overwhelming and inexplicable at the time; and, when we reach our happy home, dear fellow-traveller, I dare say we shall bless our dear Lord most for our severest trials. Oh! for grace to '*endure*,' as seeing Him who is '*invisible*'—to cast the weight of every care on '*Him who careth for us*,'—to know something of that sweet confidence, and holy familiarity of a child walking with, resting on, and living with a covenant God and Father! Then there will be no shyness, distance, or cold formality between us, but our constant cry will then be,

'Nearer to Thee, my God,
Nearer to Thee.'

"Such, dear brother, is my heart's desire."

Again she writes:—"Oh! dear brother, what a faithful God is ours! and what a happy family we are when enabled to realize our privileges as the children of such a Father! how blessedly it bears us up above all these 'light afflictions' and wilderness perplexities, and points us to yonder glorious inheritance in the land of rest and peace.

"I am thankful, dear friend, to find that you have the unspeakable joy of knowing that several of your beloved children are decidedly on the Lord's side! May they each and all be gathered, one by one, into the fold of the good Shepherd! We are living in fearful times for the young, for snares and temptations beset them on every hand."

The following is one of the last letters we received from her, and she evidently wrote it under the impression that her end was near.

She writes: "From increasing age and infirmity the very '*grasshopper*' is at times a burden.' And I am often thankful for those sweet assuring words from our dear Lord to His disciples, '*The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak*.' Ah! dear Lord, there is no love, no sympathy like Thine. We have proved it many years, and ever found Thee faithful to Thy word and promise. I have been very much lately, dear brother in the Lord, thrown back upon first principles, and the nearer I get to my journey's end, the more I see of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the unspeakable preciousness of the blood of atonement. I know not at times

which astonishes me *most*—my *sinner*ship or my *saint*ship. I often long to exchange these mournful sighs for songs of joy and thanksgiving.

'But oh! for this no power have I,
My strength is at Thy feet to lie.'

"And *there* I *desire* to lie till, strengthened with might by the Spirit in the inner man, I am enabled to live so near to the *heart* of Jesus as to feel its vibrations on my behalf, and thus be *daily* bearing out what it contains for poor sinners *like me*."

In her last letter to us she enclosed the following beautiful leaflet, which expresses the joy she was so soon to realize:—

ONE BY ONE.

They are gathering homewards from every land,

One by One,

As their weary feet touch the shining strand,

One by One,

Their brows are encased in a golden crown;

Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;

And clothed in white raiment, they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,

One by One.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,

One by One;

Through the waters of death they enter life,

One by One,—

To some are the floods of the river *still*,

As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;

To others the waves run fiercely and wild;

Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,

One by One.

We, too, shall come to the river side,

One by One;

We are nearer its waters each eventide,

One by One.

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,

Now and again through *our life's deep dream*;

Sometimes the floods all the banks overflow,

Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,

One by One.

Jesus! Redeemer! we look to Thee,

One by One,

We lift up our voices tremblingly,

One by One.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,

We know not the spots where our feet may hold;

Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,

Strengthen us, send us the staff, and the light,

One by One.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,

One by One;

On Thee let us lean each drooping head,

One by One.

Let but *Thy* strong arm around us be twined,

We shall cast our cares and fears to the wind.

Saviour! Redeemer! with Thee in full view,

Smilingly, gladsomely shall we pass through,

One by One.

It seems that few were near her at her approaching end. She died as she had lived much of her time, "alone with Jesus." One friend dear to her was near, and gives us the following brief account of her last moments.

"Our dear loved one was taken home very gently, but very very sweetly. The everlasting arms of Jesus were round about her. I do not think she felt near death, until within a few hours of her departure. She was unable to talk much from the nature of her illness. On the Friday morning she said, 'There is a great change in me: I don't know what my heavenly Father is about to do with me. But it is all well with Him.' Fearing she would not be able to talk much, I then asked her, would she give me a message for her dear loved friends? 'My kindest Christian love to every one of them.' It was said in such a nice, hearty, feeling, loving way. A few hours before her departure she asked for my children, and said to them, 'You see I am going home: how nice to be sure of a home to go to!'—could say no more. Our dear minister, the Rev. P. Browne, called to see her on the Friday evening. She sent him a very loving message, but said she was too ill to see him then, thinking to see him on the morrow. But on the morrow she was at home with her Lord. Asking if she felt Jesus very near to her, she said, 'Oh yes, but cannot talk. My sufferings have been very great. But, if my heavenly Father's will to give me a little ease, I shall be very thankful.' The Lord seemed to hear that prayer, for she did not suffer very much after that; she was perfectly sensible to the last. She looked at me with such a sweet smile. I said, 'My dear precious one, what a sweet heavenly smile you have given me! I am sure Jesus is with you.' She then smiled again so sweetly, as if pleased with what I said. It made me feel so happy; my soul was filled with love to Jesus for so gently taking her home."

Thus did this dear saint glide, as it were, quietly and peacefully into eternity—like fruit fully ripe, the least touch made it fall.

Happy, happy soul! the final triumph of hope is thine.

On earth we shall never more behold thy form, but thou wilt live in our remembrance; and God grant that, in His own appointed time, we may meet Thee in the brighter and better world above, whither thou hast gone before!

Wanstead.

G. C.

ANOTHER VICTOR THROUGH THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB; OR, THE LAST DAYS OF THE REV. WILLIAM CLARK.

If our readers will turn to page 105 of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for February, 1870, they will see a short but most refreshing account of the death of Mrs. CLARK, wife of the above-named servant of God. If they turn likewise to page 473 (September number) of the same volume, they will find a further reference to her, as well as to her now-sainted husband. We there speak of the intensity of his grief at the grave of his departed one. We never witnessed deeper anguish. He literally sobbed aloud, as we walked from the little church of the cemetery to the grave; and, in his then weak and enfeebled state of health, we had to exert ourselves to the utmost—both by words of comfort and the help of our arm—to bear him up both on his way to, and at, the grave. And, as we stood there, we thought how his hollow cough and expectoration but too clearly indicated how soon he would follow his loved one to "the rest that remaineth."

Our personal acquaintance with our late beloved brother was of com-

paratively short duration—that is, it did not extend beyond many months, because, in the providence of God, he was removed from this locality. However, as the result of that brief personal acquaintance, we may state that we never remember to have met with a more devoted and diligent labourer in the Lord's vineyard than the late Rev. WILLIAM CLARK. His Master's work was indeed the one end and object of his life. If, in passing his house on the forenoon, he was almost sure to be seen at his desk; later in the day he was either visiting or preaching. He was forgetful of himself even to a fault, because he was so completely absorbed in his work as to neglect even the common precaution of an extra coat after preaching, or on returning from a crowded room. We have not a doubt that this incaution on his part tended the more rapidly to develop the disorder which took him hence at such a comparatively early age. His mind, especially of late, was imbued with the conviction that his time was short; hence his one ardent desire was to "work whilst it is called to-day, knowing that the night cometh in which no man can work." His former Incumbent (the Rev. W. SAUNDERS, for whom he was wont to express the greatest esteem and affection) has told us, that when he or any of his people remonstrated with the departed upon the necessity of his sparing himself, by preaching shorter sermons and with less energy, that very remonstrance would only operate the reverse way. As if to remind him of the brevity of time, and the mere moment for labouring in the cause of so great and good a Master, he would extend his already lengthy sermon and preach with even greater vigour.

The same might be said of his labour in writing. We have seen one of sundry letters, consisting of some two or three full sheets, rich in thought, deeply spiritual, and most savoury, written to one of several young disciples in whom he took the most marked and devoted interest. We have been told that, whether in the schoolroom or at the cottage-lecture, or from house-to-house visitation, he would ever speak with the same energy and earnestness. Thus his physical frame became exhausted, and he wore himself out prematurely. Humanly speaking, with a little care and becoming precaution, his valuable life might have been extended for many years.

We write strongly upon this point, because we feel it a solemn duty (to use the very mildest word) devolving upon us to husband the health and strength with which the Lord may have favoured us. Perhaps personally we feel more than most upon this subject, through our being careless and inconsiderate, as a young man. We longed for home. We were anxious to go hence. We never wished to exceed at farthest the age of thirty. In our want of care about clothing according to the fluctuations of our ever-changing climate, we took a cold, the effects of which will attend us to our grave. We would, therefore, the more ardently urge upon our readers to regard health as a precious loan from above, the which it behoves them to seek to preserve in every possible way.

How different the case of our departed brother, passing away at the comparatively early age of forty-four or five, to that of our venerable Bishop (the loved Dr. DALY), who is just called home at the patriarchal age of 89 years. Dear honoured servant of the Most High! his memory is and ever will be embalmed in our heart. Not as a *loiterer*, but indeed a *labourer*, in the vineyard of the Lord of hosts, he was wont to exercise the greatest care with respect to his bodily health; and to this, under God, may be ascribed the prolongation of his valuable life.

With respect to dear Mr. CLARK, we remember one conversation in particular, which to us was most deeply interesting. He told us that his mother (although not herself brought personally to experience the value of the Word of God till years afterwards) was, nevertheless, intensely anxious that his young mind should be well stored with the letter of Scripture. Consequently she taught him chapter after chapter and book after book, of the sacred Word; so that he came, in consequence, to have a most accurate knowledge of the Bible. This, he said, became of the greatest possible advantage to him in after-day; in fact, to this he principally ascribed the success at his ordination: for the beloved and ever-to-be-lamented Bishop of Carlisle was wont (as well he might) to lay great stress upon an accurate knowledge of the Word of God on the part of his candidates for ordination. Hence, when he questioned Mr. CLARK, as to what such a chapter contained, or where such a subject was to be found, however he might test him up and down the Word, he was thoroughly prepared to answer his Bishop. He felt no hesitation nor difficulty for a moment, he said; but was able at once and readily to answer. And this he ascribed, under God, wholly to his mother's early teaching and training. This fact may well be regarded as very suggestive in times like the present, when the Bible is virtually ignored, as an essential and indispensable means for instructing the rising generation. Sound is the argument, "Woe be to England, when the Bible is put aside." Under God, she owes her greatness and her prosperity to the Bible! Dispense with it, and decline she must.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. CLARK, it was suggested to our departed friend, that in the town of Bideford, and in its milder atmosphere, he might find a more suitable sphere of labour than in one of our thickly-populated town parishes. Hence he accepted certain proposals for a lectureship in that town. But, although relieved for a time from the toil and anxiety of house-to-house visitation and cottage and school-room lectures, the annexed letter will show that he relaxed but little in the arduousness of his labours.

Bideford, March 26, 1870.

DEAR DR. DOUDNEY,—I know that you will be glad to learn that God is doing a great work here through the instrumentality of the truth, and by the operation of His Holy Spirit. Oh how He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him! The evening congregation has been steadily increasing; but of late the Church has not only been crowded to excess, but large numbers have been obliged to leave who could not get seats. Last Sunday's congregation was the largest we have had yet; the largest in this sense, that large numbers of people were obliged to leave, not being able to get a seat. I was told that persons came from the surrounding parishes three and four miles round about. On Sunday the doors of the Church were besieged by crowds at half-past five, and as soon as they were open every free sitting was filled up; and when we came out of the vestry, not only were all the seats filled up, but large numbers of persons were standing in the aisles, and crowded at each of the entrances. All the forms and chairs that could be procured were brought and placed in the aisles, and yet the people had to leave in crowds. Is it not the Lord's doings? and is it not marvellous in our eyes? I have been told that for several Sunday evenings the Wesleyan, the Bible Christian, the Baptist, and the Independent Chapels have been almost empty. Mr. CLARKSON, minister of the Independents, told me so himself respecting his own. I

was told also by another, that when the minister of the Wesleyans saw the paucity of his hearers he changed his text.

But, thank God, this is not all; souls are being awakened by God's Spirit, and led to Jesus; and God's people are being confirmed and built up in their most holy faith. We have every day striking evidence that the work is not of man, but of God. I therefore closed my sermon on Sunday night with Gamaliel's word to the Jewish Sanhedrim, "If this counsel or this work be of man, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

I have a strong opposing party against me, some of whom do not come when I preach; they are among the wealthiest of the congregation, and they are trying to bring influence to bear on the — to interdict me from the pulpit should I be elected. — called on me himself and begged of me to withdraw quietly, and charged me with filling the Church with Dissenters, and sending away the Church people. The inhabitants say that if — does, they will build me a Church.

"Pray for me, my dear brother; I never needed your prayers more: I never forget you. I remain, dear Dr. DOUDNEY, ever gratefully yours in a risen Jesus,

WILLIAM CLARK.

But as our beloved friend and labourer (the Rev. W. SAUNDERS) has kindly promised to contribute some particulars respecting our dear brother, which will be followed by a letter stating the facts connected with his last days, as furnished to another dear friend and old correspondent of this Magazine (the Rev. R. CORNALL), we shall now give place to them. We would merely add, how deeply our mind was solemnized, a few days since, when committing the mortal remains of the dear sister in Christ mentioned in the close of our first article, to the silent grave. The spot where she lies is hard by where dear Mrs. CLARK was interred. Her grave was then almost the first upon the fresh ground which had just been attached to the Arno Vale Cemetery. Now it is surrounded by scores upon scores of similar mounds. Although two years have passed away, it seems but as yesterday, that our brethren, the Revs. S. A. WALKER, R. CORNALL, W. SAUNDERS, W. JOHNSON, and ourselves, met our bereaved brother at that sacred spot. Now he himself is gone; and how soon each of us must follow! The Lord, in mercy, prepare us for the great change, and cause us, meanwhile, to sit more and more loosely to time-trifles and time-troubles. Of how little moment will it be, when that last hour and that great change shall come, as to what our position or pressure now. Pleasures or pains—smiles or tears—health or sickness—plenty or poverty—friendships or foes, will all—all—subside, in the "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," which shall echo to the kindred fragments that will then fall upon our coffins! Lord, Lord, give us, we pray Thee, more and more to live in the sober prospect of that most solemn hour!

We cannot but add how deeply struck we have been with the Lord's gracious kindness, in regard to the devoted attendants upon dear Mr. CLARK, which He was pleased to find for him in his last days. One could scarcely imagine a man less fit to be left to himself than he. But for the former tender watchings of his wife, it were difficult to concede what he would have done. His mind was so completely absorbed in the work so near and dear to his heart, that he would seem to lose sight of everything else. If he returned home of a night with his clothes drenched

by the rain, we have been assured that but for his wife's care and attention, he would have put them on again in the morning just as he left them over-night. Gloves, umbrella, overcoat—yea, even his very Bible—he would leave behind him. The first time we heard him at St. Silas's Church, although greatly pleased and edified with the testimony, it was with pain we listened, because of the evident effort upon his weak chest. At the close of the service—as our path homewards was by the same route—we ventured to remonstrate with him; for, notwithstanding the heat into which his energy in reading and preaching had thrown him, he had no extra coat. Thus his precious life was as it were wasted. He so entirely forgot *himself* in his great and glorious work. Hence it was the more gracious of the Lord to provide such kind and attentive watchers and waiters upon him in his last days. To the Lord be all the glory; and may they realize for themselves what our dear departed brother desired for another of whom he thus speaks at the close of a note now before us: "Give my kind Christian love to dear Mrs. —, and thank her for me for her genuine hospitality. May she hear the Master saying by and by, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I know you have received some particulars relative to the removal of my late friend and fellow-helper the Rev. WM. CLARK. Of him it might truly be said that he was "in labours more abundant." I never knew a more devoted, faithful, or spiritually-minded man. In my popular parish, where there are thousands living in total disregard of all spiritual realities, he threw himself into parochial work with an ardour which nothing could repress. In his Bible-classes, cottage-lectures, house-to-house visitations, and pulpit ministrations, his every energy was incessantly employed, and the sad result was—what has often been pressed upon him, but all to no purpose—that he fell, prematurely exhausted, while he was with me, a victim to over-wrought exertions in his blessed Master's work. In speaking of this part of our dear brother's course, I cannot resist the temptation of quoting some very practical and valuable remarks from a sermon by the late HENRY MELVILL, entitled, "The division of labour an appointment of God." There are many points of doctrine in Mr. MELVILL's system of theology which I cannot receive; but it would have been well, humanly speaking, had our dear departed friend read and acted upon such excellent advice.

Mr. MELVILL says: "It is yet more melancholy to think how many ministers of Christ have shortened their period of usefulness by devoting themselves to their work with uncalculating ardour and eagerness; they regard it as their duty to give themselves no respite, as though the stopping for an instant would mark a failure in their loyalty to God. When a man is possessed with the love of the Redeemer, and stricken with the view of ignorance and vice, which on all sides prevails, the feeling will be—one can hardly wonder that it should—that every energy should be exercised without a moment's interruption; and that to stop to take breath while multitudes are perishing, would be as unfeeling towards man as unloyal towards God. But in all this there is an entire forgetfulness man the much done in a little time, may be far less than what is more gradually accomplished in the longer. And, while we are conscious of the danger of the greater part of men falling into the extreme of being too chary and sparing of their energy, we must feel the truth of the saying of one of our old divines, 'that the devil's course with the

young and zealous servants of God is to persuade them of the duty of giving themselves no rest.' If a man is active and useful, the devil gains a point, if he can shorten his period of activity and usefulness. It would be too easy to point out instances in which men who were just acquiring great influence over others through zeal and piety—have fallen exhausted—the worn-down victims of their own uncalculating ardour. As with Moses, the powers have become faded through incessant toil; but in place of hearkening to Jethro, and lessening their work, they have toiled harder and harder; the thought that perhaps they had but little time left, being only as a fresh incentive to go on. When this is the case, the wearing away goes on with fearful rapidity! The powers already faded, do their work in a kind of feverish excitement which destroys the strength which it elicits, and then too soon we witness the melancholy spectacle of the energetic being, whose whole soul was engaged in the cause of his Lord, wasting into a shadow, and being compelled by feebleness to desist, when too late to recruit. Those to whom he is endearing himself by his usefulness cannot conceal from themselves, that they shall soon have nothing of him but the memory. While yet in the pride of his manhood he is borne to his grave, leaving unto many an example of dedication unto God, and also a warning against the setting at naught the simple admonition of Jethro—'the thing that thou doest is not good; thou wilt surely wear away.'"

This has been literally the case with him of whom I write, and whose loss all who knew him deeply deplore. To quote his own words, he entered the ministry with an "iron constitution!" But what a wreck he appeared, and really was, in the latter days of his ministry!

He was well taught in the school of affliction and suffering. The death of his devoted wife was a severe shock to his nervous system; and, while he was at Bideford, there was a terrible drain upon his mental powers. Nothing would restrain his zeal in the service of his Lord. How often have I entreated him to spare himself, till I found it was simply impossible for him to do so. His three months' work at Bideford brings the days of GEORGE WHITEFIELD vividly to remembrance.

Dissenters left their places of worship and crowded into the fine old parish church to hear him, and the country people from the surrounding villages pressed upon him in large numbers to hear the Word of God. Had it not pleased God to remove him from that sphere of labour, he would have awaited the resurrection call in Bideford Churchyard instead of being carried to—

"Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep till Earth herself shall be no more,"

in the graveyard of St. Mary's, Swansea.

Mr. CLARK was well instructed in the deep things of God. He had a clear, strong grasp of the doctrines of grace. The sacred volume was his constant study, out of which he brought things "new and old," and which were illustrated with much felicity of expression from an imaginative and well-stored mind. I thought to have said a little about the *mode* in which he presented the truth to his hearers, but I will, God willing, return to the subject next month.

I feel I owe an apology to you and your readers for being compelled to throw these few remarks so hastily and imperfectly together, but

there is no help for it if they are to appear in this month's Magazine. Ever, my dear brother, believe me, yours affectionately in the Lord,

WM. SAUNDERS, Vicar of St. Silas, Bristol.

Extract from a Letter to the late Rev. W. Clark by a Member of the Congregation.

You have, indeed, won the confidence and sympathy of very, very many of God's dear people at Swansea, to whose undying souls the gracious Spirit of Truth has been pleased to make you His honoured instrument of conveying fresh life, liberty, and peace; so that now they can look up in filial fear and love to their Covenant God in Christ Jesus, and in the spirit of adoption cry, "Abba, Father!" To many others, too (here I include my unworthy favoured self), that same loving Spirit has, in His sovereign mercy, used you in bringing home to their minds Gospel truth so clearly, so sweetly, so gloriously, setting forth the everlasting love of God our Father, and that wonderful mystic union formed between the renewed soul and Jesus the heavenly Bridegroom, which has, I sincerely hope, led to a more complete surrender of one's heart's best affection to Him whose love was fixed upon us before the world was, and who manifested the great love wherewith He loved us by laying down His life for our sakes. Then, by His resurrection—proving Himself a mighty Conqueror over death and the grave. And now He sits as our Representative—our Great High Priest—(I do love to look again and again upon Him in that grand comforting character), bearing the names of His purchased people on His tender, sympathizing heart before *His* Father and *our* Father—*His* God and *our* God. May daily and hourly grace be given to us, and to all the Lord's chosen ones everywhere, so to abide in Him that when He shall appear we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming!

Swansea, Feb. 15th, 1872.

DEAR MR. CORNALL,—I am anxious to say a few words to you in answer to your request for a brief account of the latter end of our much-loved pastor and brother in Christ; but it must be brief, as just at present my time is so fully occupied. For more than six weeks we had perceived a change in him for the worse; it was caused by bringing up blood one Sunday night. Although his appetite kept good, and he took daily a large quantity of nourishment, yet from that time he lost flesh, and his cough and breathing became much more trying. For more than three weeks before his death he did not come down-stairs, but was wheeled into a small sitting-room next to his bed-room. All that time, when his sufferings were *very, very* great, his soul sweetly reposed in the love—the unchanging love—of the "Beloved," whom he served and loved so well. He was the most heavenly-minded man I ever met with—to him "to live was Christ, and to die was gain." A few days before our loving Father called him up higher, he said, "My work here is finished—at least, my public ministry. I cannot doubt that God is being glorified in this affliction of mine. I want to go home. I long to 'depart and be with Christ, which is far better.'" He was constantly whispering, "Happy, happy—so happy!"

Friday afternoon, prior to his decease, his brother came to see him, but could not remain over Sunday. Saturday morning he took leave of him, intending to return in a few days. The whole of that day our dearest friend continued terribly prostrated (he did not keep to his bed at

all). After dinner we wheeled him in as usual to the next room, where he remained until a little after eight, then went to bed. The former part of the night he passed restlessly; in the early morning he seemed to be in a comfortable sleep. At a quarter to eight, I thought I would give him a little tea: he drank it, and my sister and myself only crossed the room. I looked at him, and saw that he was rapidly passing away; and, in less than five minutes, his happy spirit had joined the church triumphant.

Two or three days before he left us for higher joys (we had daily enjoyed together holy and precious communion in our risen Jesus), he looked up, and with a sweet smile said, "I am enjoying a sweet foretaste of heavenly rest." His gratitude for all that was done for him was more than he could express. It was by a singular providence he was, as it were, cast upon our care and attention. He used to marvel himself at the Lord's dealings with him, and His great love and mercy. For three months he was our valued guest; and strength was given to us to minister to his many great necessities up to the last night and day. At the last, when it was required, we watched by him, nursed him, and, God be praised, our strength failed not.

The loss of so faithful and loving a pastor and friend is, and will be, deeply felt in this town. We have sent you, and other of his friends, the *Glamorganshire Herald*, which will give you some idea of the Vicar's feelings towards dear Mr. CLARK. Certainly his work and labour of love was marvelously blessed here, and he was greatly beloved. Nearly all the clergy alluded affectionately to his death, last Sunday and the Sunday before. It is a great public loss. The Lord Himself hath done it: He had need of him. I trust this deep trial and sorrow will be so blessed to us, as that it will be the means of 'drawing our hearts' best affections more than ever after the person of our Lord Jesus Christ. As our beloved brother often said, "It will be but a *little while*, and we shall meet again never to be separated." May we be looking and longing for the return of our dear Jesus, when we shall be *together* and *for ever* with Him, whom, through rich sovereign grace, we are humbly, yet in much weakness, trying to love and serve! Our dear friend expressed a wish to be buried at Swansea. He told his brother that God had in some measure blessed his labours here; and he thought his death and burial here might be made useful to some; and I quite believe it will be. Last Friday, between 11 and 12, his mortal remains were interred in our family vault, from which that humbled body shall one day be raised from the dead by Jesus, who is the Resurrection and the Life. We shall one day see him more happy than ever we saw him on earth.

At the grave, many bitter tears were shed by dear friends, whose souls had been greatly blessed through his ministry. "Our brother shall rise again."

"Their inbred sin required
Their flesh to see the dust;
But as the Lord their Saviour rose,
So all His followers must."

Dear Charlie has had a severe loss; he is quite well, and at school at Swansea with the Rev. J. GAUNTLETT. His dear papa expressed a wish that my sister and self should be his guardians, and he made a will to that effect. The poor orphan boy is left penniless, but we are sure that his father's God, who is the *Father of the fatherless*, will provide in some way for

him. I am sure his dear papa's friends, when they hear of it, will give a helping hand. If done for the Lord, it will not lose its reward.—

I am, dear Mr. CORNALL, yours very truly in our risen Jesus,

EMILY TURNER.

P.S.—Our Vicar, Rev. E. B. SQUIRE, and his good wife will do what they can to get dearest Charlie into a school in London for the Sons of Clergy.

(From the "*Glamorganshire Herald*.")

FUNERAL OF THE REV. WM. CLARK.—The remains of this esteemed clergyman were interred at St. Mary's churchyard on Friday morning last. The funeral was attended by the brother and friends of the deceased, and the majority of the clergy of this town. The service was read by the Rev. E. B. Squire, Vicar, and an appropriate hymn sung at the church by St. Mary's choir. As the procession entered the church, and proceeded down the aisle, "The Dead March" (in *Saul*) was played by Mrs. Morris, organist at St. Mary's, and this, together with the depressing aspect of the *cortège*, and the memories associated with the deceased, produced feelings of poignant and profound sorrow in all present, many being visibly affected. He died at the comparatively early age of 44, in the midst of a career of much usefulness and prosperity. Those who have attended his ministry will not soon forget the eloquence and sincerity of his utterances, and the tender yet impassioned yearning that he manifested for the spiritual welfare of his hearers. His earnestness was indeed at times most arresting and striking, betokening a sense of grave responsibility; while there was a gentleness and affection in his deportment and disposition which endeared him to all with whom he associated. Both in the pulpit and other spheres of Christian effort he was a potent means for good, and his decease causes a vacuum not easily supplied. His death was touchingly improved at St. Mary's church on Sunday morning last by the Vicar, who selected as his text the solemn words from Job, "For I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." After an able and impressive exposition of his subject, the rev. gentleman remarked with reference to the deceased that on the previous Sabbath the doors of heaven had been opened to one who had often ministered to them in the place where they were then assembled—whose voice they had often heard, but which was now silent in the grave. They mourned over one, so well fitted for usefulness in the Lord's vineyard, cut down in his prime. But their mourning was turned into joy when they remembered that he had "fought the good fight," and been called to receive the reward reserved for the faithful. His earnest appeal—his faithful exhortation—his loving counsel—his determination to exalt Christ in all His gracious offices and work—his faithful warnings to those who were still undecided—his consolation to those who were weary and heavy-laden—his encouragement to those who had embraced the Cross to hold on steadfast unto the end—his desire that by his preaching and teaching, by his life and conversation, by precept and example, in season and out of season, he might win souls—all this, and much more, was well known to many of them. His voice still sounded in their ears, and he, being dead, yet spoke to their hearts; and, could he once more address the loving exhortation to those of them who were still pressing forward and contending for the prize, it would be in the language of St. Paul, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building

of God—a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." In these glorious mansions, they doubted not, he had found a place; and, could he once more speak a word to the careless and the undecided, and the lukewarm, in terms of affection he would say, "Come; for all things are ready." "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" But he rested from his labours, his career as an ambassador for Christ had closed, and he awaited that glorious resurrection-day when saints and sinners should take their places throughout eternal ages. Mr. Squire then reviewed the lessons which had been considered in connexion with the text, and the sad event to which he had just referred, observing that they were not to be regarded as an idle breath, but as evidences of the great responsibility which rested on each of them. The Gospel was never preached in vain, being either the savour of life unto life, or of death unto death, and the record by which the Almighty would be justified when He spoke at the day of judgment.—The decease of Mr. Clark was also alluded to in the evening, at the church before-named, by the Rev. J. Meigh, who appeared to feel acutely in his references thereto.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

PARLIAMENT has re-assembled, and its re-assembling was marked by a most important discussion respecting the Alabama Claims. The Queen's Speech announced that the Government had addressed "a friendly communication" to the Government of the United States, urging the latter to withdraw its claims for "indirect damages," which damages, it is alleged, were caused by privateers which escaped from England during the Civil War. A meeting of arbitrators has been held in Geneva, and it seems that the American Government not only claimed direct damages for the injury which they sustained by the *Alabama*, but also claimed these "indirect damages" to an enormous extent. Following the Queen's Speech came a telegram stating that the American Government had resolved to adhere to those claims, and subsequent messages and telegrams confirm the same. What, therefore, will be the result we cannot say; we hope for peace, but the condition of things is sufficiently serious to make it possible that the result may be war.

A sad event has occurred in India. Lord Mayo, the popular and able Viceroy, has been assassinated. Whilst inspecting a convict prison on the Andaman Islands, he was stabbed in two places by a Mahomedan convict, and almost immediately he expired. The murderer's name is Shere Ali, and he was condemned in 1867 to transportation for life for murder. In the dusk of the evening, just as Lord Mayo was about to re-embark after inspecting the prison at Port Blair, the murderer sprang forward past the guards, and effected his fell purpose before he could be prevented. In the House of Lords, the Duke of Argyll made a touching reference to the appalling event; and in the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone bore emphatic testimony to the extraordinary ability with which Lord Mayo had discharged his important functions. Mr. Disraeli—apparently overcome by the cruel loss of a dear friend and enthusiastic fellow-worker—was only able to utter two or three sentences of regret, but these were surcharged with deep feeling. The melancholy occurrence has deeply moved not only the people of this country, but the millions over whom Lord Mayo exercised a beneficent sway.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 76,
NEW SERIES. }

APRIL 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,276,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

"*He was marvellously helped till he was strong.*"—2 CHRON. xxvi. 15.

LANGUAGE which, to the carnal mind and spiritually untaught, is mysterious and problematical, is oftentimes fraught with richest consolation to the believer. It is written, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will shew them His covenant." Hence there are very frequently special blessings and peculiar mercies lying beneath the surface of words and utterances which are entirely void of interest to the worldly, except as to their seeming strangeness and singularity. It is well, however, for the children of God to keep in view, and, in their testimony for God and truth, to adhere to, the fact that Jehovah, both in the dispensations of His providence and in the grand economy of His grace, pursues a course directly contrary to that which *man* would devise. This He hath proved from the beginning. His acts in all time, and from generation to generation, have all gone to ratify and establish this fact. Hence the precious principle of *faith* is called into exercise; yea, believers are declared to *live* and to *walk* by *faith*. This is their province—this their privilege; and, as such, it is in opposition to that line of thought and action which the world pursues. In opposition to the sight or sense or reasoning faculties of the world, *faith's* rule is, "*Trust* in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Again, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; *trust* also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." "*Trust* in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

These are *faith's* credentials, of a saving or personal knowledge of which the world knows nothing; but for which, we repeat, the believer must be prepared to contend; yea, he must seek to defend

its principles and its province against all the sophistry and sarcasm of the age. He has Scripture precept and Scripture practice and examples abundantly and pre-eminently on his side; and, with these, backed up by a living and undeniable experience of precious God-wrought and soul-felt verities, he may defy all the powers of darkness, as well as all the boasted discoveries and enlightenment of the age, to reason or argue him out of what he has thus "tasted and handled and felt of the good word of life."

Reader, this living Spirit-wrought experience is a wonderful thing. If anything brings a man to a point, and makes him bold and courageous in the faith, it is this. Nothing can supplant it, nor anything prove a substitute for it. "We speak," says the Apostle, "that we do know, and testify that we have seen."

Now, this experience, or this personal, heartfelt knowledge of the Lord's leadings and dealings, furnishes a key to the otherwise seemingly strange and unaccountable language of the text, "He was marvellously helped till he was strong."

By reference to the context, it will be seen, that Uzziah (to whom the words refer) began to reign at the age of sixteen years, which was nine years earlier than when Amaziah, his father, commenced his reign at Jerusalem; and his reign, moreover, extended to nearly twice the length of that of his father. It would appear that he took heed to avoid those evils and entanglements under the power of which his father fell; but, alas! there is that connected with the words of our text which go to prove, that, in Uzziah's seeking to avoid one extreme, he fell into another. How often is this the case; and how clearly does it show, that we are never, never safe, but as we are moment by moment under divine guardianship and in divine keeping! How little did the man of God who came out of Judah, of whom we read in the 13th chapter of the First Book of Kings, suspect danger as he returned and sat under the oak, after he had so faithfully fulfilled his mission before the altar, in the presence of Jeroboam; and yet that very unsuspecting rendered him an easy prey to a temptation which assailed him both at an unlooked-for time and in the most unexpected way, the yielding to which cost him his life. And how little did the Psalmist himself imagine when, by his people's wish, he stayed at home instead of going forth to war, that his simply seeking a few minutes' recreation by walking upon the housetop, should lead to the commission of the vilest sins and most abominable of crimes, and make him the subject of deepest sorrow and intensest shame for the residue of his days.

So we read, with respect to Uzziah, that, "when he was strong, his heart was lifted up to his destruction: for he transgressed against the Lord his God, and went into the temple of the Lord to burn incense upon the altar of incense" (2 Chron. xxvi. 16). The extreme to which we before referred, and into which Uzziah fell, was that of taking upon himself the priestly character, and offering incense. This presumptuous act led to the awful destruction of Korah,

Dathan, and Abiram. Uzziah sought, it is true, to avoid the idolatry of which his father was guilty, by seeking to sacrifice to the *true God*; but the combined character of king *and* priest was not for him or any other man to assume, as it was reserved for the Lord Jesus Christ, the true Messiah, and Him alone.

Alas! alas! are there not multitudes in our own day, who, like Uzziah, thrust themselves into the priest's office, and for whom a fearful condemnation is in reserve, unless divine mercy interpose on their behalf, discovering to them the enormity of their sin, and leading to repentance?

We find, subsequently, that Uzziah, being of a sudden smitten as a leper, was thrust out of the sanctuary by the priests; "yea," we read, that he "himself hastened also to go out, because the Lord had smitten him." And "he was a leper unto the day of his death, and dwelt in a several house, being a leper; for he was cut off from the house of the Lord."

Hence, dear reader, we see the distressing results of pride, self-confidence, and fleshly sufficiency. It was when he himself was strong, or thought he was so, and had not the realizing ever-present consciousness of his ceaseless and continual and uninterrupted need of divine guidance, support, and succour, that he fell.

We read in an earlier verse, with respect to Uzziah, that, "as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper." The very expression implies his deep-felt sense of need, and a corresponding personal distrust. He knew His position was a weighty and responsible one, and, for a time at least, it would seem that he was imbued with the self-same spirit which prompted Solomon before him to cry, "And now, O Lord my God, Thou hast made Thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in. And Thy servant is in the midst of Thy people which Thou hast chosen, a great people, that cannot be numbered nor counted for multitude. Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people, that I may discern between good and bad: for who is able to judge this Thy so great a people?" (1 Kings iii. 7—9).

Manifold and mighty as were the achievements of Uzziah, there is not, we repeat, a question that they were commenced, carried on, and completed in a simple child-like spirit, looking to and leaning upon the Lord for wisdom, grace, and strength day by day; and thus was he blessed and prospered.

And this, beloved, is precisely the line of things through and by which the Lord is ever wont to lead His people. To whatever service He calls them, and in whatever work they are engaged for Him, He always holds the reins, and keeps them in check, so that there should not be the veriest reason for their cherishing, even in the smallest degree, fleshly pride or creature-boast. He will assuredly and effectually dethrone the great I. This Dagon shall ever fall before the Lord, and be dashed to atoms, that the Lord, and the Lord alone,

should have the glory of His own work, let Him use whatsoever instrument it may please Him to do, in the accomplishment of His own wise purposes and wonder-working designs. Never, never will He allow any of His loved ones to say, as King Nebuchadnezzar said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" The least tendency towards this kind of thing in the hearts of any of the dear children of God will very, very soon meet its reward. He who loves them too well to allow such a spirit to alienate their thoughts and affections from Himself will very speedily take such steps with regard to them as shall show them—and that most effectually, too—with respect to their best works and most prosperous services, how true was that declaration of David, in reference to the preparations for the building of the temple, "But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for *all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee.*"

We beg the reader to contemplate the histories of both Old and New Testament characters; let them analyze that wondrous summary contained in the 11th of the Hebrews, and see if this great truth be not illustrated and established, that all and everything of any worth or worthiness, as engaged in by the creature, bears upon it most clearly and unmistakably *God's doings*? That it is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Yea, those great and fundamental truths are ratified and confirmed by the Lord, in the living and daily experience of His people: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong!" "The Lord saveth not with sword and spear." "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." It has ever been established as a great and glorious truth, that "the Lord shall judge His people, and repent Himself for His servants, when He seeth that their power is gone, and there is none shut up or left. It is "the lame take the prey." The people of the Lord are "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." They know experimentally the blessedness of that seeming mystery, "When I am weak, then am I strong;" "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." They know what Paul meant when he said, "In nothing am I behind the very chiefest apostles, *though I be nothing.*" They, too, most fully and unreservedly sympathize with His utterance, "Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

We repeat, beloved, go to what history you may, in either Old or New Testament Scriptures, and there you find that it is "in the Lord," and in the Lord alone, His people "have righteousness and strength." It is side by side with their creature weakness and ignorance and nothingness, and as a blessed antidote and set off, they are "holpen with a little help"—yea, as our text declares, "they are marvellously helped;" by little and little, mark you; peaceably; not all at once—not entirely, not absolutely, not completely delivered: oh, no! but just now and again—exactly and only as they really need. Yesterday they were "helped;" to-day they are "helped;" to-morrow (as verily

as God is true) they shall be "helped" likewise—yea, all through their lives—to the very end of their time-state—such shall most assuredly be the case. They shall be brought off "more than conquerors through Him that hath loved them;" but, at the same time, there shall be no more cause for creature-pride or self-sufficient boasting, than there was for those who voyaged with Paul, and respecting whom we read, "And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

Ah, beloved, how often we think personally, if it should please our God to grant us to get safe at last, to adopt the figure here before us, upon what a very small piece—by what a mere fragment—we shall escape. Just enough—and only enough—to keep our head above water, and float our poor shattered, tempest-tossed frame into the fair haven; and then, beloved, we shall sing—and you will sing—as we look back upon life's little history, with all its chequered scenes and hair-breadth escapes and deliverances, "Oh, I was marvellously helped!—marvellously helped! and to Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be all the glory!"

"Marvellously helped!" Dear reader, cannot you imagine both Old and New Testament saints saying so, as they glance at their wilderness journey?

"I was 'marvellously helped,'" says Noah, "with wisdom and strength and perseverance to build the ark. The sneers and the taunts and the threats of the surrounding ones had no effect upon me. And, when at its completion, I saw two and two of every creature moving together from all places, to enter the ark, I gazed and wondered and adored, but felt no dismay nor alarm. Calmly, too, at length I entered; and, when 'the Lord shut me in,' I was 'marvellously helped,' for I felt He was there, too. So that, when the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the clouds of heaven poured down their mighty torrents, until at last that vast fabric, with its numberless and so dissimilar occupants floated upon the face of the deep, I knew what it was to rest in God without fear or apprehension. Yea, I was 'marvellously helped.' Nor less so, when, at Jehovah's bidding, I came forth from the ark, and not a single living creature was to be seen. A death-like silence prevailed, so in contrast with the scenes before the flood; yet even then I was 'marvellously helped,' as I built an altar unto the Lord, and offered Him thanksgiving and praise."

"Oh," says Abraham, "I was 'marvellously helped' on that memorable occasion when the Lord called upon me to go to a certain mountain which He would tell me of, and there offer up my Isaac. I was so 'marvellously helped,' as to be kept as calm and deliberate as possible even at such a juncture, and in such otherwise agonizing circumstances. I knew it was the Lord's will and the Lord's way; and its very strangeness and singularity caused me to feel confident that in some equally strange and singular manner He would appear

for my succour and deliverance. And so it was ; and never before had I so glorious a view of that great offering which, in the fulness of time, should be made in the only-begotten Son of God."

"I was 'marvellously helped,'" says Jacob, "in that never-to-be-forgotten scene by the brook Jabbok. Oh, how intense was my anguish, when I heard of the coming forth against me of my brother Esau, with his four hundred men ! I saw nothing but destruction before me. Wives and children and self were as so many dead creatures in my view ; but, after all the pains and precautions I took for their safety, how wondrous was the power which came over me, and how 'marvellously was I helped' to wrestle with the Angel ! I felt I neither could nor would let Him go until He blessed me ; and He did 'bless me there.'"

"How 'marvellously helped' was I," exclaims Moses, "notwithstanding my previous fears and objections, when Aaron and I went in before Pharaoh. I was in no wise intimidated, but as self-possessed and fearless as possible. I felt that it was the Lord's errand upon which I went, and that He would stand by and succour me. And so it was time after time when I went in before Pharaoh with heavy tidings and dismal threats. So when judgment after judgment came, I was not in the least dismayed nor terrified. And 'marvellously was I helped,' too, the night the first-born of the Egyptians were slain ; and when we came out of Egypt ; and when at the Red Sea the Lord said, 'Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward.' I had no fear, but as calmly as possible led that mighty host between the smitten waters, as they stood up a wall on our right-hand and a wall on our left-hand. I had not so much as a trembling thought about their re-flowing or breaking in upon us ere we had all passed over."

"I was 'marvellously helped,'" says David, "when I went forth to meet Goliath of Gath, in the midst of the assembled hosts of the Philistines and of Israel. Not the semblance of fear possessed me. I was as sure of victory as when I stood upon the giant with his sword in my hand, and struck off his head. I knew—and rejoiced in the fact—that the Lord saved not with sword or spear ; that the battle was the Lord's, and that He would give the enemy into our hands."

"I was 'marvellously helped,'" says Elijah, "when I stood before Ahab, and the false prophets called upon their gods to come down and consume the burnt sacrifice. Oh, how the Lord stood by and strengthened me then as I defied them, and then, in the midst of their disappointment and mortification, called upon God to prove that He was verily the living and true God, and that I was His servant, and that I did all by His sanction and approval. Oh, yes, I was 'marvellously helped' then."

"I was 'marvellously helped,'" says Joshua, "as I bade the sun and moon to stand still, in order that the battle against the armies of Israel might be prolonged."

"I was 'marvellously helped,'" exclaims Gideon, "as I went forth against the Midianites, who lay round about their camps like grasshoppers for multitude; but oh, how perfectly calm and self-possessed was I, notwithstanding!"

"I was 'marvellously helped,'" declares Daniel, "in the face of all that my foes did to secure my destruction. What a blessed night was that I passed in the den of lions! Not a calmer nor a happier nor a more fearless season did I ever experience."

"How 'marvellously helped' were we," say the three Hebrews, "even though the burning fiery furnace was heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated. Ah, what a companionship was ours in that furnace! What communion was that when Jesus, the Son of God, walked with us and talked with us in the midst of the fire; when our hands brake, and not so much as the smell of fire passed upon us, and when not a hair of our head was singed! 'Marvellously helped,' indeed."

"Marvellously helped" was the martyr Stephen, when he cried, "I see heaven opened, and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God;" and when, too, with his dying breath he exclaimed, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

"Marvellously helped" was Peter in prison, when the next day Herod would have brought him forth, and put him to death.

"Marvellously helped" was Paul, in his "deaths oft," in his perils in the city, in his perils in the wilderness, in his perils in the sea, in his perils among false brethren.

And, reader, what dear child of God but is prepared to testify to the fact of how "marvellously helped" he has been in the ten thousand dangers and entanglements and besetments with which he has been familiar, and in connexion with which his Lord has supported and sustained, defended and delivered him? But, mark you, in all his experiences, the Lord has ever kept prominently in the foreground, that it has been by *His* help and not the creature's strength, by *His* wisdom and not by human knowledge, foresight, or skill, His own dear ones have been guarded and guided in their life, in death, and finally brought to that kingdom where they shall ceaselessly sing, "I was 'marvellously helped' in all and through all until at length I was brought to this blessed inheritance."

St. Luke's, Westminster, March 9, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

THOUGHTS ON GENESIS—THE TOWER OF BABEL.

"And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven," &c.—GEN. xi. 4—7.

WE may learn a lesson from these verses of the pride of the human heart. We would have our name perpetuated by some Babel act or other, and it is not the men of this world alone who would build themselves "a city and a tower," for is there not amongst the people of God sadly too great

a tendency to rear up something which shall redound to their own honour and glory? Even the lowliest of them are prone enough to try to build an edifice with the "wood, hay, and stubble" of their own self-righteousness, like Capernaum of old, exalting themselves unto heaven. Oh, what need for each of us, as individual Christians, to be on our guard in this respect, and watch as well as pray lest we enter into temptation! When the Lord is pleased to magnify His grace in us, and by us, in any degree whatever, how quickly does the arch-enemy of our souls take advantage of this to harass and torment us with the insinuation that we are superior to many we see around us of our fellow-Christians! "Did you not do that well?" or, "Did you not shine on such an occasion?" are injections into the mind which many truly Spirit-taught disciples cannot be unfamiliar with, if they would candidly confess it. At such times how earnestly does the poor soul struggle to get free with a "Get thee behind me, Satan," which avails nothing until we fly to the Strong for strength, even to Him who can put all the armies of the alien to flight, and is "able to succour them that are tempted." How hard it is to learn that best lesson of all, and the one which comes nearest to our Saviour's own likeness—the lesson of true humility! Perhaps another lesson we may draw from this passage is, the facility with which we *attempt* to form our own plans. We, in effect, say, "To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year," &c., which is only another form of Babel-building; but the Lord comes down and puts all our schemes to flight, and our plans into confusion, scattering our ideas, and making our devices of none effect. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." In what numberless instances has this been exemplified in the writer's own case! How needful, then, to seek counsel of the Lord, and say, "If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that."

These builders had all one language at first, and the language of the world is still the same: "Go to, let us build;" but "the lofty looks of men shall be bowed down, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that day." No amount of carnal building will enable a man to get to heaven; nothing can be added to Christ's work, nor anything taken from it, and the plan was for ever settled before the foundations of the world were laid; it is all order, without any confusion, and is accomplished like the work of a wise master-builder without any mistakes. He says, "My purposes shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." Every stone shall be nicely fitted in, and not one be wanting, for the building must be fitly framed together that it may grow into a holy temple unto the Lord, until its completion, when the top-stone is brought with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

How earnest should be our inquiry: "Am I built up into Christ? Am I taken out of the quarry of nature, and made a polished stone in His spiritual temple? If so, what can I render to the Lord for all His benefits unto me?" Nothing, it is true, in payment, but surely something by way of return. The Psalmist says, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." "I will shew forth His salvation from day to day."

"Be all my heart and all my days
Devoted to my Saviour's praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love!"

W.

Upside Notes.

LIFE LESSONS.

"Thou shalt see greater things than these."—JOHN i. 50.

THE expiration of another month bids us again take up the pen to write our "Notes by the Way" for the family of God. The work is important—the flock want feeding—the lambs want tending. Feeling its importance, we look up to the throne and cry, "Oh, for the unction of the Holy Spirit! Oh, for fresh unfoldings of a precious Christ! Oh, to write as for eternity!" and as we put up these aspirations, that portion of our blessed Lord's declaration drops upon our heart, "Thou shalt see greater things;" and are we not, beloved, constantly learning strange lessons in the school of Christ—things that prove contrary to our calculations and ideas? Are we not being led from chamber to chamber in God's house, discovering thereby the frailty of human nature, and the all-sufficiency, excellency, power, love, and mercy of Jesus?

We did not have such lowly views of human nature once. In early experience we calculated that the saints of God must be most spotless, amiable beings; the tender plant of divine grace burst forth under the influence of the sweet rays of the sun of righteousness; the spices became fragrant on the mountains of Zion; there was a charm about the early buddings forth of the new life, and the babe in grace, thinking no evil, calculated, "Oh, what godly people God's people must be; how holy their lives; how sanctified their conversation; how hallowed their society. Oh, that I could creep into their company, it must be a little heaven below to be in their midst; but, alas! does he find it so? nay, will he not find that, with the best of them, the old Adam nature is there still, and that they are far from being such amiable creatures in temper and conduct as he had been led to expect? A Christian, known to us, had greatly profited by the ministrations of an eminent servant of God; and, in the fulness of her heart, said, "I must go to him and tell him what the Lord has done for my soul," but, being of a nervous, timid disposition, she feared to do so, till, encouraged by a fellow-Christian, the two proceeded to the vestry together. The great man being surrounded by members of his congregation, they waited outside for some time; presently he issued forth with flowing robes. "Oh, sir," said the trembler, "I want to tell you what the Lord has done for my soul." "Glad you know it," said the great man, and passed on. Oh, how cut to the quick was that child of God. Yet did she learn the lesson—that the best of men are but mortals. We recollect experiencing in younger days a similar rebuff. We had desired to tell a minister of the work of grace upon our heart; we sought an interview, and gained it; yet, while we went into his presence *warm hearted*, we came out chilled and wounded. We know it is not always so, and there are some gracious men ever ready to listen to the lisps of the babe in grace, cheering and encouraging such on the way; but still we meet with enough to show us that we shall look in vain for such a thing as perfection in the flesh—the only perfect One who trod this earth of ours being the Lord Jesus Christ.

We shall startle, we know, some so-called "pious ones" when we state that some of the most unamiable beings one meets with are Christians—that is, in themselves. Get them upon the right tack, and we mark the mellowing and softening influence of Divine grace. But our point is that the old nature is there still; and, when self is uppermost, creature failings manifest themselves in even the best of men; and, that this is no new thing, note the disposition often manifested by those who were as safe for glory as the Eternal Three could make them, and who have passed within the veil to behold that perfection in Jesus that they found not in themselves. For instance, anything but amiable was Job when he said, "Let the day perish wherein I was born." The same may be said of the prophet Jeremiah when he argued, "Wherefore came I forth from the womb to see labour and sorrow, that my days should be consumed with shame?" And of Jonah, when he answered God with the declaration, "I do well to be angry even unto death." And even the disciples of our Lord, instead of glorying in the fact of a poor sinner pressing towards Jesus for salvation, exclaimed, "Send her away: why troubleth she the Master?" Now these are painful exhibitions of the old Adam nature, and we only name them to show that there is no perfection to be found in the creature, although the spirit of the age is rather to think that by education we are going on fast towards it: no such thing. It is not to be found in the saints of God, much less among worldlings; and every one taught of God, who views the matter in its right light, will be brought to acknowledge, "If I justify myself, mine own mouth shall condemn me. If I say I am perfect it shall also prove me perverse." Is there, then, one may ask, no such a thing as perfection even among the children of God? What means the Apostle, when he writes to his brethen, "*as we that are perfect*"? Ah, this brings before us the Lord Jesus Christ, the Head of the Church. It is in Him, and in Him alone, that the saints appear perfect, as His own declaration to the Father will establish: "I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in One;" which hallowed standing, and acceptance in the Beloved, made the Apostle say, in addressing the Church: "Ye are complete in Him which is the Head of all principality and power." There is no other completion, no other perfection; it can only be found in Christ. But our point is, that there is no such a thing as perfection apart from our standing in Christ; that even the best of men are but mortals like ourselves. It would seem almost unnecessary to insist upon this; but not so when we know that there are, increasing in our midst, so-called "priests," who would have us believe that they are surrounded with a sort of halo of sanctity, and that the laity ought to have no opinion of their own upon religious matters. Away with such God-dishonouring notions, and self-exalting impiety!

Oh, how different it is when we turn to the real servant of the Most High, whether learned or unlearned, as far as human wisdom is concerned! Such have temptations peculiar to their positions, and little do those who sit in their pews to hear know of the surroundings of the one who has to occupy the pulpit. We know what we are writing, for we have occupied both positions; and, with regard to the pulpit, "There," will intimate Satan, when one has advanced a truth, "how will the people receive that? How will you establish your position before them? What a fool you are to attempt it at all! What further poor prattle will you give vent to now? 'Like a crane or a swallow so do

you chatter!' Why the people will only laugh at you when they knock heads together to talk of your sermon!" And so the servant of God is harassed and driven to the throne! But with it all, he who uplifts the standard of divine truth in a battle of temptations, and a shower of fiery darts, crying out all the time mightily to his God for help, will have his encouragements, and God will not let His "Word return unto Him void." We wish there were more such *warrior-preachers* in the present day.

And, then, another life lesson we are experiencing is, *That there is a great lack of spirituality, even among the believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.* It is an age of meetings and creature-doings; but, with it all, there is a great lukewarmness towards Christ. Oh, how rare it is to meet with one whose soul is absorbed with love to Jesus! How rare to hear one saying to others, "Come and hear, all ye that fear the Lord, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul." The formality and reserve of the age chills and shuts up one, gendering a Laodicean lukewarmness; and it becomes amazing to think that we talk so little of Him upon earth whom we hope to live with for ever in heaven. Well, beloved, amidst all that cribs and chills one's feelings, it is no slight mercy to be able to say, "Yet we know whom we have believed," and can appeal to Him, and acknowledge, with the heart-sincere, though creature-failing, Peter, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee," and not for ten thousand worlds would he give up that secret clinging to the Lord Jesus Christ; and so we go on, with mingled clinging and conflict all the way—did we say *conflict all the way*? Ah! but this reminds us of some in the present day who seem to have ceased from conflict. They appear to live up in the "third heavens," professing to have found full rest in the Lord, and to be perfectly delivered from doubts and fears; indeed, we have heard expressed by some, "that they have entered the full rest of the Lord, and, in order to be holy, they have only to look to Him every moment." Now, God forbid that we should desire to pull them down from their exalted position—if such a position were a safe one. But is it so? Is it meant that the word *warfare* should be expunged from our experience, and perfect rest be realized this side of the grave? Is it according to the Word that the believer in Christ shall be perfectly delivered from all doubts and fears? We think not; but the point is worth examining. It is evident at once, that those who have gone before did not live in this perfect rest and freedom from doubts and fears; for we have Jacob exclaiming, "All these things are against me;" Elijah saying, "It is better for me to die than to live;" David sighing, "Verily, I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency." "Ah! but," these perfect-rest ones would say, "all *that* is before the coming of Christ. His coming ushered in a different dispensation, even a dispensation of peace, for He is the Prince of peace; and now we can be at rest!"

Well, it is curious that the very harbinger of our Lord did not find it so; for what an instance we have in John the Baptist that a good and great man is subject to doubts and fears even upon the most vital points. The favoured harbinger of our Lord had pointed others to Him, saying, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world;" and our blessed Lord's testimony concerning him was, "Verily, I say unto you, among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist." And yet behold him, when thrust into prison, sending some of his disciples to inquire of Christ, "Art Thou He that

shall come, or do we look for another?" Here were doubts and fears, and that, too, even about our blessed Lord Himself. But oh, how graciously does Jesus reply to this inquiry. He does not upbraid him for his unbelief, but says, "Go and show John again those things ye do hear and see;" and then He founded upon these facts that remarkable declaration, "From the days of John the Baptist until now, the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force;" showing us, we think, that it must be with holy wrestlings and vehement desires, with strong cries and tears that we realize the blessings of the kingdom, and that perfect rest and freedom from doubts and fears is all very well in theory, but cannot be carried out in reality this side of the grave. That the Christian may be brought into a sweet assurance of his eternal safety in Christ, and a firm belief that the "covenant is ordered in all things and sure," we have no doubt, for blessed be God, we think we know what it is to realize this one's self; but, with all this, we do feel that what with enemies without and enemies within, our old corrupt nature, the temptations of the world, and a thousand other opposing powers, it is not meant that we shall live up in the third heavens and sing ourselves into glory till the pilgrimage of life is over: no, rather the Word tells us that we shall have to fight our way to the crown, and contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. Then, dearly beloved, be not discouraged if you are subject to many doubts and fears. It cannot be all sunshine here, sweetly as it is to experience "the time of the singing of birds"—the birds are not all songsters we shall meet with by the way—*there are birds of prey as well as songsters of the air*; vultures as well as nightingales, and we shall have as much to contend with the former as to court the latter. And as these things are so, does not the telling the young Christian, "Oh! you ought to be at rest in Christ, and have no doubts and fears," rather put a stumbling-block in the way and bring them to increased doubt as to their security for eternity? Well, these are "life lessons," and things we notice by the way. We have referred to the frailty of human nature throughout the pilgrimage; but there is another thing we have observed relative to the close of the Christian's career, namely, "*that the dying time of saints is sometimes anything but what one expected it would be.*" We are apt to look for quite a scene of triumph at the time of the saint's dying, and so when it pleases the Lord it is so; but yet with many who have been foremost as God's ambassadors for the truth, their "sun sets behind a cloud," and there seems to be no glory tinging their last moments. This was especially the case with one eminent servant of God known to us. His ministry had been peculiarly blessed; he had been known as a champion for the truth, and the expectation was that his end would be marked with a glorifying of the name of Jesus. Instead of which it was far otherwise. Brought to the simplicity of a little child, he would not get beyond the cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." We learnt this lesson by the paucity of that death scene, namely, that the Lord intends to show us that He must have all the glory; that He uses a vessel of mercy as long as He pleases, and then desires to show those who have been blessed by such an instrumentality that He is only an instrument after all; the Eternal Three must have all the honour and praise. We remember to have read or heard somewhere of a Christian mother whose anxiety was that her two ungodly sons should witness the death of their sainted father, calculating that he who had lived so near to Christ would at such a time utter expressions that would

seriously affect her sons; but, contrary to her ideas, the father passed away under the weakness of the flesh without leaving any testimony of the reality and importance of the religion of Jesus; but what was the result? Truly God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. One of those young men, through the very meagreness of his father's death, was brought to this reflection: "Well, if my father, after leading such a godly life, dies thus, what will become of such a sinner as I am when I am called to die?" And this reflection led him to prayer, prayer led him to poverty of spirit, and, when emptied of self and brought on his knees as a poor penitent sinner, crying for mercy, Christ revealed Himself to him as "mighty to save." So it is that "life lessons" and "death lessons" are all of the Lord's arranging, and, as dear Romaine said, "Let me die in triumph, or without, it matters not so I am but His. That's enough for me, whether in the valley or upon the mount it matters not; I shall die in the Lord, glory be to Him for evermore."

Thus far have we dwelt upon some few of "life lessons" that, giving us such views of self, tend to humble us greatly; and it is well for us to prove that our creature righteousness is like the linen girdle that Jeremiah was bidden to hide in the rock; behold, when it was drawn forth it was found "*to be marred and profitable for nothing*." So with the creature, "the flesh profiteth nothing;" but in our onward progress in Divine things we shall be led into "chambers" more pleasantly fitted, and where we shall gain views of a Saviour's love and mercy. Oh, how this mercy and favour of Jesus shows itself when we consider, "Well, here we are brought through the varied trials and exigencies of life, and this month of April, 1872, finds us still holding on our way in paths of righteousness, kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." What a mercy—the old doctrines of grace are to us as fresh as ever when we gain their unfoldings, and with all the whims and fancies, notions and nostrums of the age, we can say, as we could years ago, "*Jesus FOR ME!*" We are not ashamed of our colours; and, if others have lowered them into the dirt of Arminianism and creature doings, our desire is to lift them up higher, exclaiming, "He is the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely; and it is a precious life lesson" we are learning, worth spelling over and over again—

"None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

Then there is a little chamber at the top of God's house exceedingly sacred to the soul, for from it the pilgrim gets a view of the delectable mountains, and sees his home, though distant still; and, like Daniel, he loves to open the window of this chamber and "look towards Jerusalem." The Apostle Paul, methinks, looked back upon similar experience when he said, "I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago who was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter." Marvellous revelation to a guilty sinner; and yet, if lifted up with a sense of holy joy and communion with Christ, we have need to be balanced with a sense of our deficiencies and infirmities, need for "some thorn in the flesh," lest we should be exalted above measure. Ah, beloved, are we not brought by the Lord's sanctified discipline to say with dear Paul, "I will rather glory in my infirmities that the power of Christ may rest upon me"? We love the *exaltation*, but possibly we learn

more by that which brings us to *humiliation* ;—*triumphing* is very precious, but *trials*, when sanctified, are more enriching. We may aspire to *live above*, but God's way of preparation for us is to *live below*, with all its attendant strugglings and warfare. Again we say, then, so be it; for what Jesus ordains and appoints, must work for our eternal good.

And, lastly, the consummation of all "life's lessons," and the realization of the greatest thing of all is expressed in these words, "*Thou shalt see the King in His beauty.*" What large sums of money have been recently given to catch a glimpse of the Queen of England and her retinue as she went to the Metropolitan Cathedral to return thanks to God for restoring the Prince of Wales to health, and what an imposing spectacle it was; but only think of beholding Him, "who hath on His vesture and on His thigh a name written King of kings and Lord of lords!" Ah! and even forming one among that favoured multitude who "shall behold the King in His beauty," and become borne away in an extacy of love and admiration as we "*see Him as He is.*"

Three times in Isaiah ii. occurs the expression "*the glory of His majesty,*" the powerful effects of which shall bring terror upon the proud, so that they shall hide themselves in the holes of the rocks and caves of the earth before it; while, on the other hand, the Word tells us of a city above that hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon and the stars, for "*the glory of God*" doth lighten it, and the blessing and mercy connected therewith is that "*the saved shall walk in the light of it.*" Then shall they indeed "*see the King in His beauty,*" and no more go out from His hallowed presence.

We have then, beloved, in the foregoing led you into some strange and yet some sweet lessons, and we will vouch for it that sooner or later you will find them true, if you have not already done so. You will be led by the Spirit from chamber to chamber in the Lord's house, and have there to drink of the wine of astonishment. Some learn of the Lord by deep providences, as did Jacob; some by deep trials, as did Job; some by a deep acquaintance with the frailty of human nature, as did David; some by a deep insight into the vanities of life, as did Solomon; some by visions and dreams in the night, as did Ezekiel and Daniel; some by "a thorn in the flesh," as did Paul; whatever means the Lord takes to meeten His people for glory, *all, all must be well.* Cheer up, then, poor heart, thou art not learning these varied *life lessons* in vain, and the Spirit's teachings and preparation is meetening thee for the inheritance with the saints in light. God be praised, Christ be glorified, and the Holy Spirit honoured for all that we are passing through, and then for that sweet termination of our career, "an eternal weight of glory," and before that happy and joyous time, beloved,

Thou shalt see greater things yet, for in the words of a dear old Pilgrim Father, "I am persuaded that God hath more truth yet to break forth from His Word." So that it is ours to wait in the attitude of prayer, and search the Scriptures; to look unceasingly to the work of the Holy Spirit; to honour Him more and more, and to cry to Him, "Oh! blessed Spirit, fulfil Thine own gracious office in our experience, and take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. More of Jesus we crave; let not a day pass without our soul's desire being gratified, that we may become enriched with all spiritual gifts and graces in the heavenlies. Oh, teach us, blessed Spirit, more of the mind and will of our covenant God; and, when all these

'life lessons' have accomplished their training for eternity, and all un-
foldings of Christ in Divine experience are over, then, in the calm of
heavenly peace, shall we realize what it is—

"Ever to sweetly rest,
On the Beloved's breast,
Close to His side.
Near to Him still to be,
Through an eternity,
There to abide."

Wanstead, Essex.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

LABOURERS, ARTISANS, AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF THE BIBLE.

THE very word "labour" at once carries one's thoughts to Gen. iii. 17—19. In Eden there was no labour, for labour and work are by no means synonymous. Labour "brings down the heart" (Psalm cvii. 12), causes "the sweat of the brow," implies physical—yea, and mental—fatigue, distress, weariness; while there may be work without necessarily involving these. Even as regards the Lord's work, how many of His people, with hearts glowing with love to Him, have known what it was to be weary in it, though not weary of it. Like St. Paul, they could speak of "labours more abundant," yea, of "weariness and painfulness;" but still, though because of our sin-marred frames, work too often becomes laborious, it is not, as we said before, *necessarily* so, for we read of the glorified ones, that "they rest not day and night" in the Lord's service (Rev. iv. 8). There, indeed, "the weary are at rest" for ever. In the days of primeval innocence, moreover, while there was work assigned to man (for idleness and happiness could never co-exist), it was unaccompanied, untainted, by the yet unpronounced curse recorded in Gen. iii. 17—19. Some have thought that when the Lord God put Adam into the garden, and bid him *keep* it, he was thereby put on his watch-tower, made custodian as it were of the hallowed place; and, had he been faithful to his trust, Satan would not have got an entrance—it was *his business* to have kept him out! But, be this as it may, whatever was meant by the word *keep* it, and the preceding one, *dress* it, the work could not have been laborious, as thorns and briars were as yet unknown; and, as regards the spontaneous productiveness of the garden, we read, "that the Lord made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and a river went out of Eden to water the garden."

The first in our list of Labourers, Artisans, and Professional Men, of whom mention is made in God's Word, is, we need scarcely say, Adam the first gardener. In our preliminary remarks on labour, we have already touched upon the work assigned to him, and his unfaithfulness as regards the duties required of him. Might it not be a fair deduction, that with him, as with his whole race, pleasure proved a lulling opiate? His wife, who was the subject of his first utterance as recorded by *inspiration*, and by listening to whom he fell, was loved more than his *Maker*;

her words were listened to, and *she* was believed, while he made God a liar, and turned his back on the Almighty; and then "came death and all our woe." Eden was no longer a fit abode for fallen sinful man; God's honour must be vindicated, and the cherubims, "Jehovah's body guard," as they have been termed, descend with rapid flight from heaven, and with flaming sword, which turned every way, they keep with more jealous care than did the now outcast couple, the way of the tree of life. Outside Eden, Adam—*sin-pardoned* Adam—must still follow out the Divine decree; thorns and briers *were* brought forth, and with the sweat of his brow man had now to eat his bread. Nor was this true of the ground alone: man's nature was corrupt, and as "an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit," Adam's first-born, the son who his fond mother thought was the promised seed (Chap. iv. 1, being read thus, "I have gotten *the* Man, the Lord, or *from* the Lord, *promised* by Him")—this son, "the beginning of his strength," proved but too emphatically "a thorn in his flesh."

Of Cain we read, that he, like his father, was a tiller of the ground. His first appearance before us is as a worshipper, along with his brother. "Two men went" forth, probably to the place where the family altar was reared, for the purpose of devotion. Let us compare these with what we shall find recorded in Luke xviii. 10, and following verses,—our Lord's most instructive parable of the Pharisee and the publican. These two pairs seem singularly alike, the first being typical of the other. Cain brought of the fruit of the ground, thereby acknowledging God as the bountiful Giver of all he had—it was a thank-offering; but where was the blood which proclaimed the sinfulness of the man and his need of pardon? For Abel's act shows plainly that man had already been taught that grand fundamental truth, "that without shedding of blood there is no remission." So the Pharisee: in his prayer, we find adoration and praise, which after all turns out *praises of self*. In two verses, the pronoun *I* being repeated five times, while *Thee*, as addressed to the Being supposed to be worshipped, is uttered but once; and as Abel became the object of Cain's hatred, so was the publican the very scorn of the proud Pharisee! The lamb slain, the firstling of Abel's flock, and the publican standing afar off, not so much as lifting up his eyes to heaven, and smiting upon his breast, were both expressive of the same Spirit-taught sense of sin, which found utterance in the cry, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!"

The next form in which Cain, the second gardener or tiller of the soil, appears before us is a very awful one—a murderer! a fratricide!—for, when Cain saw that the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering, while unto Cain and his offering He had not respect, he was "very wroth, and his countenance fell." He was jealous of his brother. "Jealousy is the rage of man," "Jealousy is cruel as the grave," and so it proved; "for it came to pass, when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against his brother and slew him;" and "wherefore slew he him?" asks an inspired Apostle. "Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous." Already has the enmity commenced between the woman's promised seed and the seed of the devil, for Cain was "of that wicked one," who "was a liar and a murderer from the beginning."

Earth's sin-smitten soil is watered with a brother's blood, and the branded murderer, the second man, goes forth too vile, too desperately hardened, to remain any longer under his parents' hallowed roof. He goes forth, "a vagabond and a fugitive on the face of the earth"—un-

pardoned by God, and so hated, even by his fellow-man, that he dreads to find, in each one he meets, "the avenger of blood;" and so he drags on his miserable existence, carrying within his own breast a very hell, "whose worm dieth not, and whose fire cannot be quenched." Other labourers and tillers of the soil are spoken of in Scripture, but to these we can only refer very briefly.

Of Elisha we are told, in 1 Kings xix. 19, that when Elijah "found him, he was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen, and he with the twelfth, and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him,"—a well-known sign, doubtless, that he was expected to follow him by whom he was so called; and then follows one of those little home touches, so sweetly portrayed by the Holy Spirit from time to time in the Inspired Word. The father and mother, probably aged ones, at home, for whom the son was driving the family plough, not like those in our Lord's time, so justly censured by Him, who said, "It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me," or, as Dean Alford has it, "That wherein thou mightest have been benefited by me is Corban, *i.e.*, a gift—and ye suffer him no more to do ought for his father or his mother, making the Word of God of none effect." But not so Elisha: his filial love must express itself by the parting kiss to his father and his mother, "And then," said he, "I will follow thee;" and so he did; and the God of Israel worked gloriously, showing many signs and wonders by the hand of His servant—the ploughman—Elisha the prophet.

Noah was the first vinedresser, for we read, in Gen. ix. 20, that "Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard." The prophet Amos tells us he was "no prophet, neither a prophet's son, but a herdman and a gatherer of sycomore fruit," or wild figs, as it is in the margin. "The sycomore of Scripture," says Professor Balfour, in his interesting work, "The Plants of the Bible," "is a kind of fig-tree producing fruit similar in structure to the common fig, and having leaves like the mulberry. Hence the name Sycomore, from *sycon*, a fig; and *moren*, a mulberry. The juice usually contains caoutchouc, and the fruit is generally edible." And now, ere we close this paper, turn we with the deepest reverence to our Lord's words as recorded in John xv., "I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit [which has been given as a better rendering of this clause] He taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it or cleanseth it [removing what may hurt it, as we see a gardener remove caterpillars and slugs] that it may bring forth more fruit." "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit [as we have it in our Bibles], He taketh away," would imply the possibility of a branch in real union with Christ—in *Me*—perishing at last, for the sixth verse explains how summary that taking away is; but, read as we have put it above, our Lord seems to teach the same truth as we find in Hosea xiv. 8, "In me is thy faith found," *i.e.*, "Every branch that does not bear fruit, through vital union with me, is a dead branch, and the Great Husbandman will take it away, and it will be cast into the fire and be burned." Lord, give us to abide in Thee, that we may bring forth much fruit!

M. C. C.

We should work for God in faith—water all with much prayer in its beginning, continuing, and ending.

DELAYS AND DENIALS.

PERHAPS our heading represents to the minds of God's saints much of their conflict. Delays and denials to prayer make fruitful work for the enemy of souls, and terrible work for the Lord's people. An old writer quaintly observes, "that the best blessings are the longest travelling;" and many a child of God can set to their seal that this is true. We see this conspicuously proved in the best of all blessings, redemption, which was travelling 4,000 years before it was accomplished. In the Scriptures we see this truth illustrated by various facts; such as the birth of Isaac, the exodus of God's Israel, the destruction of idolatry by Josiah, the rebuilding the temple, and the return of the Jews from captivity. Various national deliverances, from time to time, all tell us of the slow growth of great blessings. This is God's way still—though the impatience of man would hurry God, would leap the limits God has placed, would defy His appointments, and cancel the declaration "that there is a set time to favour Zion;" but, unmoved, God waits His own time, and, when it arrives, "that that is determined shall be done." Our Lord delayed to visit the afflicted family at Bethany, till the sick one died, and was laid in the grave; He delayed to display His omnipotent power when the storm raged, till the disciples cried out in despair, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" He delayed His visit of mercy to the ruler's child, till the message came, "'Thy daughter is dead. Why troublest thou the Master any further?" These and similar instances of blessings delayed only, may be traced in God's Word, which are continually re-produced in some shape or form in the experience of God's elect, whereby two Christian graces are called into exercise—prayer and patience. Beggars, when they ask for alms, and get all they want, turn soon away from their benefactor. God's purpose in delaying to answer His elect is to call forth reiterated and continuous prayer. He spake a parable unto His disciples "to this end: That men should always pray, and not faint;" and what excites and draws forth prayer? Wants of various descriptions. God files all His people's petitions. He had respect to the groans and sighs of the Psalmist, who says God heard the voice of his weeping; and to the "breathings" of His servant Jeremiah, though He waited His own time to answer their petitions. A poor godly woman, who had lived many years without any clear testimony in her soul that she was a child of God, came upon her dying bed with no other comfort than this: "I know I have prayed for it." One day a Christian minister (Mr. Silver, of gracious memory) went to see her. She rose up in her bed, exclaiming, "All my prayers came off in one moment, to the joy and rejoicing of my heart. 'I know whom I have believed.'" Thus, years of petitions, though long delayed, "came off," or were granted in one moment of time by a prayer-giving, prayer-hearing, and prayer-answering God. It is the soul's mercy to have the thing needed laid upon the heart by the Spirit of God; for this gives the believer constant errands to the throne of grace, and the delay is turned thus into a blessing. "But what of patience?" say you? Poor child of God! perhaps, as far as experience goes, you would link prayer and impatience together. "I have prayed truly, and cried to God," say you; "but as to patience, or as the royal Psalmist said, 'I waited patiently for the Lord,' this does not apply to me." The marginal reading of Psalm xl. 1,

seems to hit the point: "In waiting I waited." He does not say *how*; it was a fact, but it was a matter of compulsion. He was obliged to wait, whether he liked it or not. Oh, how many a dear tried saint, under a long-crushing cross, has been in similar straits, not waiting patiently for deliverance, but obliged to wait, getting at times a little used to the weight of the cross; struggling by fits and starts to shift it—throw it off—escape from it. Then comes a lull, it may be, of sullen acquiescence. "In waiting I waited." But patience is being learnt under all this. Self, in all its naughtiness, is presented to view; and the poor child of God loathes itself for the evils that stick to the soul, as the skin to the flesh, and from which there is no deliverance till the body of sin and death is laid in the grave. The believer would be patient, but he cannot. He would submit to all the will of God; but it is far from him, except at such blessed intervals when Jesus comes and says to the tumultuous wave, "Peace, be still." The prayer then is as good as answered, for the trial is lost sight of when Jesus appears. But the Lord's purpose is to teach His children submission, "to be still and know that He is God." And this lesson is learnt in the school of adversity. God shows His people their insignificance, for He can do without their puny efforts; He can put down one and set up another; and they must learn this experimentally, and He will repeat the lesson in various forms till He makes them see what poor helpless nothings they are: and this is a step towards patience. It is the consciousness of being something, and a secret sense of undeservedness of the cross, whatever it may be, that works up impatience; but the proud stomach must come down. "The crown is fallen from our head; woe unto us that we have sinned," is the language of the humbled spirit when grace is in exercise. But the patience thus wrought is not discerned by the believer. All he can trace is sin, and the remembrance of long days of bitter impatience. His only claim is grace; his only plea is blood; his only hope is righteousness; his only security a full, free, unconditional salvation. There he rests as the Lord enables, waiting for the supply of the Spirit to present his petitions, to plead the promises, and wait during the long night-time of delayed answers upon the Father of mercies and God of all consolation. The following fact is an illustration of the text: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, but when the desire cometh it is a tree of life."

A poor woman died, a short time ago, at the age of 64. She had been the mother of a large family, had passed through many hardships, and was of a very weakly constitution. For many years she had attended a place of worship where the truth of God was preached; she heard with approval, but without comfort, and met her last illness destitute of peace, and in deep distress of soul. Her doctor (who was a gracious man) probed her upon the point whether her former profession was only in the flesh, and that now the time was come when she was to cast off her old religion, and have a new one, the gift of God; and that far from her present state being cause for despair, it was the ground of hope that God had begun to deal with her soul. At various opportunities he set before her the blessedness of a full, free, and finished salvation; not left to the sinner to take, but to a God of all grace to give. She listened with interest, but without comfort, and gradually sank lower and lower, day by day. But there was one good sign that followed her all through this trial, she cried to the Lord in her distress. Night and day she was

crying after Jesus. She was constantly heard in snatches of ejaculatory prayer, calling upon the Lord to appear—to speak—to deliver—to save. It was her one anxiety; nothing seemed to affect her but her state as a sinner dying without Christ. Things went on thus till life had nearly closed. A few hours before her death the doctor again saw her, and her reply, when asked “What about your hope?” was, “I have none—I have no comfort.” But the Lord’s eye and heart were upon her, and He who had begun a good work in her, kept His best blessing for the last. A few moments before she expired she cried out with glad surprise, “Jesus is come! Jesus is come!” and so He took her home to be “for ever with the Lord.” L.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

OUTLINE OF A SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER,

LATE OF BRIGHTON.

“And now for a little space grace hath been shewed from the Lord our God.”

EZRA ix. 8.

THIS passage of Scripture treats of the Lord’s gracious interference on behalf of His people Israel, by which they again enjoyed favour, and light, and prosperity at His hands. The temple had been built, the walls raised, the people restored, and Ezra was brought from Persia to set in order all things relative to the temple; and when he came he found much disorder and confusion. But what most affected him was that God’s Israel had formed marriages with the heathen nations around, and this became a snare to them, and was a cause of grief to Ezra, who seems to have been much blessed in bringing about a change in this thing, as you may read in this chapter, where he laments the matter, and expresses how much mercy the people had received from the Lord in bringing them back to their city, rebuilding their temple, and planting them in their own land. In reference thereto we have the words of our text: “And now for a little space grace hath been shewed us from the Lord our God, to leave us a remnant to escape.” Oh, what language is this, and how remarkable when applied to the Church of God! Now, let us look a little into the terms brought forward here, and see how far they suit the case of the Israel of God in a Gospel day; and so realize a precious Christ, and taste a little of His grace and love upon our souls. Perhaps there are some present careless and indifferent to these things. What if you should die in this state? But you who know Jesus can remember when you were in this very case—when you were a stranger to the love of Jesus; and yet at that time He said unto you, “Live.” You had a precious Christ revealed to your soul, which is an earnest of all the glory that shall follow, when you are brought out of a wretched body of sin and death. But let us come to the terms used. The first precious term is *grace*. Israel had experienced grace in deliverance, grace in restoration, in prosperity, in peace. Their captivity was ended; peace was enjoyed. And now let me draw your attention to the words employed—“For a little space.” Oh, yes; it was but for a little space, for a moment, for a short time; and what does this indicate to God’s Israel, but the brief moments given them by the Lord of cessation from trouble and

trial. "Then had the churches rest." When? After Saul's persecution—after he had been made a subject of divine grace—after he had been changed from Saul into Paul, through electing, sovereign, discriminating grace. "Then had the churches rest;" but it was only for a moment, a short space, because the Lord had said, "Through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom." This is not your rest; it is polluted. You must not expect peace and quiet long. The devil will not let you alone; the world, the trials of time, crosses, sorrows, and cares, will not let you alone long. You may have a little truce, a little intermission, but there is no discharge during the time state. We need the whole armour of God, that having done all, we may stand. Aye, let us bless God if we do stand; for it is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed: for the Lord's people must be made sensible of what they owe Him, and what debtors they are to free grace. Has He showed you this? I ask you not, does He give you a calm now and then, in the midst of storms and tempests; but I ask you, has He made you a partaker of grace? Said the Apostle, "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ." As if he said, I do not speak of a thing you do not know; I am speaking of a thing you know experimentally, not intellectually. No; it is heart-work. My friends, is this true of you? Do you know the grace of God? If so, what effect hath it had upon you? Oh, hide your face for shame that it has had so little effect upon you! If indeed you know the sovereignty of His grace, the efficacy of His grace, the power of His grace, the extent of His grace, should it not have a constraining effect upon you? The law humbles, truly; but nothing, my friends, humbles like the Gospel. Oh, when we know the grace of Jesus, then is it the soul abhors itself, and feels the bitterness, the evil, the vileness of sin. Do you know this grace? And what a grace was it! Though He was rich, yet for your sake He became poor. Now to taste and realize and enjoy this grace, is to have the promise of all that is in store, of all the glory that remains; for whom Jesus loves He will keep, even to the end, and then come again and receive unto Himself; then shall you enjoy eternal peace, quiet, and freedom from sin. But guilt, misery, the hidings of His face, the terrors of the law, the trials and sorrows of the way, belong to our time state. Yes, friends, in a little while it will all be over; for Jesus will come and fetch you home. But, in the meanwhile, be sure if you are a child of God the devil will not let you alone; and you may be left to feel sometimes as if you had no standing, no shelter, no comfort, no peace; but as if the pit opened, and you were ready to fall into it. But, blessed be His name, as He was to Israel of old, even so is He now—a Deliverer still, a Saviour, a Helper; and peace and blessedness shall be enjoyed again. One great attempt of Satan against the Church of God is to interrupt communion with the Lord, to bring in guilt, and draw down the rod of God's wrath upon His dear children; but, though he draws down the rod, yet there is no wrath in it: it is the rod of a Father that chastens in love. Oh, have you been brought to this sweet point, to cast your all into His hands? Have you tasted of grace, and so been brought to feel all He does is in love to your soul? Fear not; the Lord will help and deliver you. But—

II. They are called a remnant; they were but as a part left, a remnant of the whole, that had escaped from Babylon, Persia, Assyria, and brought back to the holy city. So Ezra could say, as Paul did, "Even so now there is a remnant according to the election of grace;" even as you

read in Jer. xxxi. 2. The Lord's people are described as the left, the residue; and let me ask you this solemn question, How will it be with you in that solemn day, when the remnant shall be gathered above, and the sword of justice shall execute God's vengeance upon sinners? Ah, how will it be with you then? Shall you be visited with the sword of His wrath, or wrapped in the bosom of His love? Shall you hear Him say, "Come, ye blessed," or, "Depart, ye cursed"? Then you will appear as a goat or a sheep; a vessel of wrath or a vessel of mercy; to show forth His anger, or glorify the harmonizing of all His attributes. Can you realize this now? Poor sinners! this day may be very near to some of you. Somewhere may realize the end before the week is out, and stand before God in all your sins. Oh, such solemn thoughts show us that we must not trifle with eternity. Poor sinners! dropping out of time into eternity, what are you living for? Self, sin, the world, the devil? Or are you living for Christ, as a child of God, receiving the droppings of the Cross; and arrived at this spot, If I perish, I must perish there? But, blessed be God, none ever did; and you never shall, if you have been brought to this: for it is written, "Verily, it shall be well with thy remnant;" and all the Lord's chosen ones shall be taught this sooner or later, and live to prove they shall never perish. But what I want to know is, are you living upon Jesus *now*? for there is a present escaping, which is an earnest of that final deliverance. There must be an escaping, from the fangs of the devil, from the tyranny of sin, the love of the world, and a tasting that the Lord is gracious; so that those "who have lain among the pots must be covered with silver, and their feathers with yellow gold." But shall those who have been delivered from the pots be found there again, besmeared and befouled thereby? Alas! that it is so with God's people sometimes. See that you are not found there; see that you are not caught there doing the devil's work.

The third term is a nail; and this is a very precious thought—"to give us a nail in His holy place." And what is this, but an interest in covenant love, in redeeming grace, enjoyment in a sense of pardoning mercy. In the margin it is *pin*, which may allude to the tabernacle, as in Ex. xxxviii. 20: for, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty," &c. Now, who has got this nail but he who can say, "The Lord is my portion;" that is, "the nail in a holy place"? A nail is to hang something on; and this is to make use of Jesus to hang our wants, cares, sins, and sorrows upon Him. Said Paul, "I know whom I have believed." Here was a deposit made—a committal of something to Jesus; as John says, "We have an Advocate," one we can hang our cause upon; and faith says, "Fear not," it shall succeed. Mr. Huntington used to say, "A very precious name for God's people was an Exchanger." Oh, there is a 'Change that God's family can run to; bring their evils, and barter them for God's mercies. Now, what did you bring here to-day? You brought a body of sin and death. Well, you cannot exchange that till you are done with a time state. But what did you bring besides? Many sins, much guilt; sins of the week, and also the sins of the day, crosses, burdens, griefs, fears, cares, strifes, tumults, difficulties, temporal wants, perplexities, wrath, murmuring, discontent; you have brought all these. But for what? Why, to exchange, say you, I have nothing else; these only belong to me. Well, the Lord give you to find them exchanged away; bartered for divine things, for the peace of God, trust in the Lord,

and a quiet surrender of all to Him; and so come with the devil, and go away with Jesus; come in sorrow, and get joy—find Christ, who brings light, life, liberty, love, peace, pardon, salvation. So when troubles inward and outward press, when sin distresses, when sorrows thicken, when trials increase, run to Jesus with them all, and see if He will not give you a blessed exchange; and so realize you have a nail in His holy place; you have a blessed portion in Him, and you are walking in the footsteps of the flock, and in yet a little while shall be with Him for ever. The Lord bless His word.

“WHOSOEVER WILL.”

SERMON PREACHED IN BANK STREET PREACHING-ROOM, WARRINGTON, BY REV. JAMES JOHN EASTHEAD, MINISTER OF TYLDSELEY CHAPEL.

“*And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*”—REV. xxii. 17.

How cheering to know that, throughout the Scriptures, encouragement is given to the weak, timid, and anxious soul. Many in God's family are in this condition. While the Apostle John, by the guidance of the Holy Ghost, writes to fathers and young men in Christ, he also writes to little children, *i.e.*, those who are already begotten of God, but are not yet brought into full Gospel liberty. And mark what care he takes to instruct them: “And now, little children, abide in Him, that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming” (1 John ii. 28). Thus, as little children, they are not to look to themselves, but to continue looking to Christ. “Abide in Him.” All their confidence and assurance of faith are derived from Christ; therefore, to Him, and to Him alone, as the one object of faith, must they look. And then, what precious promises are contained in the Scriptures for the comfort of the weaklings in God's family! Take one promise: “A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench” (Isaiah xlii. 3). “A bruised reed” represents a poor sinner so weak and so helpless in himself that he is unable to stand upright on the legs of faith, much less to come to the Lord Jesus. It might be said, If a sinner have not faith strong enough to come to the Lord Jesus, surely he has no faith at all, and is without grace, and, therefore, only fit to be broken in pieces and used as fuel, being dead and useless; but such a sinner *has* grace. Christ's voice of mercy says of him, “Destroy him not, for a blessing is in him” (Isaiah lxi. 8). Thus Christ will not break the “bruised reed.” “The smoking flax” represents a poor sinner in whose heart love to Christ has been implanted by the new-creating power of God the Holy Ghost, but it is so feeble that he dares not think he has any love; he has never felt his heart to *glow* or *burn* with love to Christ, yet he *wants* to love Christ, and he has a *desire* to love Christ. It may be said, Surely such a one has no love at all, and is therefore without grace, or why does not the smoke of Divine grace break forth into a flame? Such a sinner, however, *has* grace, and “Christ will not quench the smoking flax.” In His own time He will make the work of grace manifest. Many other passages might be quoted to show that the weaklings in God's family are encouraged. One more passage shall suffice: “He shall feed His flock like a shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom” (Isaiah xl. 11). Thus, what care the Lord Jesus takes of the lambs—the weaklings in God's family. Now, the

words of the text are intended to encourage such. In the context an invitation is addressed to "him that is athirst," and, lest the poor sinner should think that spiritual thirst hardly meets *his* case, the Lord Jesus graciously condescends to come down to the lowest *possible* sign of spiritual life in a sinner; He says, "And whosoever *will*, let him take the water of life freely." We propose to consider three things, and oh that the Holy Spirit may guide our thoughts, and enable us to express ourselves so clearly and simply, that all may understand, and may the poor, weak, timid, yet anxious, soul be encouraged! The three things of which we ask your prayerful consideration are—

I. *The character*—"Whosoever will."

II. *The gracious invitation addressed to the character*—"Let him take the water of life freely."

III. *The effect, as seen in the sinner who takes the water of life freely*.—The effect will be seen in his outward life and conduct before the world.

I. *The character referred to*.—To understand the Scriptures, we must first have a clear idea of the character referred to. One great source of erroneous teaching, is not discerning the characters referred to and addressed in the Scriptures, and therefore, religious teachers (so called) make such a muddle of their teachings, and quite perplex the poor anxious inquiring soul. But God's sent ministers *will be qualified* by the Holy Ghost to open up the word of the Lord as Jeremiah was commissioned and qualified to do, when the Lord said to him, "If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my mouth" (Jer. xv. 19). The character referred to in our text is described by the words "whosoever will." Here let me ask what is meant by the *will* in a man? It is that faculty of the mind which determines to do what the understanding approves. When man was in a state of innocence, the understanding was enlightened by the Spirit of God to see and know that which is good and pleasing to God. But, when he sinned, his understanding was darkened by sin, and, consequently, his will from that time had a bias to that which is evil and displeasing to God. All men have a will, either to do good or to do evil. Man, in his natural state, has a will to do evil. Why? Because the understanding which governs the will is darkened by sin. Some tell us that, when man fell from his state of innocence, he did not become totally ruined. They will tell us that little children, born of sinful parents, are as innocent and pure as Adam was in Eden; that they become sinful by coming into contact with sinful objects. But how different from all such teachings of men is the teaching of God's Word! Of the wicked it says, "They are estranged from the womb: they go astray as soon as they are born, speaking lies" (Psalm lviii. 3). Mark, too, what David says: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me" (Psalm li. 5). Mark, again, what the Holy Ghost says by the pen of Paul: "There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known. There is no fear of God before their eyes" (Rom. iii. 10—18). Such is God's teaching of the *natural* state of man. Now, as the under-

standing governs the will, all the while man is in his natural state, the understanding will be darkened by sin, and he can never in that state have a will to that which is good; and, if that be the case, how can man in his natural state answer to the character referred to in the text? The sinner, who has a will to take Christ, has a will to that which is good. To such a one Christ says, "Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David" (Isa. lv. 3). But a very important question will be asked by the anxious sinner, namely, How is it that a sinner *has* a will to take Christ? The answer is, his will has been changed by the new-creating power of God; he has experienced that great change described by our Lord where He says, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). Now, when a man has experienced this great change, he *has* a will to take Christ, the Water of Life.

From these remarks the following things will, I trust, appear obvious to every one:—

1. The "whosoever will" has a will to *submit* to Christ. The Holy Ghost has already broken his rocky heart by the hammer of His word, though he may be unable to say *when* such an event took place. The Holy Ghost has already overcome the natural enmity of his heart, and he is in that state in which he is ready to *submit* to Christ, ready to *yield* himself to Christ, and he has a will that Christ shall exercise entire dominion over him. The language of the poor sinner is, "Other lords have had dominion over me—the world, the flesh, and the devil have exercised dominion over me—but now I want Thee, Lord Jesus, to exercise Thy kingly power, and rule in my heart as Lord over my thoughts, my affections, my desires, and my actions." Thus the poor sinner has a will to *submit* to Christ, and, consequently, he has a deep hatred to sin, which once he loved. A man has not a will to submit to Christ if he countenance sin, or if he live in sin. If a sinner have a will to submit to Christ, he will seek to do and suffer Christ's will, not his own. Do sinful companions, in whom the sinner once delighted—old habits hostile to the will of God—old principles of action—do these stand in the way? All must go, and give place to Christ; and, as a weeping penitent—as a heart-broken, conscience-burdened sinner—he is willing to submit to Christ.

Now, my fellow-sinner, I do not ask, Will you submit to Christ? The text reads, "Whosoever will," (i.e.) whosoever is willing, or has a will to submit to Christ (man in his natural state has not this will). I therefore ask, Have you this will? If you have not, you are still dead in trespasses and sins; and oh! if you live and die in such a state, how can you escape the everlasting punishment of a righteous God?

2. And then, the "whosoever will" has a will to follow Christ; for he has been brought into that state in which he is conscious that the world has no charms; that it cannot satisfy his spiritual wants; indeed, he feels that he is not of the world, and he has a will to take up his cross daily and follow Christ. "If any man will come after me," says Jesus, "let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me" (Matt. xvi. 24). Before the world, the poor sinner has a will to follow Christ, and he is anxious that men should see that he is not ashamed of Christ. "Whosoever will:" have you a will to follow Christ? To follow Christ through

evil and through good report is a proof that a sinner belongs to [the sheep of Christ. "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me" (Jno. x. 27).

3. The "*whosoever will*" has a will to *serve* Christ; the natural man has a will to serve himself, the world, and the devil, *but not Christ*. When, however, the will of a man has been changed by the supernatural power of God the Holy Ghost, he has a will to serve Christ. See the truth of this remark illustrated in the case of Saul of Tarsus:—When he was breathing out threatenings and slaughters against the disciples of the Lord, and therefore against the Lord of life and glory Himself, whom was he serving? The devil of course! But, when he was changed, he cried, "Lord, what *will* Thou have me to do?" (Acts. ix. 6). These words show plainly that he then had a will to do what was the will of Christ; he had a will to serve Christ. "*Whosoever will*:" have you, my fellow-sinner, a will not to live to yourself, but to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us? Oh! if you have, blessed are you; this will is a proof that you are a vessel of mercy, and therefore you shall "never come into condemnation, because you have passed from death unto life" (Jno. v. 24).

4. The "*whosoever will*" has a will to be *taught* of Christ. The natural man brings his worldly, carnal notions into religion, and therefore it is, that legal repentance is confounded, with that repentance unto life eternal which is, the gracious gift of God. "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour:" what for? "To *give* repentance unto Israel" (Acts v. 31). Moreover, duty-faith is confounded, with that precious saving faith, which is the work of God. Aye, and men have not a *will* to be taught differently while in their natural state, however enlightened they may be on the things of the world. Why? Because "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14). But, when the *will* of a man has been changed, oh, how different is he from what he was before! He now has a will to be taught of Christ; no longer is he led by carnal reason and human teaching; he has a desire to be taught of Christ the doctrines of the Gospel. He is brought into that state described by our Lord, when He said to His disciples, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. xviii. 3). Thus, then, the "*whosoever will*," it will be seen, is a gracious character, though the poor sinner cannot think so concerning himself; he is full of doubting and fearing, yet he has a will, which is not the offspring of the flesh, not of the carnal mind, not of the creature, *but the work of God*. "For that which is born of the flesh" (whether it be the will, the desire, or the affections of the mind) "is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." The question I would propose to every one of you is, Do you answer to the character, "*whosoever will*?" Have you a *will* to take Christ? If so, you have a *desire* after Christ; and, if you have this desire, you have a longing in your soul for Christ. And what is a longing for Christ but the soul thirsting for Christ, the Water of Life? May the Lord the Spirit help any poor, weak, anxious soul to take encouragement from the words, "*whosoever will*."

We now come, in the next place, to notice,

II. THE INVITATION—"Let him take the water of life freely." This "water of life" is Christ. Why is Christ so called? Because, speaking

figuratively, Christ is the fountain of life in Himself. Hence our Lord said to the woman of Samaria, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again: but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well (fountain) of water springing up into everlasting life" (Jno. iv. 13, 14). Only the living soul has a *will* to take the water of life; a dead soul really has no will to take Christ. And do not forget, I beseech you, what it cost the Lord of life and glory, in order that this water of life might freely flow to poor, guilty sinners. According to His everlasting covenant engagement, He took into union with His personal Godhead our human nature; He was sent by the Father, *not* in sinful flesh, but in the *likeness of sinful flesh*; He was made under the law; He lived a life of obedience; humbled and humbled and humbled Himself until He became obedient unto death—even the death of the cross. He rose from the tomb as the mighty Conqueror over death, hell, and the grave, and, as our God-man Mediator and glorious High Priest, He ascended on high, entered within the veil, and, having obtained eternal redemption for His people, "He ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25). The "water of life" is a figure to represent Christ, in whom are centred all the blessings of salvation, freely bestowed upon sensibly poor, guilty, lost sinners. These blessings of salvation are the Gospel, or new covenant blessings, which are the fruit of Christ's redemption-work, His obedience and death, His blood and righteousness. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely," *i.e.*, let him take Christ. How? By faith. To take Christ is to receive Christ into the soul by faith, and all who receive Christ by faith are born of God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name, which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" (Jno. i. 12, 13). "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Why is the sinner invited to take Christ? Because he has a will to take Christ, and whosoever has this will has power given him to take Christ. The Holy Ghost, by David, saith of Christ: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power" (Psalm cx. 3). Why are they willing? Because Christ's power is exerted; but not in the sense of forcing their will; then it would cease to be will; but in the sense that Christ, by His new-creating power, changes their will. Mark, again, what the Holy Ghost says by Paul: "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy" (Rom. ix. 16), *i.e.*, it is not by creature free-will that a man takes the water of life, but whosoever has a will, and that will is to be traced to God's free mercy. Do you answer to the character, "Whosoever will?" If so, why is it? It is because God has shown you mercy—free, covenant mercy! And mark! the poor sinner is not invited to take the water of life *sparingly*. Let him take the water of life *freely*. This is just what the poor sinner wants. The desire of every soul which has tasted that the Lord is gracious is, *more of Christ—more of Christ*.

"Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

The word *freely* teaches the inexhaustible fulness that is in Christ. In Himself He is an ever-living, eternal Fountain. The Church from the

beginning has taken of this water of life, and still it flows forth from this one eternal Fountain into the hearts of believers, to refresh, to comfort, and to cheer their minds. The ancient Church drank of the water of life, "for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ" (1 Cor. x. 4). "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Have you taken Christ, the Water of Life? If so, you will enjoy a sense of forgiveness through the rich atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and, along with the whole redeemed family, you will be able to say of Christ, "In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. i. 7). If you have taken Christ, the Water of Life, you are "justified freely by God's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24). You are clothed by faith with Christ's righteousness; found in Christ; accepted in Christ; saved in Christ with an everlasting salvation. Let no poor sinner, then, ever despair. The water of life was never refused to the mouth of faith, however weak. True, your faith may be so weak, that, like the man in the Gospel, your prayer may be, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief" (Mark ix. 24)—not that the Lord ever helps the unbelief of a sinner, which is the offspring of the carnal mind—but the man's faith was so weak that he felt he could not call it *faith*, and, therefore, in ignorance he prays, "Help Thou mine unbelief!" Did the Lord regard his prayer? Yes, He did; and so, my fellow-sinner, He will regard your prayer, for never did the Lord turn a deaf ear to the poor penitent's cry. "Let him take the water of life freely." Oh, what wonderful love! what wonderful mercy! what wonderful grace! what wonderful compassion, are seen in the work of a poor sinner's salvation!

"What wonder of wonders! my soul, stand amazed!
It beggars all language to tell;
That God should contrive, bring about, and complete,
How to save a poor sinner from hell.

"This makes angels wonder, and wonder they may,
All heaven must wonder at this;
That Christ should come down, and on Calvary die,
To bring poor lost sinners to bliss.

"This will be a wonder, when time is no more,
Eternity will not erase;
The heavens will ring with the anthems of praise,
The wonders of sovereign grace."

III. We now come to the last particular, and here we must be very brief, to notice *the effect of taking the water of life*! What will be the effect? Why, the sinner who has taken the water of life will not walk after the flesh, but after, or according to, the Spirit. "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him" (Col. ii. 6). If you have received Christ into your heart by faith, then seek to glorify Christ by your consistent and holy life. "Let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v. 16). All who take Christ are poor sinners saved by grace. Therefore, I beseech you, if you have taken Christ, let it be seen that you cannot sin, that grace may abound; and this you will do if you are dead to sin by the body, the sufferings, and death of Christ. Let dead professors, and dead teachers of religion, heap scandal upon the

doctrines of grace, if they please, and condemn them as doctrines which lead to licentiousness; but do you take care, having received Christ, the Water of Life, to let your consistent, virtuous, holy life, give the lie to all such scandal, and let men take knowledge of you, that you have been with Jesus.

May the Lord bless His own Word!—Amen.

BLESSED AND UNBLESSED SERMONS.

WHAT are the signs of the Holy Spirit's blessing attending the preaching of sermons? When the Holy Spirit blesses a sermon, the preacher usually is made to feel little in his own eyes, and very dependent upon the Lord for matter about which to preach. Hearers have their ears open to hear His message, their hearts prepared to entertain it, and quickening and reviving effects are felt while it is being delivered. Some are melted, wounded, brought down, convinced, and led to pray and weep before the Lord, confessing their sins before Him. Others are restored, raised up, healed, and caused to rejoice in God their Saviour. Snare are broken, bonds are loosed, fetters knocked off, prison doors are opened, Gospel medicines applied to sin-sick souls, oil and wine are poured into the wounds of the wounded sinner, burdens are removed, clouds are scattered, hope is inspired into the souls of the desponding, the doubting made confident, the will made submissive, the conscience made tender, crooked places are made straight and rough places smooth, pardons are sealed, debts cancelled, gracious looks given by the All-seeing One, iron bars are cut, storms are quelled, deliverances are effected from low dungeons and out of the belly of hell, sorrow is turned for joy, light for darkness, gladness for sadness, peace for misery, "beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Wheresoever these effects follow the delivery of sermons, whether in a cathedral, church, chapel, ship, cottage, barn, warehouse, by the wayside, or anywhere else, it may be truly said of each of such places: "Surely the Lord is in this place." Where and when sermons are blessed, the old lion usually roars, sin rages, mere professors, and openly profane, hate and persecute.

On the other hand: Unblessed Sermons. A deal of trouble is often taken to get them up. Such got-up sermons are seldom put down into the hearts of God's people by the blessed Spirit. Even good bread, if kept above a man's head, would not satisfy his hunger. In preaching unblessed sermons, the preacher appears, in many instances, easy, self-confident, not diffident, not having the staggers but the swaggers, has all pre-arranged 1st, 2nd, 3rd, &c.; goes on in dealing in generalities, quoting Scripture, but not opening it; nor yet taking any notice of the wounded Jew, the halt, the lame, the poor, the wretched, blind, and needy. He speaks much of what man can do, very little of what the Lord Jesus Christ has done; much of what man ought to do, little of what he cannot do; much of man's dignity, little of Christ's divinity; omitting well-nigh everything about the fall and the ruin of all men through it. How many hear such preaching with much satisfaction with it, and also with themselves! a sad proof of being untaught of God. That which pleases men often offends the Lord.

The signs of the Holy Spirit not blessing sermons are:—No sinners

are convinced of sin, pricked in the heart; none led to cry for mercy; none made to feel undone, guilty, condemned, and lost; none humbled under God's mighty hand; none made thirsty, hungry, willing to come to Jesus, to repent, to believe on Christ, to pray and seek the Lord; none born again of the Spirit, brought to Christ's feet, separated from the world; none have their eyes opened, their ears unstopped; none have their stumbling-blocks removed, the old sores healed, and their souls built up in the faith of the Gospel of Christ; none are added to the Church of such as shall be saved. Men who preach Spirit-blessed sermons often have to travel a very trying path. The enemy does not let them alone long together. They find those truths which the Lord teaches them, and makes a blessing to their souls in times of affliction, temptation, and trial, are the things most owned and blessed by the Holy Spirit to the souls of God's tried family. Many persons have natural discernment to know when the organ is out of tune in the gallery; but no spiritual discernment to perceive when the organ is out of tune in the pulpit.

Tisbury.

F. F.

THE WITNESSING SPIRIT.

GALATIANS iv. 6.

LORD, what a wondrous, what a glorious, way
 Thou hast devised to make us truly Thine!
 The Holy Spirit from the Son and Thee,
 Thou hast sent forth, and made our hearts His shrine.
 Yes, though once dead in trespasses and sin,
 The life that lives in Christ Thou hast bestowed;
 And His Eternal Spirit dwells within,
 The pledge and seal that we are born of God.
 Thus we are one with Christ, and one in Thee,
 Our Elder Brother He, our Father Thou;
 Grace, grace hath put us in the family,
 And "Abba, Father," we can call Thee now.
 Dear anxious, doubting soul, who oft hath cried,
 "Oh for the Spirit's witness with my own;
 To tell me that I am indeed a child,
 One with the Father—with the Saviour one!"
 That very longing of thy heart to cry,
 With childlike boldness, "Abba, Father, mine:"
 That upward look to God—that tear, that sigh,
 The witness these for which thy heart doth pine.
 He "Abba, Father," teaches thee to say,
 Thy heart responsive, "Abba, Father," cries;
 Thy spirit and the Holy One agree,
 And tell of life in thee that never dies.
 Then doubt not thy adoption though thou'rt weak,
 And canst not "Father" say confidently;
 The lisping babe who tries, but cannot speak,
 Is still the father's child, weak though it be.
 That longed-for witness of the Holy One
 Belongs not only to a favoured few;
 'Tis the inheritance of every son,
 By His Almighty power born anew.

He is the "Witness"—He the Pledge, the "Seal,"
 The "Earnest" of the bright inheritance;
 His groanings in thy inmost soul reveal
 That thou art born an heir of righteousness—
 Children of God in nature and in name,
 Not only by adoption, but by birth.
 Oh for the living power that flows from Him,
 To walk as Jesus walked while here on earth!
 Blest be Thy name! There comes a joyous time,
 When we *shall* love and trust Thee as we would;
 When nor the angels nor the seraphim
 Shall yield more perfect service to our God;
 When, all the training and the school-time o'er,
 We gather in our Father's house above;
 And with our Elder Brother evermore
 Dwell in the bliss of God's unclouded love.

M. J. M.

Correspondence.

ALL-SUFFICIENT STRENGTH.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I am a poor writer, but I venture to send you a few lines on the matter on which you touched on Saturday evening as to the *power* of God to save. I did not quite understand as to what you referred to when you spoke of the power, whether you meant power as to *strength* or *ability*, or as to *means*. As to *means*, I confess I have had sometime a passing doubt, but it has been of short duration. As to *power* with regard to *strength*, I do not know that ever I have had a doubt. I have been at times terribly assailed as to whether there was a God or no. Many times has this temptation powerfully beset me.

On one occasion it had been harassing me for a length of time, till I was one day reading the eighth and a part of the ninth chapters of Matthew, where the Lord Jesus is set forth before us in so many acts of mercy, power, goodness, and love. My mind was deeply influenced by the truth; and, as though answering the temptation, I remember using an expression like this, "Here, Master Devil, here is One spoken of that is just suited to my necessities, and can relieve me under all circumstances."

"Till God in human flesh I see,
 I can no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three,
 Are terrors to my mind."

In this portion of the inspired Word, I saw disease flee at the Saviour's touch, and pass away at His word. He took the hand of the fevered patient, and it fled away. Devils had to come out at His word, and, although there was a legion, yet He had a perfect control over them all. The tempest was stilled by His word, and the sea ceased its raging. Moreover, He said to the poor palsied man, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee; arise, take up thy bed and walk."

I saw such a sufficiency in this blessed One that, if a doubt as to the being of a God has since crossed my mind, my faith has immediately turned to this portion of the Divine Word. As to His *strength* or *ability* to save, "He has ALL power in heaven and in earth." As to his *means*, if you owed five shillings, He has a thousand pounds to pay it.

"Although our sins like mountains rise,
Mercy reaches to the skies."

He has an abundance of means; He brought in everlasting righteousness; He obtained eternal redemption. "*My grace is sufficient for thee.*"

Your humble servant,

T. P.

DEW-DROPS FOR THIRSTY SOULS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was much pleased to receive your letter, especially as it brought a sweet promise with it; for as I read it the words came rolling into my mind, "Whoso receiveth one such little one in my name receiveth me;" and it seemed as if the Lord had been saying to me, "There is one whom I have loved and chosen and constituted an heir of eternal life: go carry her a little present of the fruit of the land, and say we have at our gates laid up all manner of stores new and old, and do not be afraid to finish the sentence, 'Laid up for thee, O my beloved;' and if she should say, 'I do love the taste of these free grace fruits, and long for more,' tell her 'the Holy Spirit shall from time to time take of these heavenly things, and bring them unto her.'" The Lord keeps the promises in His own hands, not one of the children can at any time help themselves, but so closely does He watch their needs that "before they call He will answer," as He sees their necessities long before they know them. Look at the gracious command at the frontlet of our golden gates, and judge how highly the Lord estimates His possession. "Feed the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." This I take to be addressed not only to ministers, but to all to whom the Lord has given like precious faith, that they may in ever so humble manner minister a little nourishment which the Holy Spirit will bless to the souls of the dear family, and so they are found to be working together with Him.

That beautiful word keeps hovering like a sunbeam on my mind all the time I am writing, as if it were saying, "Remind her of *Me*, point out my fulness before you leave off," and it is this, "Oh, *every one that thirsteth*, come ye to the waters," and the Saviour's sweet explanation, "the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life." What a cluster of ripe grapes there is in that triumphant song, "Her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned;" one can imagine it was the song of the angel as he rolled away the stone from the sepulchre. My soul has sat under the shadow of this vine many times, and found indescribable sweetness in its fruit.

I pray the dear Saviour, under whose wings you are come to trust, will sweetly manifest Himself to you, as you fulfil His gracious command, "If ye love me, keep my commandments.

Affectionately yours,

E. P.

(An Extract.)

Election, as a doctrine of the Bible, if it be admitted by the carnal mind, certainly is *not* received in the *love of it*. This is God's plan of salvation, and it just suits the cases of those who have nothing but sin, and guilt, and misery to call their own, and who are so helpless and poor they leave nothing to pay, seeing all is settled on behalf of every one who is made alive from the dead; consequently is hungering and thirsting after spiritual things; not one such shall ever "be empty sent back who comes seeking mercy for *Jesus' sake*." Go in His dear name. Whatever you do, there's no hope of mercy in any other way, all this through grace you well know. I do rejoice that you are favoured to hear His truth from such a dear, faithful champion, and may you long be favoured to eat and drink the same. Then come trials or what may: you will "be strengthened with might in the inner man," and you can do as valiantly as the Apostle Paul, viz., "all things." Trials, soul darkness, and no signs to be seen for many days and long nights will surely be your portion if you're in the secret, as I am sure you are; yet be not discouraged; stronger is He that is for you and in you, than all that can be against you, and then what a blissful end! And what are the passing shadows of this dying life compared with an eternity of unutterable bliss or woe inconceivable? For myself, I can say with the poet—

"Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace shall lead me home."

"POOR SAINTS' FUND."

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

3, Rue Grimaldi, Nice, 19th Feb., 1872.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I cannot refrain from expressing my thanks to you for your kind insertion of my "appeal," as trustee of the above little society, in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE; and which, indeed, has been kindly and warmly responded to—and liberally, too,—by many correspondents, in letters addressed, some to Mrs. Hoblyn and some to myself, seeming fully to appreciate the nature, the value, the usefulness, and the simple Scriptural character of the little fund; and which, indeed, has been a great help and blessing to many of the poor and destitute of the Lord's family.

By means of their kind and additional help the necessity, at present, of further drawing upon the small remaining capital will be obviated, as well as the painful necessity of reducing the pensions, which, as the close of 1870 left the society in debt to the treasurer in £26 7s. 4d., seemed unavoidable.

By reason of my being abroad, I shall not be able to get out the report ending December, 1871, till after my return in May, if God permit. But I propose to give directions for one of the last reports to be forwarded to each of the contributors in the meanwhile, that they may see more into the working of the society.

You will naturally like to hear a little of the state of things in this part of the world, that is, in a spiritual point of view. In the first place, as

you already know, this country is groaning under the ban, and in the grasp of the Apocalyptic Beast—a curse to every country where it is found. Witness poor Ireland, and I would say England, too, where the Ritualists and semi-Papists are striving to help forward the calamity and bring her under the grasp of Rome. There are endeavours here, by clergy and others, to get up an association for the *reform* of the Church of Rome, or the Roman Catholic religion; but you and I know from the Word of God that reform is not God's object, but *destruction*, in her time, "whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." "And another angel came down from heaven, having great power, and the earth was brightened with His glory; and He cried mightily, with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the Great is fallen, is fallen!" . . . "for all nations have drank of the wine of the wrath of her fornication." "Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God hath avenged you on her. And a mighty angel took up a stone, like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all."

As for reform, if the foundation of a man's house were bad, would he go about to repair it? No; but to pull it down. If a great upas tree rise, spreading sterility over a man's garden, would he think it sufficient to send a few ladies with scissors to cut off the outward twigs? No; but he would send a sturdy woodman, with an axe on his shoulder, and cut it down by the roots.

Already symptoms of God's mind in this matter are apparent in the fulfilment of His Word: "And the ten horns which thou sawest upon the beast, these shall hate the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire. For God hath put it in their hearts to fulfil His will, and to agree and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled." Witness Italy, Austria, Spain, Germany. France is indifferent: infidelity and vice are rampant there. Her clergy are divided. She must adhere to the doctrine of infallibility for fear of deposition or deprivation, for the Church of Rome has still immense sway over her clergy. But others, like the Curé of the Madeleine, are threatening to go over to the Greek Church. So with the American Roman Catholics. Thoroughly discouraged and disgusted with this climax of Popery, the dogma of infallibility, they are meditating to join the Greek Church, which they say is more pure and apostolic.

It was reserved to Pius IX.—the last, as some are led to think, of the Popes—to fill up the iniquity of the Popedom, and to show that she was "the beast that rose out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of *Blasphemy*," by the blasphemous assumption of *Infallibility*.

How true is it that in all the Popish dogmas there is a truth as well as a lie; and so in this of *Infallibility*. There is an infallibility, but not what they assert of the Pope. God Himself is infallible, Christ is infallible, the Church of God in Him is infallible, and every member thereof, because the Word is infallible, and "charity [or love] never faileth." Popery has been considered the masterpiece of Satan; but in this Satan has seemed to have outwitted himself. He has carried his blasphemy a little too far, so as to threaten the overthrow of his whole system.

But what of *Protestantism* here? Alas! I have nothing cheering to relate. In one word, there is no truth here, either in the Church of Eng-

land or out of it: not such truth as you and I would like. Nothing but a "yea" and "nay" Gospel. Neither law nor Gospel, but a mixture of both, neutralizing one another. Not what the Apostle calls "the gospel of the grace of God," but another gospel—a perversion of it, a mixture of grace and works, for which they who preach it are "accursed" (Gal. i. 8—9). Free-grace is a term not understood here any more than by a certain hearer of mine, some years ago, who said to me, "I believe, sir, in free-grace as well as you do. I believe grace is free to all." "Oh, dear!" said I, "this is not my free-grace, or the free-grace of the Bible; this is putting the saddle, if I may so speak, upon the wrong horse; this is making the creature free, instead of the Creator—God blessed for evermore—who 'will be gracious to whom He will be gracious, and will shew mercy to whom He will shew mercy.'" I have preached *once* in the Scotch Church during the three months I have now been here, but free grace is not acceptable there. Three things they allege against me: first, that I am *exclusive*. But who is more exclusive than God Himself? "The wicked shall be turned into hell." That is exclusive. "Without are dogs, whoremongers, murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie"—loves error better than truth. That is exclusive. "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it." That is exclusive. His Bride, His "undefiled is the only one, the choice one," in whom His affections are centred, and to whom He gives Himself. If there is election there must be rejection. "The election hath obtained it, the rest were blinded." If there is a remnant, it is "according to the election of grace." What is a Church but, according to the derivation of the word, a people *called out*? But what of those that are *not* called? They are excluded. Satan, "the roaring lion, walketh about seeking whom he may devour." But what of those he may *not* devour? There is exclusion. It were easy to amplify here. Secondly, they say I am *extreme*. But extreme, as Berridge says, is a nose of wax that will fit any face. For what is extreme in one age is the very reverse in another, and what is extreme in one person's view is the very opposite in another. "To the law and to the testimony." Let Scripture be the judge. Let nothing be called extreme unless it go beyond Scripture. Thirdly, they say I am *personal*. But we do them no good unless we are personal. It is what you and I like, that the Word should come home to our individual case; that, as the Lord "took His disciples *apart*," and expounded unto them the mysteries and the parables, so the Word preached should take us apart, should pick us out, and be brought home with power to the heart.

This is a pleasure-loving, a pleasure-seeking place. The most are drawn here by pleasure. Some for the comfort of a warmer and more genial climate, and many, like myself, for health. Some of these latter are in extreme cases. For them a faithful Gospel would be invaluable. It is lamentable to think that there is no public ministry to do them any good. For myself, "Dwelling in Mesoch and sojourning in the tents of Kedar," I sigh and cry after my congregation in Brighton, which, through age and infirmities, I was obliged to give up. Alas! where are they all? All scattered. I had hoped, when I parted with the chapel to the "United Presbyterians," that they would have sent a free-grace preacher. They are the descendants of the Rutherfords and the Erskines; but truth, any more than grace, does not run in the blood. I told them, when I sold them the place, if they did not send a free-grace experimental preacher,

they would not keep one of the congregation. And so it has turned out, not one of them is left. It is mere letter preaching, which will never feed a living soul. Brighton is a favoured place in Dissent. Amongst forty or fifty chapels, where nothing but a mixed Gospel is preached, there are five or six places where a free-grace experimental Gospel is heard. I cannot name one in the Established Church. There the predominant spirit is Ritualism, more or less.

Amongst the many forms of Antichrist, and the abounding errors of Protestantism, what a marvel it is that the cause of God and truth should not only hold its own, but still prosper and prevail. Truth shall prevail.

But I fear I have trespassed too long upon you. May grace, mercy, and peace rest upon you, and may you be abundantly supplied and helped, from time to time, for and in all your abundant labours! So prays,

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

J. A. WALLINGER.

REDEMPTION BY BLOOD.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have stumbled on a few notes on part of a sermon I preached many years since. They may be new and acceptable to some of our friends. We have not succeeded in getting a shorthand writer amongst us; when we do, you shall hear more frequently from

Your loving brother,

ALFRED HEWLETT.

"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by Thy blood."—REV. v. 9.

They are clothed in white raiment, which shows that the righteousness of Christ is their greatest glory. The last thing spoken of these elders is: They have four-and-twenty seats, or thrones, upon which they sit; and on their heads, crowns of gold; both of which are to show the settled and secure happiness that they possess beyond all the world, and the spiritual dominion they have begun in them, even here, over their lusts and spiritual enemies, in which respect they reign even on the earth; and also to give a type of the glorious dominion that is laid up for them in heaven. When they, having been assessors at the judging of the world, shall sit down upon one throne with Jesus Christ, as was promised (chap. iii. 21).

In the words of the text, we find both beasts, or living creatures, and elders uniting in the song of praise for the work of redemption, and declaring that they are "redeemed out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation;" whereby two things are clear: first, that the children of God are not confined to any particular nation, that they are not "born of blood, nor of the will of man," but are found, at various periods, in every part of the habitable globe; and, secondly, that not every individual of the human race is redeemed, but some persons out of every kindred, &c.

The persons redeemed are chosen, and called, and faithful. They are *chosen* in Christ before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4), and they are chosen *by God* out of the rest of mankind; and He hath "constantly decreed" to deliver them by Christ from curse and damnation, and bring them as vessels of mercy to glory (see Article XVII. of the Church of England) *chosen, not on account of any good works or faith foreseen, but*

"to sanctification and belief of the truth" (2 Thess. ii. 15), ordained to eternal life (Acts xiii. 48), and to good works (Eph. ii. 10), and to be conformed to the image of Christ (Rom. viii. 29), chosen in the covenant of redemption to be perfectly redeemed or to obtain "eternal redemption." By nature born in sin, the children of wrath, and under the laws they have no sense or feeling of their real state and danger, their hearts are hardened that they cannot perceive their need of redemption; consequently they have no wish for that blessing, no song of this sort is on their lips, no praises of redeeming love proceed from their mouth until they are called by the mighty grace of the Spirit Jehovah working in due season, and they, through grace, obey the calling; and thus quickened, awakened, and aroused they are led to Jesus for that redemption which is in Him, and by Him, and who, by the ministry of His Word, crieth out, "Return unto me, I have redeemed thee." Their souls taste His grace, their hearts rejoice in His love, they rest upon His complete righteousness, they believe on Him to the salvation of their souls, and thus they are "*faithful unto death*." His Spirit keeps them looking to Him, and, by working in them a sense of need, they are kept clinging to Him. "O, go not far from me," is the language of their hearts; they are separated from sinners by the constraint of His love, they come out from the world by the impulse of His grace, they manifest themselves to be a peculiar people, not by a high-sounding profession, but by a walk corresponding to the Word of their God, and to the practice of the Redeemer; they thirst for a further knowledge of Christ, in the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death (Phil. iii. 10).

Are we so called? Have we the faith of God's elect? Are we evidencing the same before men? Oh! may our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven (Matt. v. 16); and remember the evidence which our Lord says shall prove our state, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed;" that is, *proved* to be my disciples by your respect for my commandments.

We live in a day in which multitudes claim the name of Christian who are destitute of Christian knowledge, experience, or character; let it be our study, and our prayer, that we may manifest in all these things that we are indeed the redeemed of the Lord who can raise this song of praise—"Thou art worthy," &c.

GOODNESS OF THE LORD.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I am constrained to write and do what the Holy Ghost hath said, in their measure, all the called family shall do: "They shall abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness." When the heart through righteousness believes unto righteousness, then with the mouth there will be a confession, or an uttering the memory of the Lord's great goodness that we are made to see and feel. If I know anything of my own heart, it is solely for the honour of the Lord that I present to you some of the sweet fruits brought forth by the conversation which took place between us the other evening. Musing, after I went to bed, upon that conversation, and how it had been, and was, inwardly leavened by covenant love, I was brought into such a frame of mind which for many

months past I had been a stranger unto. I had a short doze, and then my sleep left me, and I could say as the Lord's spouse hath said, "My heart waketh." Oh, what quietness! what drawing out of heart! watching and pressing after the Lord, and salvation by grace, I felt in my soul. The Lord Jesus in His grace-loveliness was manifested unto me from the beginning of God the Father's way, when He was brought forth and set up "the Firstborn of every creature, the Head of the body the Church." I saw Him in His holy incarnation, in all things for salvation made like unto His brethren. I walked with Him through His holy law-magnifying righteousness, life-atoning death, victory over sin, death, and hell, to the exalted climax of sitting down at the Father's right hand, taking possession in His own right, and in the names of all the predestinated, of the glory-kingdom as their Forerunner.

Oh, what did I not see in that life which Jesus lived in the days of His flesh! And all that life was mine, in all its spotless purity, exactness, squareness, and commensurateness, with the spirituality of those demands which the law had upon me, that I might be presented by Himself, to Himself, and before Himself, without fault, spot, or blame, lovely in love. I saw that it was not the death of Jesus only that was given, but that it was His whole Person; His holy life which He lived was given by God the Father to be my living and lived life. This is the law of the Spirit of life which is in Christ Jesus, that has made me free from the law of sin and death; and not the law of the spirit of life that is in me. This is that good and well-spent life that I can look back upon, and in and by and through this only I am freed from the charge, guilt, and condemnation of sin. Ah, it is the holiness of Jesus, and the holy life that He lived, that makes Him to me all-glorious and lovely, the Chiefest among ten thousand. Everything of mine, both good and bad, is all put out, and Jesus, and all of Jesus, by the settlements of the covenant of grace, put in; and it is written that Jehovah is well pleased for His righteousness' sake, because He hath magnified the law and made it honourable: and it is in this, the way of His law-magnifying life, that I am and can be made honourable. I now distinctly and with soul delight see that it is in this life of Jesus I am exalted, as it is promised to those who know the joyful sound. "In Thy righteousness shall they be exalted."

But here I am foiled, for what I then saw and now see I have not the power to put into words. Oh, there is in the love and person of Jesus that which passeth knowledge, so that utterance is impossible. Ah, I have in His own light seen Jesus; but where shall I go to find words to speak of it, and tell it out? Well might the great Apostle declare that it "passeth knowledge." The more I try to put the revelation given me into words, the more I am ashamed and confounded in each attempt. Ah! I cannot ascend to it, for it is higher than the heavens—what can I do?—and so deep that Paul cried out, "Oh, the depth!" Now, if that gloriously-taught man of God, Paul, was constrained to pause with, "Oh! the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom, and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out," much more does it behove me to pause. In some little measure I am now made to know what Paul meant when speaking of his revelations; that what he heard and saw, it was unspeakable; that is, it came not within the rules or laws of any known language by which it could be uttered to the satisfaction of the speaker, edification of the hearer, and commensurate with the things desired to be unfolded. Indeed, I

found that all my attempts to speak out in words what I saw, only tended to beggar and disgrace those things; therefore I was content to lie, look on, admire, and say, "Oh, wonderful, wonderful! too gloriously wonderful for my poor finite mind to comprehend." It is not wise—nor would I choose, if it was in my power—

"Such secrets to declare;
Like precious wines, their sweets they lose,
Exposed to open air."

I was then led into gracious discoveries of Jehovah's providential government, and, as I had been filled with wonder at the infinite greatness, mystery, majesty, and glory, which I saw in the Person and love of God in Christ Jesus, I was equally swallowed up with wonder, in reviewing the infinite smallness of Jehovah in His works, both in creation and providence.

The question once propounded to a poor man by a sceptic was: "John, what sort of a God is your God, that you worship? Is He a little God, or is He a great God?" The reply was, "Sir, the God that I worship is so great that He lives in, dwells, and fills infinite space; yet, at the same time, He is so small, that He can, and does, live and dwell in my heart." Oh, the universal dominion and government of Jehovah, in the greatness and minuteness of His workings, and the diversity of His forms of working!

"He shines in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Operates unseen, communicates unspent."

I was again lost in wonder, admiration and adoration with, "Who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto Him?"

I used to think that Jehovah, in His glory and majesty, was chiefly to be seen in the world's bulk—sun, moon, stars, earth and the seas, with their innumerable and diversity of creatures, that have and may be seen with the naked eye; but, alas! I made a great mistake in limiting the eternal God within the narrow bounds of my poor childish imagination.

By the help of a microscope, in one drop of water may be seen heaps of creatures of various sizes, shapes and forms, with every function of life, in full vigour, sporting and enjoying the sweets and pleasures of that life, protection and support which has been given, and is every moment extended unto them; and, although the powers of arithmetic are baffled to enumerate, yet these are but parts of the Lord's ways in creation, providence, and government; yet how small a portion is heard and seen of Him!

They who are endued with the wisdom that is from above, to discern the Lord's right hand and holy arm, in His rule, work, and government of men and things, are at times constrained to say, as dear Cowper said:—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;"

and, as Pope hath said, "He operates unseen." Ah, there is the operation, but the Operator is out of sight. There is the mysterious movement, but the Mover is beyond our ken. There is much for faith

to be employed in and about, in looking, waiting, watching, and learning lessons of faith, but sense is shut out. Let the rational powers of the soul be enlarged, improved, and raised to as great an extent as possible, yet the Lord, and the mystery of His works and government, cannot be understood. Jehovah the Creator is Jehovah the Governor. All creatures and things are directed in their various movements to and for that end which is suited to their being, and worthy of Him, and for His glory who give them their being, as it is written, "The Lord hath made all things for Himself;" and for Himself and His declarative glory He rules and governs all.

When I have looked at the kingdoms of this world, and the multiplied diversity of individual creatures, I have thought in these things I have seen the glorious majesty of the Governor; then I have turned from these things to my own individuality, and there I see myself a speck—yea, less than nothing—and, thinking the Lord to be such an one as myself, I have said, "How can it be possible for the infinite God to regard and be mindful of such an insignificant nothing as I am? He cannot; I must be beneath His notice; He cannot stoop to me, or notice any of those little and insignificant things that concern me."

But now I see that those things which I have hitherto esteemed great things in the Lord's government are by Him esteemed little things; while those things that I have counted little have been and are by Him esteemed great things. Deliver me, O Lord, from thinking my own thoughts, and calling things great because of their bulk, or little because present bulk is wanting!

Many things and events in my pilgrimage that have appeared very little and insignificant, yet, in the issue, those little things have been over-ruled to bring about something momentous to me, either for pain or pleasure, that has filled me with wonder, and constrained me to say, as Pharaoh's magicians said when they saw the lice, "This is the finger of God."

Little did Pharaoh's daughter think that the weeping, helpless, and seemingly-forsaken babe in the ark of bulrushes, surrounded by the devouring jaws of numerous crocodiles—upon whom she had pity, rescuing and giving the child in charge to a woman to nurse it for her—that that babe would be the instrument to overthrow Egypt—that proud, prosperous, imperious, and inexorable nation—and bring it down from its fame and dignity to be as it is to this day, the basest of kingdoms. Oh for a discerning spirit and a watchful spirit! Amen and amen.

THE OLD PILGRIM.

A FEW MORE WORDS ON EXHORTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Buckminster, Feb. 6th, 1872.

BELoved IN JESUS,—Coming here for the purpose of preaching, I met with the GOSPEL MAGAZINE for this month, in which are some choice pieces containing precious truths. Your leader, Mr. Walker's, G. C.'s, &c., are very good, but I cannot say the same of the piece by "An Old Reader of the Magazine;" he darkens truth, and is confused in his views. "The Apostle certainly calls on the dead to come to Christ,"—referring to Ephesians v. 14. Did it ever recur to the "Old Reader's" mind, that the

Apostle is addressing living saints, and not dead sinners? If he has never noticed this, let him refer to the commencement of the Epistles. This is the common blunder of most natural professors of religion, who don't see that the Epistles are addressed to the Churches—speak to character: Paul invariably tells us who he is, what he is, and by whose authority; then tells us to whom he is writing. Alluding to invitations, again he errs, quoting the words, "Whosoever will," &c. Is this character a dead soul? Who are willing? whence comes the will? I once gave offence to a blind guide by saying the Word of God speaks to character *from one end to the other*. The Gospel seed is sown from the mouth of the preacher on living saints and dead sinners. Two descriptions of ground are given by our Lord, in the parable. His ministers, like Ezekiel, know not who among those they address are alive, or will live; and so the prophet refers this to the Lord,—“O Lord God, Thou knowest!” The method Gospel ministers follow, of whom I approve, and have approved for nearly half a century, and which I am led to is (when the Lord gives to me His own message), from His Word unmistakably to show the work of the Holy Spirit upon the souls of all whom He teaches; and, as I go on describing the infallible marks (from His Word) I now and then make to my hearers a solemn appeal, asking if they know anything of this teaching by heartfelt experience, and assuring them that if they live and die strangers to it they will eternally perish; then endeavour to speak for the comfort of those who are sincerely seeking after and desiring an interest in God's salvation. By this method I deliver (as I believe) my own soul, and leave all that hear without excuse. I have not time for more, but remain, thine truly in Jesus,

THORPE SMITH.

HELPS AND HOPES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—We have entered on another year, the circumstances of which are wisely hidden from us by a gracious God, who has determined beforehand the bounds of our habitation, and “knows Himself what He will do,” as was testified of Jesus on one occasion (John vi. 6). He knows the end from the beginning; so we may draw comfort from the fact that He has not promised supply without a knowledge of the *real wants* of His children, nor has He promised support without a knowledge of the peculiar trials to which they are individually subject; and, what a mercy! He has not promised blessing with a stipulation of a legal character appended—blessing which we are to merit by works. No; all His blessings are *gracious* blessings; and, were they not *free*, and absolutely so, they would lose their character.

Well might the poet, echoing the sentiment of the prophet, exclaim—

“Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
Or who has grace so rich, so free?”

It is of grace that we are out of hell; but, for a precious Christ—“who humbled Himself, and became obedient to death, *even the death of the cross*”—that would have been our portion! “Come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us exalt His holy name together.”

The dear Redeemer has taught us it is of rich mercy that we are spared. In self we deserve condemnation. This is plain enough in the Word; but, until the eyes of our understandings were opened, and the

law of God *came*, and we saw the heinous and damning character of sin, we couldn't accept the account given of us. No! But when, by an application of the law of God, sin was discovered in all its sinfulness, we "rejoiced with trembling" that we were not cut down when unregenerate. And, oh, what a *sweet* sound the Gospel had, proclaiming a salvation "without money and without price!" Oh, how humbled was the soul under a sense of its pollution, and how "willing in the day of His power" to receive salvation as the gift of God! The Saviour has endeared Himself to us; and, having taught us to trust in His name, "He will *never* forsake the work of His own hands," but will give "grace for grace." Precious Jesus! what can we do without Thee? Oh, how poor we are! What so enriches the soul as visits from Thee?

"What friendship, dear Jesus, as Thine is so sweet?
What pleasure I find as I lay at Thy feet!
And, when in Thy temple, enjoy Thy embrace,
Receive from Thy fulness, and grace upon grace!"

Jesus reigns! Yes, "*He shall reign*;" and the Psalmist says, "In His days shall the righteous flourish." How is it? Because He has kindly said, "*I'll see you again*." So, as He visits us, He leaves some rich deposits—some tokens of His favour—some blessings which bespeak the character of the Donor!

I enclose a few verses, being some thoughts on the gracious words I have just adverted to. S. G.

"I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN."

'Tis good to be swelling
Our jubilant lays,
And joyfully telling
Sweet numbers of praise
To Him who has bless'd us
With all we obtain,
And kindly addressed us—
"*I'll see you again*."
His visits delight us,
So pregnant with joy;
Though much would affright us,
And happiness cloy:
The word He has spoken,
Come pleasure or pain,
Can *never* be broken—
"*I'll see you again*."
The way may be trying
To reason and sense,
To Jesus be flying,
A solace draw thence;
Though sorrow may harry,
The promise is plain,
Although He may tarry,
"*I'll see you again*."

His faithfulness proving,
Well may we applaud,
What love *must* be moving
Our merciful Lord!
Sweet words to the stricken,
The bleeding and slain;
He'll visit to quicken—
"*I'll see you again*."
If ever He hideth
Himself from *the dove*,
The same He abideth—
For JESUS IS LOVE!
If only a lisper
I tell Him my pain,
He'll lovingly whisper—
"*I'll see you again*."
The promise is shining,
Nor suffers reverse!
In times of repining
'Tis happily terse;
Though after embracing
Anon He refrain,
This comfort be tracing—
"*I'll see you again*."

Though Satan would gyve you,
And confidence rout;
Although he may strive to
Insinuate doubt,
And have you believing
Your hope shall be vain,
To this be found cleaving—
“*I'll see you again.*”
London, Jan., 1872.

The heavens receding,
The earth in a flame,
His haters impleading,
He'll put them to shame;
Till time shall be over
The Saviour *must* reign;
And then, says JEHOVAH,
“*I'll see you again!*”
S. G.

“TWO WORLD-EMBRACING EPITAPHS.”

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me, in love, without the smallest desire “to make a man an offender for a word,” to point out a mistake, I fain hope, in the lines entitled “Two World-embracing Epitaphs,” that appeared in your last issue—

“All who in the first Adam die,
In him is no *immortal* life.”

The dogma of the annihilation of the wicked, deduced from the idea that they are not born into this world as possessors of an immortal life, is now become a favourite and fundamental opinion with many who also hold the doctrines of grace.

I resign to other hands all controversy upon the subject, should any arise. Probably the writer meant no doctrinal error in the word employed. However, it is an evil day, and God's people have need to watch and pray against the encroachments of error on every side.—Yours in the truth,
R. M.

THE MARTYR MURPHY.

WERE proof lacking of the deadly spirit and unchanged character of Romanism, we have it, not merely in the so frequent barbarous treatment received, at the hands of even his fellow-countrymen, by this servant of God, whilst yet alive, but in the disgraceful scenes at his funeral, after they had, with savage hand, inflicted fatal injuries upon the object of their hellish spleen. We should have thought that his enemies had, with his blood, had all they desired; but to pursue even his poor lifeless body to the grave, is disgraceful and diabolical in the extreme. Moreover, had these things occurred in Ireland or any other Popish country, to those familiar with the system and its doings, it would be no matter of surprise; but the adoption of such a course here in professedly free and liberty-loving England, ought in very deed to open the eyes of men in general to the real spirit and changeless character of Popery. It is in no wise altered. What it was it is and will be until, according to His Word, the Lord Himself shall “consume it with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy it with the brightness of His coming.”

The disgraceful scenes at the interment of the deceased, as well as some few particulars of his last days, are briefly described in the *Rock* by our friend and brother, the Rev. S. A. WALKER. We pray God that the violent death of the fearless, zealous, and God-and-truth-loving MURPHY may prove, as in myriads of other cases, the truth of the saying, “The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.” May the cruel, savage treatment

which he received at the hands of a murderous people, goaded as they were by a Bible-hating priest, help to convince the rulers and the people of this England of ours, what Rome again would glut herself in, had she but the power. No intellectual progress, no clearer light, no assumed expansiveness and subjugation of prejudices, would prevent Rome relighting of the fires of Smithfield, Oxford, and elsewhere, or bring anew into operation all the deadly instruments of the Inquisition, had she once the power so to do. She has, in reality, made no advance whatever in her thorough antagonism to all that opposes or calls in question her authority or dominion. The death and burial of the martyred MURPHY ought to divest every unprejudiced mind of any doubts upon this subject.—EDITOR.

THE FUNERAL OF MR. MURPHY.

To the Editor of the "Rock."

SIR,—I had on Monday the melancholy satisfaction of committing to the dust, in the Birmingham General Cemetery, the mortal remains of William Murphy, the martyred convert from Popery, and unflinching advocate of Protestant and Evangelical truth. Had Murphy been a prince instead of a humble Protestant lecturer, he could scarcely have been attended to his grave with more imposing demonstrations of popular feeling. From his house to the cemetery, a distance of two miles, the streets through which the funeral procession passed were filled with a dense mass of people, while the windows and every available place from which a view could be obtained, were occupied by sightseers. I wish I could add that this vast multitude were entirely composed of sympathizers with the feelings of those who bore a beloved friend and Christian brother to his last resting-place, or that the dying men and women composing it were awed into the sobriety of behaviour which a sight of death and its solemn accompaniments ought to have secured. No sir, the conduct and language of many in that crowd were positively fiendish; they laughed, shouted, jeered, groaned, cursed, and waved their handkerchiefs in exultation, evidently rejoicing at the death of him whom they considered a prostrate foe, while the look of the men and women who either joined in these repulsive proceedings, or manifestly sympathized with them, were of the most sinister and malignant character, conveying the conviction that but for the two hundred stalwart policemen who accompanied the *cortège*, and indefatigably laboured to keep order along the route, there was not a doubt that a fearful row would have occurred, and an attack have been made on the hearse which contained the corpse, if not on the sixteen mourning coaches in which many of poor Murphy's numerous friends were borne along. I was in the first coach, as the officiating clergyman, together with Murphy's attached and valued friend, Mr. Smith, who ministers in the Protestant Chapel which Murphy bought, but from which he derived no emolument, and I could plainly see, on either side of me, groups of bitter foes to the sentiments which Murphy died in advocating, who so scowled on me as I passed, that I felt sure my personal safety was only due to the excellent precautions which had been taken. Need I add, that the parties whom I have been describing, were Irish and Roman Catholics, and that they exemplified the character of the Christianity which they professed, and the craven spirit which it imparts, by profaning, as far as in them lay, the solemn offices of the dead, insulting the remains of an opponent no longer able to defend himself, and outraging the grief of the bereaved wife, and of mourning relatives and friends, engaged in offering the last token of respect to a martyred brother? This disgusting conduct was continued even to the cemetery, from which, owing to the excellent arrangements made by the friends and the police, all but those in the funeral procession were excluded; but the mob made their presence felt, especially during the solemn service at the grave, by the most unearthly yells and screams, evidently intended to interrupt the service. On the return of the friends forming the procession, when the police had somewhat relaxed their vigilance, some females of our party, who were on foot, were rudely assaulted, and pelted with mud, stones, pieces of old mats, &c., creating among them no small alarm.

This is the gloomy and repulsive aspect of Monday's proceedings. On the other

hand, hosts of sympathizing friends rallied round the remains of their martyred friend and brother. The procession, in mourning-coaches and on foot, was immense ; and deep, and in many cases poignant, was the grief felt for the sad occasion that assembled them together. On arriving at the cemetery the corpse was taken from the hearse and carried by friends from the gate to the chapel, which could not contain the number that pressed into it. When it was crammed the doors were shut, and I commenced the service, which was listened to with solemn attention, only marred by the sobs of several present, among whom were a considerable number of females, all attired in the deepest mourning, as were the male friends. Then we proceeded to the grave, where the remainder of the beautiful service of the Church of England was read. After each part of the service I gave a short address, which were listened to with earnest attention. The grief at the grave was very marked and general, and many a tear fell on the coffin as it lay at the bottom of the vault before being covered over, and one face after another was bent over the vault to take a last look of the coffin that contained the remains of one so tenderly beloved, and so rudely snatched away. On the return of the friends from the cemetery, I had the satisfaction of again addressing a large congregation assembled in the chapel, who had expressed a desire to hear a few parting words from me on the subject of the melancholy office in which we had been engaged.

I regret to say that the devoted widow, who never shrunk from toil or peril in the company of her beloved husband, through all his hazardous journeyings from place to place, in fulfilment of what he believed to be his mission, is left utterly destitute ; but I feel assured that neither that God in whose cause her husband lost his life, nor those who rejoice in the salvation which He has provided through the sacrifice of His Son, will allow the opportunity to pass for the expression of Christian gratitude and love to Christ's faithful witness, by making a comfortable provision for her whom he has bequeathed to their sympathy and support. He said to her among his last words, "I have nothing to leave you, but the Lord will provide." I have not the shadow of a doubt that that dying prediction will be fulfilled. I understand that last week there was a preliminary meeting in Birmingham of a few friends to make arrangements for a general subscription throughout the country for the formation of a fund to accomplish three objects : 1. Payment of funeral expenses, debts, &c. 2. Raising some simple monument over the remains of our martyred brother in the cemetery where he lies. 3. Making a provision for his bereaved partner. A committee to carry out these objects was resolved on, of which Booth Mason, Esq., of Leamington, was named chairman ; Mr. Edward Smith, of the Protestant Chapel, Birmingham, and M. H. Chadwick, Esq., of Manchester, hon. secs. ; and I was appointed treasurer. Subscription lists in connexion with this object will shortly be opened in various places, and contributions to any of the parties here named are solicited. I shall only add, that I accept most heartily the office assigned to me, and shall be very thankful to receive any sums that may be entrusted to me to carry out the proposed plans.

St. Mary-le-port, Bristol, March 20.

S. A. WALKER.

THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS.

Two leading men in the service of the Great Master have during the last month been called to their rest. They have both "ceased from their labours," and are now, we doubt not, before the throne ! But, although they served in the same great and good Cause, yet how materially did their work differ ! Mr. MURPHY died as a martyr to Protestant truth, in the face of a supine, truth-despising age, when expediency is the order of the times. Mr. WELLS, after bearing the burden and heat of the day, has, at the ripe age of three-score and ten, or thereabout, at length succumbed to the wear and tear of forty-two years' intense labours in one sphere alone—that sphere the densely-populated Surrey side of the great metropolis. No stronger proof of the regard and esteem in which he was held can be given than in the records of the daily newspapers of the scene at his funeral. We are apprized through this medium of the fact, that upwards of ninety mourning coaches, besides private carriages,

followed the hearse which bore the remains to its last resting-place; and the crowds which lined the course through which the *cortège* passed are stated to have exceeded in certain localities those which were collected together on the recent Thanksgiving Day. This could not have arisen from simply a morbid curiosity, but to a very large degree from a recognition of the long and faithful services of the deceased in that particular part of London.

In our feeble comments upon ministers and their labours, we desire ever to keep prominently before us that important Scripture, "Diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

Now, were this kept more steadfastly in view, how much less bickering and strife would there be among the professed people of God! *A* cannot do *B's* work, nor can *B* accomplish what *A* does. Hence it behoves each "to mind his own business," and seek to do just that which the Lord, in His all-wise Providence, has set before him. The varied labours of the children of God—especially of His ministers—have often presented themselves, to our mind, in the form of a beautifully-dressed and well-cultivated garden. Now, dear reader, would it not be a very unseemly thing for a spectator, when he had walked over path after path, and through the conservatories and graperies, and admired the ferneries and fruit-trees, to suggest that this gardener should be placed here and the other there, whereas their distinct labours in their varied spheres had produced such a perfect and satisfactory whole? Doubtless the head-gardener, at such a suggestion, would say he had to the best of his ability placed his assistants in parts of the garden, and to do certain work for which he deemed one and another specially fitted, and in connexion with planting and transplanting, pruning and grafting. We repeat, how unbecoming would any such interference be where the combined and general effect was so good! How much more unbecoming, then, is the veriest attempt to dictate to the Heavenly Husbandman as to how He shall dispose of the labourers in His vineyard!

Much has at times been said about the ministry of Mr. WELLS, and many of his opponents fail to consider the position in which he was placed. We are not prepared personally to endorse the whole that *any* man says or does, any more than *others* are ready to endorse all that *we* may say or do. Frailty, infirmity, and sin cleave to every man and his poor and imperfect labours, and the marvel is that a holy and a perfect Being, such as our God is, should condescend to make any use whatever of such frail and feeble instruments. Mr. WELLS originally was an unlettered man; yet, by dint of hard, intensely-laborious, and most persevering study, has, under God, managed to keep together an immense congregation for some forty years. The fact is astounding. Of the very few times we ever saw Mr. WELLS, we may speak of our first meeting at the tea-table of a mutual friend, some thirty years ago; and we perfectly remember to this day how impressed we were with his intense industry, not simply as a Bible-reader, but as a general student, rising morning after morning at four and five o'clock. Again, the capricious tastes of London professors, with their itching ears, must be borne in mind. In years gone by, when stately resident in London, how many have conferred with us about coming to labour in the metropolis, because their occasional preachings were acceptable there; but in all such cases

we have besought the applicant to pause, knowing full well how migratory and fluctuating and changable London congregations are. Personally, there is no place we more recoil from in preaching than London; and one of the greatest trials the Lord could send upon us would be to cause us to pitch our tent in the great metropolis.

When Mr. WELLS' great popularity is considered, much allowance must be made for the weakness of the flesh betraying itself in him, as in every labourer of the Lord of hosts it does in a greater or less degree. In some it shows itself in one way, in others in another way, but assuredly more or less in all! And where is there the servant of God who, in looking back, but would gladly recall much that he has said, as well as undo much that he has done? His comfort arises from the fact, that the Word declares "the treasure to be in *earthen vessels*, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." And a great mercy it is for the people of God that the treasure is in earthen vessels, otherwise how could pure and innocent beings, such as angels that have never sinned, minister feelingly and experimentally to those who day by day and moment by moment realize their helplessness and guiltiness and their ever-constant need of the atoning blood and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ?

It has been said—and, we presume, with truth—that Mr. WELLS has been heard to say, that, if he did not at times make some startling statements, he never would have been able to have kept up his congregation. Now, if this were true, the course was a perfectly unjustifiable one. It was of the creature, and by no means of the Lord, except permissively, not approvingly. It was "sowing to the flesh," and, as a consequence, led of the flesh to the "reaping corruption." We speak thus advisedly—not in a spirit of bickering or fault-finding, but to account, in a certain sense, for that trial of faith, and those intensely deep exercises of soul-darkness, and heart-travail through which Mr. WELLS was called to pass in the early part of his last illness.

We pray the reader to follow us closely in what we are now penning, and we ask him, at the same time, to give us credit for what we have already stated—that is, our full belief that Mr. WELLS was a man of God, and that he has finished his labours, and entered upon his eternal rest and free-grace reward.

But, as survivors and public journalists, we must, in so far as the Holy Ghost vouchsafes us wisdom, give the cautionary and admonitory word.

We have never read—but have heard much about—the so-called Rahab-sermon, in which, as we understand, Mr. WELLS justified her in the lies she told with regard to the spies. Now, we maintain that Rahab, notwithstanding her zeal for the Lord, was no more to be justified in her falsehoods than Rebecca or Jacob in theirs. Both the one and the other were going before the Lord, and anticipating His plan of action, rather than waiting His own time and method of developing His own purposes. The fact is one thing, the overruling and the bringing good out of evil by the Lord's own wonder-working hand is another. Yet we have abundant reason, as poor, ever-erring, and faint-hearted creatures, to bless God that He has left these facts on record, so that we may clearly see with what similar creatures to ourselves He has ever had to do.

Moreover, we should ever bear in mind, that what is thus left on record is with a view to our caution and taking heed, as well as for our

example and encouragement. Whilst we would thank God for His pity and compassion, His pardoning love and mercy, who would wish to follow even the "father of the faithful," in his prevarication with respect to Sarai, or "the hearkening to her voice," rather than waiting and watching for the Lord to work out His promised purposes in His own time and way? Overruled as it was of God, yet neither Isaac nor Jacob, David nor Jonah, nor any other either Old or New Testament character, is to be followed in regard to their every word or action. We must learn to distinguish between what was of the flesh and what of faith—what of the creature, and what of the Lord.

Further, we fearlessly testify, that, if so be, by heedlessness, incaution, or to indulge a fleshly, proud, self-sufficient or self-seeking spirit, any of the Lord's servants have been permitted to say or do aught that shall throw a stumbling-block in the way of the Lord's weaklings or little ones, the Lord will bring them to book for it. He will chastise them. He will Fatherly rebuke them. Yea, we go further, and we declare our belief, that even if so be these words are so ambiguous as to convey a reasonable construction antagonistic to the simple truth as it is in Jesus, in order to rectify that misconception, the Lord will so lead them and so deal with them as that, under His Fatherly discipline, their testimony (however dissimilar to their previous one, as far as human language goes) shall be plainly and unmistakably according to the teaching and ministry of the Holy Ghost, as realized in the heart's experience of His dear people.

On two or three occasions, at distant intervals, we had short but pleasing interviews with Mr. WELLS. One was on the previous evening to our dear friend JOHN BUNYAN McCURE's taking his departure for Australia; the next was a casual meeting in the street, just prior to that dear brother's return. On each occasion Mr. WELLS spoke with a kindness, a tenderness, a wisdom, that greatly commended his spirit to our heart.

Inasmuch as this brother-like feeling was then so sweetly manifested when we heard of the anguish of spirit and darkness of soul which Mr. WELLS encountered in connexion with the intense bodily sufferings through which he was called to pass in the early part of his illness, we were strongly inclined to write to him. Our object would have been to ask him, as a brother in Christ and fellow-labourer in the Lord, to publicly recall any extravagant, unscriptural, or unjustifiable views or sentiments he might have expressed. But this letter was rendered needless by a fact stated to us on the very best authority, when recently in London. In a close conversation with a dear friend and relative of his own, Mr. WELLS stated how deeply he felt certain things, and that, if ever permitted to preach again, he would preach very differently.

We repeat, we do not make this statement in disparagement of the man or of his labours as a whole, but to prove that there was a wholesome, God-like, jealous fear in exercise.

Of the close of Mr. WELLS' long and eventful career we have heard nothing beyond the short but grateful testimony, that "HE DIED VERY HAPPY." In that fact we rejoice, and, on his behalf, that his protracted labours are ended, and that he has entered into the joy of his Lord.

No man knows how weak he is till he finds it out by temptation.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

The Clifton Conference Hymns. By the Rev. S. A. WALKER, M.A., Rector of Mary-le-Port, Bristol. London: J. Pitman, Paternoster Row. Bristol: T. E. Chillcott, Clare Street.

To do justice to these hymns, or enter into the fulness and spirit of them, they ought to be heard, as they were heard, when first sung by a crowded audience in the Victoria Rooms. We had nearly said, we revel in *good congregational singing*; neither rapid nor drawling, but sung as with one heart and one voice at a moderate rate. No lightness, no frivolity, but sacred, holy heart-fervour, as though one and all *felt* what they *sang*: "*singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*" Oh, this is blessed! And we do remember this to have been the case—at least according to personal feelings and emotions—at the Clifton Conference. We remember one hymn in particular, the singing of which we thought would amply repay an attendance at the Conference. We trust this little work will have a wide circulation, because those who may not be able to attend future Conferences will, by these hymns, have the means (as far as means in themselves go) to follow in spirit and unite with in heart, even in their own homes and localities, those who are congregated together at Clifton or elsewhere. How many who attended these Conferences, and enjoyed the fellowship of true spiritual brotherhood, have since passed away, and joined the general assembly and church of the first-born above.

Clifton Conference Hymns. By the Rev. S. A. WALKER, M.A. With appropriate Music for each Hymn, composed by HENRY T. LESLIE, Mus. Doc. London: F. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row. Bristol: T. E. Chillcott, 26, Clare Street.

THIS is a larger edition of the same work, with the addition of appropriate music set to each hymn, as well as an appendix containing a selection of Dr. H. T. Leslie's chants, &c. The volume is handsomely got up, and will make a pleasing and profitable addition to our sacred song. It is well to cultivate the love of music of this kind among our young people for home use. We are persuaded that, under God, it is a great and good means of blessing. How often have some of us proved what a real blessing, and what an uplifting hopefulness of heart, has attended the united song of praise in the family circle. Dear old LUTHER used to say, "If you are low-spirited, sing;" and how often have we personally found that one of our precious songs of Zion, sung to one of our old tunes (with all its blessed associations) has warmed our cold heart, inspired us with new courage and fresh life, and sent us on our way rejoicing, with the exclamation, "He hath delivered, He doth deliver, and in whom we trust that He will yet deliver us." These precious songs of Zion, sung in sweet fellowship and harmony, have numberless times instrumentally sent back the old treacherous, tempting, worrying adversary to his own place, where ere long he will be fixed, and, as far as the church of the first-born is concerned, helpless and powerless for ever. Lord, Lord, hasten the time, for Christ's sake!

Scripture Echoes to the Convalescent. A few Christian Love-words to such as are recovering from Sickness. By DAVID A. DOUDNEY, D.D., Vicar of St. Luke's, Bedford. London: Book Society, 28, Paternoster Row. Bristol: W. Mack, 38, Park Street.

THIS is a little threepenny production, and, as its title intimates, is designed for the sick and such as are recovering from sickness. Such questions as are likely to present themselves to the mind of the convalescent are here replied to simply in the language of Scripture itself; and, consequently, the answers must be powerful and to the point, because they are the words of God, and not of man. We venture to think that this little unpretending work will be found exceedingly useful to the district visitor, as well as to the sick and ailing. It is light for the hand of the weak and delicate, and printed in the large type, on account of which, in great part at least, our little volume, "LOOK UP!"* has found such acceptance. A visitor to the sick and troubled, upon leaving the sick-chamber, the house of mourning, or the habitation of the tried and troubled, will at least have the satisfaction of feeling that he has left in the hands of such tried and troubled—sick and afflicted—ones, short and suitable selections from the Word of God wherewith in the silence of the night-season, or in the solitude of the sick-chamber, to answer the thoughts and feelings and questionings which may be constantly presenting themselves to the mind of the restless, the anxious, and the inquiring. This little work has gone forth at the present juncture with special prayer that a marked blessing should attend it. It was the anxiety on account, and after-recovery, of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales that suggested the book.

Asked of God (1 Sam. i. 20). By ANNA SHIPTON, Author of "Tell Jesus," "The Secret of the Lord," &c., &c. London: Morgan and Scott, 25, Warwick Lane, E.C.

WE are always interested—most deeply so—in Mrs. SHIPTON's writings, and for this reason, because she is so close and so constant an observer of the leadings of Divine Providence. If the last verse of the 107th Psalm characterizes the tone of one person's writings more than another, it is that of ANNA SHIPTON. She is 'always ready to mark, and sweetly and practically to comment upon, the footsteps of the flock. How well does this dear deeply-tried child of God—one who, from what we have heard, has been as it were steeped in sorrow—declare "There is no need unimportant for the child of God to bring before the notice of his heavenly Father, who 'fainteth not, neither is weary,' with his continual requests. Nothing is beneath *His* care who counts the hairs of our head." This remark Mrs. SHIPTON follows up, in her own sweet, instructive, and encouraging way to testify of the gracious manner in which the Lord heard and answered prayer. We cannot but affectionately recommend this volume.

Our Infirmities. By the Author of "The Protoplast," and "Snatches of Sacred Song." London: W. Macintosh.

FULL of thought, and fraught with richest consolation. The author has sought to define between *sins* and *sicknesses*, *iniquity* and *infirmity*. There is a distinction, and an important distinction, too. But both the one and

* "Faith's Province and Privilege to look up from the World, and Sin, and Satan, unto Him who is 'mighty to save' and 'able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.'" Crown 8vo, cloth. Great primer type. Price 2s. W. Mack, 38, Park Street.

the other (the talented author) has sought clearly and conclusively to show were laid upon and atoned for by that Mighty One of whom it is said, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." We understand the work is out of print; if so, it will be a great loss to the Lord's people if not reprinted, inasmuch as it contains a large amount of true spiritual teaching, and is eminently calculated, under the Spirit's power, to cheer those who feel how much they labour under physical weakness and infirmity, and who feel, too, how much reason they have to bless God for such an utterance as that of the Psalmist, when he exclaimed, "This is my infirmity."

The Building, or the Scaffolding? By Two Naval Officers. London: W. Hunt & Co., Holles Street, Cavendish Square.

THIS work is worthy of a wide circulation, as showing the vast and important distinction between merely external forms and observances in the professed worship of God, and that vital influence and power under which the truly-enlightened and Spirit-quickened are brought, who "worship God in the Spirit, and have no confidence in the flesh." Such by the Holy Ghost are savingly taught the solemn reality, that "God is a Spirit, and that they who worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth;" that whilst there is so much outward, in the flesh, and the flesh only, "the Spirit quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." We would earnestly recommend this work to the wavering and unsettled.

Memoirs of the Rev. John Wesley Etheridge, M.A., Ph.D. By the Rev. THORNLEY SMITH. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

WHILST we must necessarily differ, in many important particulars in regard to doctrine, with the subject of this Memoir, there is much of deepest interest in the volume.

The Little Gleaner. Vol. 18.

The Sower. Vol. 10. New Series. London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.

USEFUL gifts for a child, and well adapted for Sunday School libraries. We should be very glad, if any one so disposed, and having the means, would present ST. LUKE'S SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARY with a complete set of "THE SOWER" and "THE LITTLE GLEANER." They would be most acceptable.

Bringing in Sheaves. By the Rev. A. B. EARLE. London: Morgan and Scott, 23, Warwick Lane.

"A RECORD (says the title) of Evangelistic labours in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific." This work (it will at once be seen) is of "a Revival" character. As a rule, "Revivalists" are too ready to shout "Harvest Home!" and to gather in the grain before it is ripe, if indeed in the sequel it is proved that there be any real grain at all.

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.—*The British Workwoman*; *The British Juvenile*; *The Day of Days*; *Home Words*; *The Christian*; *Shine*; *What Good will it do?* Rev. J. C. RYLE; *The Devil's Masterpiece*; *The Little Gleaner* and *The Sower* (sound and varied as usual); *The Eternity of Future Punishment*, by B. H. KEY, Com. R.N.; *A Manual of Missionary Facts and Principles* (Snow and Co.); *A Hope in Thee*, by J. JONES. A sweet experimental leaflet for letters or large tablets for the walls or sick-chamber. Published by Mr. Mack, 38, Park Street, Bristol.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE American question is still undecided. A reply from the American Government has been received which has not yet been made public; but it is understood that it is couched in most friendly terms, and that whilst it still vindicates the right of the American Government to maintain the claim for "indirect damages," it conveys a hint that no money compensation for them will be insisted upon. We may therefore hope that a satisfactory settlement of the matter will be ere long attained. We may indeed thank God for this, for the reverse would be most terrible.

The Thanksgiving Day passed off splendidly. It is thus described in the *Rock*:—"A fine day, an enthusiastic crowd lining seven miles of London streets, the Cathedral filled with its thousands seated tier above tier, the streets all ablaze with flags and flowers, gorgeous liveries and uniforms, handsome equipages and numerous other accessories, rendered the scene one which will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, whether at any given point, or by traversing the whole route. The crowd was dense and good tempered. It had many hours to wait, and it waited patiently for the coming spectacle. Witty remarks on passers by, extemporized choruses of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," scrambles for coppers thrown from the occupants of seats at the windows on the route, and howls at the inevitable dog which always puts in an appearance on such occasions, served to pass away the time until the *cortège* approached. Of this it is sufficient to say that it was more interesting than brilliant. The scene just within Temple-bar was highly pleasing to the lovers of the picturesque. The Lord Mayor of London and the civic authorities did their best to revive in our minds the histories of the ancient splendours and pageants of which the metropolis has been the scene, and the pale face of the Prince of Wales, the anxious look of his Royal mother, the timid but pleased glance of the Princess, and the wondering looks of Prince Albert Victor all revived the memory of a time of anxiety and suspense not so very remote. The cheering throughout the whole route was of the loudest and heartiest. The aristocrat, the tradesman, the street arab, and the "rough" alike exercised their lungs with true English hurrahs, and the waving of hats and flourishing of handkerchiefs were prodigious. Arriving at St. Paul's, the west front was found to display, in large gilt letters, the text, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." The congregation having been all seated, the service proceeded in the order stated in our last number." The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon from Rom. xii. 5. We heartily rejoice in this demonstration, and we trust that it will make an impression upon the nation which may long remain for good.

Two remarkable events have occurred at Rome. A public discussion has been held between some Roman Catholic priests and the Evangelical clergy respecting St. Peter's supposed visit to Rome. The discussion was definitely arranged, three disputants being allowed on either side, and it was carried out with perfect fairness. The Papal orators occasioned some astonishment by giving up from the first the attempt to prove that Peter was twenty-five years in Rome, contenting themselves with endeavouring to prove that he was there at all! The result of the discussion

was that each party claimed the victory; but there is not much doubt as to which party the victory really belonged, for soon afterwards the Pope ordered Cardinal Patrizi to address a letter to the College of Theologians, forbidding hereafter any of its members, or any other member of the Church of Rome, publicly to confute Protestant preachers! Evidently (says a letter from Rome) the debate on the presence of St. Peter in Rome has been considered at the Vatican as a failure, and those gentlemen have no desire to enter upon a fresh contest. The *Capitale* states that the result of the trial of strength was most damaging to the priests, and that "the triumph of the Evangelical ministers could not have been more splendid."

The second notable event which has taken place at Rome is a meeting for the Bible Society! Who ever would have thought of it a few years ago? The special correspondent of the *Daily News* thus describes it:—"I was present last night at the inauguration here of the Italian Bible Society. At 6 p.m. the large hall of the Argentina Theatre was crowded to excess. The company was very distinguished, and consisted of a large number of Roman ladies, many Members of Parliament, the President of the Italian Senate, Count Mamiani, the Grand Duke of Nassau and his suite, &c. The chair was occupied by Admiral Fishbourne. On the platform was Father Hyacinthe. Before the proceedings commenced several ladies fainted, owing to the overcrowded state of the room. Thereupon the people commenced crying 'Air, air,' and the windows were opened. Admiral Fishbourne then read his opening speech, in which he demonstrated the great benefits arising to humanity from the free propagation of the Word of God. His remarks were emphatically cheered, and, to the surprise of all, not only by those who were present, but by hundreds who had gathered on the square facing the theatre, and who never abandoned their place during the whole time the meeting lasted. Father Hyacinthe aroused the greatest enthusiasm. His speech was repeatedly interrupted by the loud cheering of the assembly. He said that in the Bible lies the real greatness of nations, and that England owed her power to it far more than to the Great Charter." Of course the Pope and his followers are very angry, but they are powerless. An attempt was made to set fire to the Tract Society's dépôt in Rome, but fortunately it was not successful. Three fire-engines were, however, employed for several hours in extinguishing the flames. During the time that this was going on the monks and nuns of the neighbouring church stood and watched the progress of the fire with the deepest interest. Some were heard saying, "Let it alone! let it alone! It is only the Evangelical library." Others were heard regretting that the dépôt-keeper was not at that moment in the cellar.

We have to record the death of a valiant Protestant champion—Mr. William Murphy. He had never fully recovered from the violent attack which was made upon him at Whitehaven last year, and now he has gone to his rest. The *post mortem* examination convinces the medical man that the injuries which he then received have been the cause of his death. We hope that his death may open the eyes of many who are deceived by Popery. Mr. Edward Smith, of Birmingham, says:—"During his long and painful illness, I have seen him daily, and witnessed his Christian fortitude under the afflicting hand of God. There has been no repining, but I have heard from his lips many a time and oft expressions of resignation

to his Heavenly Father's will. I have been on most intimate terms for years with him, and had opportunities of watching his public and private life, and can bear testimony to his self-denying zeal, his Christian character, and his sincerity in the work to which he had devoted himself." The malignity of his enemies was shown even at his funeral; they followed the funeral procession to the cemetery, howled while the funeral service was being performed, and stoned the mourners on their return to their homes! We are glad to state that a collection is being made on behalf of his poor wife. The Rev. S. A. Walker, of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol, has kindly undertaken to receive contributions for this purpose.

The famine in Persia still continues. A considerable amount of relief has been provided, but multitudes are still starving. Dr. Wills, of Shiras, writes: "Of course you in England can form no idea of the distress here. The people in the villages eat the grass when they can get it, and at the slaughter-houses every drop of blood is lapped up or carried away by the starving poor."

The Tichborne trial has at last come to an end, after a continuance of more than a hundred days. The jury interfered with an intimation that they had heard quite sufficient evidence. Thereupon the counsel for the plaintiff "advised him to submit to a nonsuit," and the plaintiff was lodged in Newgate, where he now awaits his trial for perjury. It is said that some Australian policemen are waiting to apprehend him upon a more serious charge.

The Looshai expedition has been completely successful; General Bouchier and staff left camp on the 25th of January, with the wing of the 44th Native Infantry. Next day they were fired on by a large party of Looshais, who were concealed in the bed of a rocky stream with heavy jungle on both sides. The enemy were driven out by a brilliant charge of infantry; chased up the hill (5,500 feet high, the despatch says), and afterwards driven from two formidable positions. General Bouchier was wounded in the head and arm, but not severely. There were four killed on our side, and a few wounded. A desperate attempt was also made to annoy the rear, but the enemy suffered severely, and were driven off. The General now reports the unconditional submission of the tribes of Vonelel. The terms dictated to Lalboorah in his mother's strongly stockaded village, at an elevation of 6,000 feet, are that arms are to be surrendered, hostages taken, and fines of war gongs, ivory, &c., enforced. The troops are in high spirits.

Another Moabitish stone has been discovered, but it does not appear to be of the same antiquity and value as the first one. It was brought to Jerusalem by Bedwin Sheiks from the ruins (or mound) of the city of Medeba, which is seven miles south of Hesbon, fifteen miles north of Dibon, and about forty-five miles due east of Jerusalem. The characters, which are very clear and nearly perfect, are translated as follows:—"We drove them away—the people of Ar Moab at the marsh ground; there they made a thankoffering to God their King, and Jeshuren rejoiced, as also Moses their leader." If these words are compared with Numb. xxi. 13, 14, 15, and 21—30; Deut. xi., and Joshua xiii. 9, 15, and 16, a remarkable coincidence of narrative will be seen. The town of Ar Moab mentioned on the stone is in the delta formed by the two rivers which flow into the river Arnon. The "Ar Moab at the marsh ground" of the stone seems to be identical with "the city that is in the midst of the

river" of Joshua xiii. 9. Two tablets have also been discovered at Siloam-el-Fokani, near Jerusalem, executed on the wall of a rock-cut chamber or sacellum. They contain the name of Baal, and seem to be dedicated to him by some person (name illegible) about the period of the later kings of Judah. A more perfect translation of them will probably be published soon. A letter from Jerusalem (Feb. 16) says:—"It seems probable that some very interesting and valuable inscriptions are coming to light. Besides the Greek inscription belonging to the temple (a duplicate of M. Ganneau's) and two Nabathæan stones, there are fragments of a basaltic slab, with Phœnician letters and squeezes of two large Phœnician inscriptions, one of them running round a 'picture' in the middle. This latter I have not yet seen. Canon Tristram and his party are prisoners at Kerak; the sum of £600 has been asked for their ransom, and sent by Mr. Consul Moore from Jerusalem. It is believed that they are in no danger. The Governor-General is reported to have sent a large force to back up the negotiations." Canon Tristram has since been released.

A large meeting of Nonconformists was recently held in Manchester, comprising, it is said, 1,700 delegates from various parts of the country. We regret to see that at that meeting they pledged themselves to support secular education, and secular education only. This means, practically, that they are determined, if possible, to exclude the Bible and all religious instruction from our day-schools. Now this would not, perhaps, be of so much importance if Sunday-schools were thoroughly efficient, and if the children who attended the day-schools also regularly attended them; but such, we have reason to fear, is very far from being the case. Sunday-schools to a great extent are very inefficient, and thousands of children who attend a day-school never attend any Sunday-school, nor can they be induced to do so. The Education Bill expressly forbids that any compulsion should be brought to bear upon them in this respect. We hope, however, that these 1,700 delegates do not represent the general feeling of the Nonconformist body, and we have reason to believe that they do not do so. *E.g.*, at the half-yearly meeting of the Dissenting "deputies," as reported in the *English Independent*, Mr. H. Potter said, in supporting a motion for the re-election of Mr. C. Reed, M.P., as chairman, that "he believed that Nonconformists were committing the greatest blunder he had ever known them commit since he had had anything to do with public matters. The principle of secular education in the day-schools of the country was one which he hoped never to see adopted. He was manager of a school for four years, in which the education of 1,200 children was carried on, and he had never seen any religious difficulty in connexion with it, nor had any difficulty been experienced in the school in the City of London of which he was still the treasurer." In Parliament the Secularists have again met with a signal defeat, for Mr. Dixon's motion for a vote of censure on the Education Act was rejected by a majority of 355 to 94. Mr. Forster answered the objections of Mr. Dixon and his supporters in the most able manner; he disclaimed all intention of promoting any denominational teaching, but reiterated his determination not to be a party to any attempt to refuse to the poor man his right of insisting on instruction in the Bible as a part of his children's education. With great effect he quoted even Mr. Cobden, a great authority with the Secularist party, when he said:—"I never will be a party to any scheme that attempts to lay down in an Act of Parliament this

monstrous, arrogant and dictatorial doctrine—that a parish or community shall not, if it please, introduce the Bible into its schools.” He also asked how was it possible to teach from the Bible without asserting the existence of God and the life and history of Jesus Christ. And Mr. Fawcett, with noble manliness, expressed his regret that he had lent his name to a programme containing the extraordinary proposal that the Bible without note and comment might remain in the schools, but must not be explained. For he said he now entirely agreed with Dr. Playfair “that no scoffer could have treated the Bible with greater disrespect than did those who said it should be read in schools, but should remain the one book which the instructors could not be allowed to explain.”

Another blow has been given to the Ritualists, and with good reason. Mr. Purchas, of St. James’s Chapel, Brighton, was commanded by the highest court of law to desist from some illegal Ritualistic practices, but he refused to obey the command; the result is, that he is sentenced to suspension for a year, and a sequestration is to be issued against his property for the amount of the costs incurred through his obstinacy. This ought to be a salutary warning to all semi-Romanists, who persist in endeavouring to undermine our Reformed Protestant Church. Some sensational paragraphs have appeared in the papers, stating that in carrying out the sequestration, Mr. Purchas was treated with cruelty, but these statements have been authoritatively denied.

One of the most insane projects which has ever been named in this country is now being brought forward, viz., a proposal to make a tunnel under the Channel. A company, called the “Channel Tunnel Company (Limited),” has been registered at the Joint Stock Company’s Registration Office, for the purpose of carrying out this project, and we hear that a Bill for the same purpose is to be introduced into Parliament. The names at the head of this Company are names of men of such respectability and position that we must conclude that the undertaking is a *bona fide* one. It is stated that the capital of the Company is £30,000, which is being privately subscribed, with the immediate object of making a trial shaft, and driving a driftway on the English side about half a mile beyond low-water mark, with the view of proving the practicability of tunnelling under the Channel. The completion of this work will furnish *data* for calculating the cost of continuing the driftway from each shore to a junction in mid-Channel, and capital will then be subscribed for that purpose, or for enlarging it to the size of an ordinary railway tunnel, as the engineers may deem most expedient. We can only say, with the *Record*, that this Channel Tunnel is “an outrage to the common sense of the British nation. It may be said that in the event of war it would be easy to swamp the tunnel by letting in the water. But who will venture to guarantee the country against a successful surprise accomplished by a combination of bribery and stratagem? If an enemy could only for a few hours effect a surprise, the damage to this country might be irretrievable. An order to swamp the tunnel, and destroy such a work of labour and of cost, would be given slowly and reluctantly; and whilst we were hesitating about prematurely sacrificing such an amount of capital by the destruction of the works, a landing might be effected in a few hours which might enable the enemy to assume a position which would be attended with fatal results.” God, in His Providence, has given us in the sea an excellent defence—why should we attempt to tamper with it?

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 77,
NEW SERIES. }

MAY 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,277,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

1840—1872.

"*Ebenezer ! Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.*"—1 SAM. vii. 12.

TWO-AND-THIRTY years ago we first took up our pen in connexion with the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. We are amazed when we think of it; yea, we are as it were lost in the contemplation of the fact that more than half of our life has been spent in this service, and more than one-fourth of it in connexion with the columns of the OLD JONATHAN, which has this day completed its sixteenth year. When with the utmost fear and trembling we entered upon our Editorial career, we scarcely calculated upon as many *months* as we have been permitted to realize *years* of labour. Labour we said; yes, labour; but, ah, withal it has been sweet labour, notwithstanding its entailments—its responsibilities—its losses and crosses—its cares and anxieties; yea, it has been sweet labour, nevertheless; and why? because it has been *the Lord's* work; and, because it has been the Lord's work, He has made it a labour of love—peculiarly sweet, supernaturally precious. A labour placing the labourer above envying a creature upon earth, however prosperous, successful, or great the achievements of that creature. It is a labour which brings forcibly to mind the words of the immortal Hart:—

"Boast not, ye sons of earth,
Nor look with scornful eyes;
Above your highest mirth
My saddest hours I prize.
For, though my cup seems fill'd with gall,
A something secret sweetens all."

Ah, reader, that "something secret" is, in point of intrinsic value and inestimable worth, beyond all price. It must be realized—felt—enjoyed, in order to be understood what it is for a poor, vile sinner, deserving and expecting naught but everlasting destruction and eternal banishment from the presence of the Most High, to be as

everlastingly freed from all condemnation, and to be not only acquitted, but accepted, adopted, and taken into the friendship and favour of that self-same Almighty and all-loving and lovely One; oh, this, this is indeed a mystery which angels desire to look into.

"Wonder, O heaven, and be astonished, O earth," that the High and the Mighty One that inhabiteth eternity should have devised a way, and executed a plan, by which He could at once be just and yet the Justifier of him who believeth on Jesus—a way by which "mercy and truth should meet together, and righteousness and peace embrace each other."

There is a further feature of the Lord's work, beloved; it stands sweetly and blessedly associated with His own gracious exhortation: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Now, it is the Lord's own special prerogative to render His work a work of delight—of peace, love, and unutterable satisfaction. It takes pre-eminently the lead of all other labour—of all other service, and simply for this reason, it is *the Lord's* work, and He, and He alone, has the power—aye, and the will, too—to make that work supernaturally and unspeakably and everlastingly blessed. Satan cannot do this with his work, nor the world with its work. There is a worm gnawing at the root of all satanic and world-wrought pleasure; yea, more, there is a miserable dissatisfaction—a blank—a void—a nothing! "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." "The wages of sin is death." But the Lord hath reserved to Himself that special power, that peculiar influence, that divine aptitude, through and by which He may ratify and confirm His word, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Further, wherever the Holy Ghost has graciously fixed the choice of a sinner, as He did that of Moses, who "refused to become the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward;" there is never a regretting that choice; never a final drawing back or relinquishing that choice. No (blessed be God!), it is as abiding and as unchanging as it is satisfactory. It is as unalterable as is its Divine Bestower, who is "without variableness, or the shadow of a turning."

We do not deny that men have since our Lord's day, as well as in His day, "turned back and walked no more with Him;" but this was because their profession was in name only—not in reality. There was profession, not possession—the shadow, not the substance—yea, they had "the name to live, whilst they were dead"—dead in

trespasses and sins ; they were not the real living and vital followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, though it may be "afar off," still are constrained and enabled to follow Him through evil report and through good report ; for, be their trials and afflictions what they may, they love both their Lord and the service of their Lord.

Beloved, it is impossible for us to express even the little we see and feel in regard to the goodness and the mercy that have been vouchsafed to us during our connexion with this work. In comparison with its magnitude, it is little indeed we see of the Lord's tenderness and boundless compassion. What is its vast extent and absolute fullness is utterly beyond conception. Eternity alone can develop it. But still, even with respect to the little we do realize, we desire to testify of His condescension, love, and compassion. Oh, how good and gracious—loving and tender—has He been ! And it is our grief—our sore sorrow—that we should ever even for a moment doubt His kindness, or call in question His wisdom. It is such poor returns for His mercy.

It is perfectly true that the way by which the Lord has been pleased to lead us, both with regard to the dealings of His providence and the dispensations of His grace, has as much differed from what we had anticipated as it is possible to conceive. Nor, as most of our readers are aware, has it been a smooth or agreeable path to poor flesh and blood, but the reverse. Scarcely had we set our hand to this work—two-and-thirty years ago—ere trial and affliction came in upon us like a flood, insomuch that we were almost ready to curse the day in which we became acquainted with the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Again and again did we endeavour to wash our hands of it, thinking that probably with a severance from it there would be a cessation of trouble. But, ah ! the Lord was stronger than poor fallen Adam in us, and, in spite of all strivings and sorrows, He took His own course, and, by little and little, "brought down our heart with labour," and into a conformity with His will ; and it has been with us thousands of times since a matter of surprise and astonishment that He could so bear with our manners in the wilderness as not to cut us off as a cumberer of the ground. To say nothing of open profligacy and undisguised iniquity and transgression, as practised by those who never knew or cared to know the Lord, we, on account of the sins even of our holy things—or, in other words, the self-will and frowardness and ingratitude and distrust which have marked our course—compel us honestly to declare that we have no stones to cast against the vilest transgressor that has ever lived. Nor has any such an one now living real cause to despair, if desirous of that mercy, whilst such as ourselves have found it.

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God ! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out !"

There is another thought, beloved, with respect to our humble labours to which we would invite your attention : it is that perfect

creature weakness and absolute sense of the need of continual help from on high, under which the work has been carried on. Surely if *we* did not speak well both of the Person and work of the Holy Ghost, the very stones might cry out, for surely none was ever more dependent upon the Holy Ghost than we. When we recollect that even in our *second* number (July, 1840) our subject was, "FAINT, YET PURSUING," we are the more forcibly and emphatically reminded of the alone power by which we have been upheld and sustained and brought on and on from that time to the present. Oh, who has greater reason to glory in that blessed testimony than ourselves, "Not by might nor by power, but my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts?"

We see, moreover, another rich and distinguishing mercy in connexion with the Lord's leadings—namely, the entire hiding from our view the morrow of our pathway! Oh, had we known beforehand one tithe of what awaited us, without much additional grace and strength, we must have absolutely sunk and been utterly crushed in the prospect. But, oh, no, in His infinite wisdom and boundless love and divine compassion and marvellous condescension, our God has withheld from our view what awaited us. At the same time (we speak it to His praise and glory), He has invariably connected with the trial and affliction—with the cup or the cross—strength and grace to meet and to bear the same. So that invariably, and without a solitary exception, there has been the full and free ratification and confirmation of His blessed promise, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be."

Now, beloved, whilst we most readily admit that this is a grateful reflection, we at the same time acknowledge it is a humiliating one, and for this reason, that, with such a knowledge and such an experience of all-sufficient grace and mercy, it would be reasonable to expect a becoming dependence and a child-like reliance upon the self-same, all-sufficient, all-wise, ever-gracious, faithful and unchanging Lord, for the future; that what He has been and is He will ever continue to be, equally wise and gracious and unchangeable. To believe this—to expect this—to be thoroughly at a point about this, is due to such a God, and becoming the recipient of such a ceaseless course of love and mercy, pity and compassion. But is such the case? Alas! alas! it is far otherwise. We honestly avow that in ourselves and of ourselves we have no more power to hope for or expect or trust in than we ever had. 'Those words of Jesus hold good now as much as ever they did, "Without me ye can do nothing;" and, so far from our having become aught in ourselves that shall render us, even in the very slightest degree, independent of our adorable Lord and Master, we never more needed than now that He should "work in us both to *will* and to *do* of His good pleasure." We say most unreservedly, that it is "of Him and through Him and to Him are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

In retracing the past, there is a thought that necessarily presents

itself: it is the many—yea, the very, very many—who have passed away, during the period to which we have referred. Those most familiar with this work can scarcely fail to have been struck with the fact of name after name of those who were either regular or occasional contributors disappearing. One by one have they dropped of; have been called hence, and for most part (blessed be God!) leaving sweet and cheering testimonies of the reality of their faith, and the glorious prospects unfolding to their departing spirits. Whilst personally we mourn many a brother and many a sister in the Lord thus departed, and feel, in a certain sense, a loneliness and desolation without them, as having so often and so opportunely ministered to our drooping hearts, in relation to the care and responsibility of this work, still there is the satisfaction arising from the recollection, that “they without us cannot be made perfect.”

Dear brethren and sisters still on pilgrimage, and as yet called to bear the burden and heat of the day, we would have you remember this, that, if the Lord had need of *them*, He has equally need of *you*. If the “Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am,” applied to *them*, it equally applies to *you*. If you are looking to Jesus, leaning upon Jesus, if Jesus be your only Refuge, Staff, and Stay, that precious declaration of His as much embraces you as it did the present victors over sin, death, hell, and the grave. There is to be no schism in the body. Each and all *must* be there. The body *must* be perfect. The family circle *must* be complete. Jesus *must* “see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied.” The “gates of hell can never—no, never—prevail” over a single vessel of mercy, or one of the blood-purchased and blood-besprinkled throng. If a solitary soul out of the myriads upon myriads of the redeemed were missing, in the last great day when the Lord of life and glory comes to make up His jewels, He would never say, as assuredly He will say, “Here am I, Father, and the children whom Thou hast given me; of whom I have lost none, save the son of perdition, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled.”

Oh, beloved, how sweet and how consolatory is this reflection! how calculated, under the precious ministry of the Holy Ghost, to lift us up above all our doubts and fears, darkness and unbelief, as we contemplate the “I wills” and the “they shalls” of an immutable, covenant-keeping, Almighty Jehovah!

In meditating upon these blessed verities, how well did PAUL GERHARDT sing in the 17th century:—

“Is God for me? I fear not, though all against me rise;
When I call on Christ my Saviour, the host of evil flies;
My Friend—the Lord Almighty, and He who loves me—God,
What enemy shall harm me, though coming as a flood?
I know it, I believe it, I say it fearlessly,
That God, the highest, mightiest, for ever loveth me!
At all times, in all places, He standeth at my side;
He rules the battle fury, the tempest, and the tide.

"There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
 The torment and the fire my eyes shall never see;
 For me there is no sentence, for me death has no sting,
 Because the Lord, who loves me, shall shield me with His wing
 Above my blank dark waters His Spirit hovers still,
 He guards me from all sorrows, from terror and from ill:
 For me He works, and blesses the life-seed He has sown;
 From Him I learn the 'Abba,' that prayer of faith alone.

"No angel and no heaven, no Throne nor power nor might,
 No love, no tribulation, no danger, fear, nor fight,
 No height, no depth, no creature that has been or can be,
 Can divide me from Thy bosom, can sever me from Thee;
 My heart in joy upleapeth, grief cannot linger there,
 She singeth high in glory amidst the sunshine fair;
 The sun that shines upon me is Jesus and His love;
 The fountain of my singing is deep in heaven above!"*

Well, now, dear readers, in conclusion, perhaps you will say, "But what about the future?" Ah, this would lead us into a wide field of thought indeed. Suffice it to say, we are just as ignorant and short-sighted with respect to it as we ever have been. We have no light whatever into the morrow. We know not now any more than we ever did "what a day may bring forth." Nor do we wish to know. We would not see an inch before us if we could. We rejoice that the future is hidden from us, and we fall back upon that gracious saying of our still more gracious Lord and Master, "Take no thought for the morrow, but let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" and gladly indeed do we fall back upon the other and well-tested covenant pledge, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days so shall thy strength be." Here is a promise that will never wear out—a pledge that can never be broken—a source that can never fail—a fountain that can never be sealed—a spring that will never run dry; blessed, for ever blessed be our God!

There are sundry passages, beloved, that are very precious to us, under present circumstances, and in regard to what may or may not await us: such as Jacob's, "I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord;" and David's, "Although my house be not so with God; yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it not to grow." There is, too, the touching and the powerful argument of Manoah's wife, "If the Lord were pleased to kill us, He would not have received a burnt offering and a meat offering at our hands, neither would He have shewed us all these things, nor would as at this time have told us such things as these." Then there is David's, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me;" and there is the blessed response, as spoken by the Lord through the prophet Jeremiah, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give

* From *Songs of Grace and Glory*. Edited by CHARLES B. SWIFT, LL.M., Vicar of Perry Barr, Birmingham. London: Hunt and Co.

you an expected end." Moreover, there is the Psalmist's "My times are in Thy hands," and his "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." Furthermore, with Jacob's "And Thou said, I will surely do thee good," there is the word of the Lord by the prophet Joel, "And my people shall never be ashamed." Finally, there is the Apostle's conviction, "And, now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God;" and his cheering testimony, "And the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land."

Hallelujah!

Dear reader, farewell!

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster,
April 15, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON PSALM XXV. 8.

"Good and upright is the Lord: therefore will He teach sinners in the way." These sinners are made so meek that they are willing to sit down at Christ's feet, and learn of Him, and they feel themselves such great sinners that they count everything they receive, mercy, grace, and love; they do not cavil at this, nor complain of that—for what the Scripture saith they believe; they do not explain away the truth, but embrace it; they do not attempt to set aside the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but make much of every word. All God's children are taught of God to love one another, and in heaven to prefer one another. If you meet with any one who distresses another by hard speeches, or injures another in any way, such a one cannot be Christ's disciple; for, "if we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and we dwell in God."

The Lord teaches His children to pray, and to pray for one another, to keep the commandments of Christ, which are not grievous, for faith and love are His commandments (John xiii. 34, and xiv. 1). Love is the fulfilling of the law, and faith is the fulfilling of the Gospel. We love God and our neighbour—we love Christ and our brother—we love the Spirit and His Word. God teaches His people Himself and themselves—His law and His way—to show forth all His praise, and to give Him all the glory. It grieves them to hear men arrogate any power or praise to themselves.

The Father teaches us of His Son, the Son teaches us of the Father, and the Spirit teaches us the truth; wherever you meet with a child of God, you will find he is taught the same things, led the same way, and speaks the same language.

Some put peace before knowledge: but it is written, "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children" (Isaiah liv. 13). We are first taught out of the law, before we know the

gospel of peace; we first sit as Mary to hear, and with James to ask (James i. 5), and with Solomon to fear (Prov. i. 7). We first know God; believe on the Lord Jesus Christ; seek the kingdom; and then follow after peace, joy and love. God saith, "Great shall be the peace of thy children;" the Lord loves to give more than we can ask; it is great peace, because it passeth our understanding: it has no conditions to perform, and no limits to restrain; but, it is perfect peace—everlasting peace. Have you found such great peace in Israel!—such peace in believing—such peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord? Oh, that precious promise, believer,—“The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee” (Isaiah liv. 10).

Thornton Vicarage.

S. ADAMS.

THE WEEPER AND THE SLEEPER

“Jesus wept.” What a scene is here!—Jesus weeping. Oh, lovely sight! heart-melting sight! a weeping, loving Jesus. What a proof of His humanity! “Jesus wept” near the grave of one whom He called friend: “Our friend Lazarus sleepeth.” Mary shed tears by the graves of their departed friends. “Jesus wept” when in company of the bereaved. Tears are often shed in such company.

“Jesus wept” near the dead body of one whom He loved. Mary here shed tears near such. With Jesus’s tearful eyes, He felt deep inward sighs. “He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled.” What sympathizing love shone in His deep sighs and tearful eyes! Oh, the loving, feeling heart of Jesus! how true are His words, “I am meek and lowly in heart!” What a proof His weeping gives of this! While Jesus was weeping at the grave, Lazarus was sleeping in it; a weeping Jesus and a sleeping Lazarus. This weeping One raised from the dead the sleeping one; “Jesus wept” while Lazarus slept. This blessed Jesus, who shed tears, has Almighty power to allay His people’s fears. By a grave He shed tears; on the cross He shed His precious blood. “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!”

Tetbury.

F. F.

CHURCH UNION.

Let party names no more be known
Among the ransomed throng;
For Jesus claims them for His own,
To Him *they all* belong.

One in their covenant Head and King,
They should be one in heart;
Of one salvation all should sing,
Each claiming his own part.

One Head, one family, one Rock,
One building, formed by love;
One fold, one Shepherd, yea, one flock,
They shall be one above.

One city ruled by laws divine,
“Peace be within her walls;”
Zion shall in full glory shine
When Satan’s empire falls.

JOSEPH IRONS.

MANY a man has slain his mercies by setting too great a value upon them. Over-loved mercies are seldom long-lived mercies.—BROOKS.

Dayside Notes.

BUNYAN'S MAN BEHIND THE WALL.

"My Beloved standeth behind our wall."—SOLOMON'S SONG ii. 9.

"THEN I saw, in my dream, that the Interpreter took Christian by the hand, and led him into a place where was a fire burning against a wall, and one standing by it always casting much water upon it, to quench it; yet did the fire burn higher and brighter. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The Interpreter answered, 'This fire is the work of grace that is wrought in the heart; he that casts water upon it, to extinguish and put it out, is the devil: but, in that thou seest the fire, notwithstanding, burn higher and hotter, thou shalt also see the reason of that.' So he had him about to the back side of the wall, where he saw a man with a vessel of oil in his hand, some of which he did continually cast (but secretly) into the fire. Then said Christian, 'What means this?' The Interpreter answered, 'This is Christ, who, with the oil of His grace, continually maintains the work already begun in the heart, by the means of which, notwithstanding what the devil can do, the souls of His people prove gracious still; and, in that thou sawest that the man stood behind the wall to maintain the fire, this is to teach thee that it is hard for the tempted to see how this work of grace is maintained in the soul.'"

Ah, dear John Bunyan, thou art no Arminian; thou hast found the root and fruit of the matter; for the work of grace in the heart is from first to last of the Lord, and the dear old prisoner in Bedford jail had evidently got hold of that precious passage in the Canticles, "My Beloved is like a roe or a young hart. Behold, He standeth behind our wall: He looketh forth at the windows, shewing Himself through the lattices."

Now, here a flood of truth breaks in upon the soul. We might think of Jesus, under the first figure "of a roe or a young hart," as He who in the fulness of time came swiftly to do His work which He had covenanted to do; and, at the early age of thirty-three, again returning to the Father; or we might think of how speedily He often comes to the succour of His redeemed, being "a very present help in time of need;" or we might reflect upon His second advent, when again He will come as the roe—"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be"—or we might, under the second figure of our Beloved being the one who standeth behind our wall, think of how, in His incarnation, His glorious Deity was covered and hid under the veil of our humanity; and in that third expression, of His looking forth at the windows, we might think of Him in the closer discoveries of His grace and mercy so precious to the believer's soul; or, under that fourth figure of our Beloved "showing Himself through the lattices," as appearing in the means and ordinances of the Gospel, when a glimpse of Him sends the child of God home rejoicing in His beauty, perfection, and loveliness. Here is an abundant field for meditation; and, if any ministerial brother is reading our words, we would suggest it as a precious text for his contemplation, if so be the Holy Spirit is pleased to unfold it in its fulness. But we must content ourselves, at this season, with dwelling upon the one thought that has led us to the subject, namely, as dear old

Bunyan's Interpreter explains—"This is Christ, who, with the oil of His grace, continually maintains the work already begun in the heart." Oh, we need encouraging upon this point! Dear reader, if you have doubts and fears about it, may we be privileged to comfort you with the comfort we gain for ourselves from the Holy Spirit—The unseen Jesus, "our Beloved behind our wall," who is affording us a continuous supply of the oil of grace, by which we are kept alive and quickened in divine things, and the temptations of the devil are quenched and subdued, and which the Apostle Paul calls "the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 19).

We say, "kept alive;" but, to go back to the beginnings of divine grace in the soul, we might also say, "made alive;" for the work from first to last is of the Lord, who is the Alpha and Omega of our salvation. We know this is not the creed of many in the present day. The popular cry is, "You must have *faith* to come to Christ." *Thus is the beginning made out to be of the creature.* "But who can move that's dead?" We affirm, you must have *life*, and then faith will follow as an effect of that life; and this you cannot give yourself any more than you can create a human being. The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, and his hands shall finish it; therefore it is asked, "For who hath despised the day of small things?" Ah, indeed, who can, when even the "small things" are the workings of the great God? and, as it has been truly said, "A diamond is a diamond, however small it may be, and the smallest diamond, is of the same nature as the Kohinoor; even so weak faith is real faith, and as truly a work of grace as the strongest faith,"—that is, we would add if it springs from the life of God in the soul. My dear young friend (if such should be reading our words), if you are beginning to distinguish and realize the difference between a mere morality religion and that vital godliness which is of the Lord, we pity you; we greet you; we rejoice with you. Do you say, "Why pity me?" Because, dear friend, we know you will have so much to contend with, in connexion with that reality, that will be hard, very hard, to bear; you will have increasingly to learn that such is a cross-bearing religion. Oh! if we could have sailed along the broad and smooth stream of Arminianism, we should have been spared many a storm of persecution and opposition that holding to and advocating the doctrines of grace have plunged us into. Nevertheless, we greet you and rejoice with you; for the truth will prevail, and you will know a sweetness of experience and oneness to Jesus in this narrow and rough path, which is unknown and never realized by the mere morality man.

Jesus, then, the Beloved behind our wall, begins by His Spirit the work of grace upon the soul, and, therefore, shall have all the praise. And then we are told that He who began a good work in you will perform it until the day of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Ah! but," some would say, "can this be possible, when I am the subject of such fearful misgivings, and led sometimes to fear lest I have committed the sin against the Holy Ghost?" Do you fear this? Then you are the last in the world to do it. The scribes and Pharisees said, "He hath a devil, and casteth out devils by Beelzebub the prince of the devils." Have you ever had such a thought about Christ? "Oh, no," you say, "far, far from it: my lamentation is that I do not honour Him more than I do, and my fear is lest one so pure and holy will have any thing to do with one so impure and unholy." Well, then, cease from writing bitter things against yourself. The work begun in your soul shall be carried on, though earth and hell oppose; for, while the devil may pour all

the water he can command upon the fire within to quench it, the blessed Man behind the wall is more than a match for him, and will pour in the oil that shall make the life burn brighter and hotter. "I will never more speak in His name," thought and said Jeremiah in his rebellion. "But His word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay."

What think you of the following language, dear reader? See, does it not fit into thine own experience? "A sickly body and dreadfully diseased soul make a daily cross, and one sometimes hard to be borne. I cannot throw aside my religion, yet how hard it is to keep it—to think, speak, act, and live like as a Christian—to be one inwardly and outwardly—to be a true follower of the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth—to walk daily and hourly with godly fear in exercise—to conquer sin, and live a life of faith in the Son of God. If this be true religion, how little I seem to have of it! Nothing short of an almighty miracle of mercy and grace can suit or save me." Ah, can you not say "Amen" to such a statement? It was made by that eminent saint of God, and now-glorified spirit—John C. Philpot—and truly portrays the writer's experience in connexion with divine things. But what is it that does keep our religion for us, and keep us from falling? What is that does save and support us amidst all the conflict by the way? You have the reply in the words of our precious passage, "My Beloved standeth behind our wall." He keeps pouring in the oil, and as He pours we will praise; as He works we will give Him all the honour. We are nothing, He is all and in all. Well, then, it is the Lord alone who can "make alive" and "keep alive" to spiritual things, as dear Hart sings:—

"Remember one thing
(Oh, may it sink deep!):
Our Shepherd and King
Cares much for His sheep.
To trust Him endeavour,
The work is His own;
He makes the believer,
And gives him His crown."

How to the point does this dear servant of God write! There is always something in his breathings that finds a response in the Christian's soul. We make it a practice to carry about us a pocket selection of his precious hymns, and are often refreshed and comforted by turning to them.

But a few more thoughts upon this "*keeping alive*," because it is a subject about which the Lord's dear people want encouragement, for often do the exercises of soul they are called to pass through make them fear, lest they should make shipwreck of faith; and so we should and long since have been cast a bleached and splintered thing on the rocks of despair, but for the work of our Beloved behind our wall. Ah! sorely oftentimes Satan presses upon us. How fiery are his darts! how he takes advantage of our weakest moments, causing us sometimes to doubt whether our religion, after all, is not a mere delusion, and subjecting us to such painful reflections as better not be penned! You know, dear fellow-tried one, what it is to pass through such severe exercises of soul, and your oft state of mind can readily fill up the details; but why does not Satan triumph? why does he not stamp down with his infernal foot all our religion, and, with a grim smile, say, "I've done for him: it is all over with him now: we shall hear no more about the doctrines of grace from his lips?" Ah! why not indeed?

First, because he cannot: the Stronger Man armed is behind the wall, and He has promised to sustain even to the end, and will be faithful to His promise.

But, again, with regard to temptation among many exercises of soul, we have noticed how very much physical suffering interferes with the enjoyment of spiritual things, and even robs the child of God of anything like a peaceful assurance of his or her eternal safety. We know full well that the Lord often sanctifies affliction, so as to make it the means of greatly enriching and ripening the saint for glory; but the form of suffering we more especially allude to as having a contrary effect is that which is traceable to shattered nerves. This is the secret of many a misgiving, when all the time the poor soul is as safe in the hands of a covenant God as those who are basking in the sunshine of communion and fellowship with Him. And, however low and lifeless such may get in experience of divine things, and feel astonished at their state after most certainly realizing the unfoldings of His love, yet we think, if closely examined, it will be found there is a little oil flowing into the vessel; there is a spark left amidst the embers of care; and we have ample assurance, from God's Word, that the life we live in the Lord cannot die out. True, we may not sometimes get beyond a sigh, or the simple exclamation of "Oh, God bless;" yet that sigh and that exclamation contain much, and before God is far more eloquent than words, for they come from the depths of a heart too full to speak; and we feel what we cannot express, but which our Beloved behind the wall readily understands. And then another matter that is exceedingly cheering to the Christian is the knowledge of the fact that—

The unseen Jesus is realized daily, and His nearness felt to be precious amidst life's engagements.—With most of us, carking care leaves little time for reflection. It is an age for being on the move. We rush hither and thither, and, catching the spirit of the times, we press on with the eager multitude; indeed, if we did not, we should soon get pushed aside and trampled under foot. We know that there are some Christians, whom God has blessed with plenty of means, that in this respect have an easy time of it, and can gain golden opportunities for reflection and meditation; but the majority of us must rank ourselves with those "lappers of water" who can only hastily drink of the water of life, and then must hie away to fresh battlings and cares by the way. It is a ceaseless warfare, and no likelihood of gaining rest till we come "to the rest which remaineth for the people of God."

If the spiritual life depended upon long prayers and fastings, many of us would be in a sorry plight; but it is not so. Blessed be God, we have a religion that cannot die out under the pressure of earthly care; sustaining grace is supplied by the Beloved behind the wall; and, while we labour on for the bread that perisheth, we get some of our sweetest upliftings of heart and glimpses of Jesus. God is not a hard taskmaster, requiring us to work up our frames and feelings to a devotional spirit in a monastery. No: the world is to be the scene of our pilgrimage and pressing homewards; and God does and will bless His people in the midst thereof. And then, how the Christian may be placed in circumstances, in connexion with his lot in life, apparently most disastrous to his growth in divine things, and yet be secretly sustained by Jesus to maintain his position, and stand fast all the while in the Lord. How this was the case with Obadiah, whose position in life was that of a governor in the house of Ahab, the most

wicked and ungodly king that ever reigned over Israel, and concerning whom God declared he had provoked Him exceedingly; and yet, in such an uncongenial contact, the Lord so secretly sustained and blessed Obadiah that with gratitude of heart he could say, "From my youth up I have feared the Lord." No doubt he was hated for his religion; but the Hidden One kept even his enemies silent, that He might preserve His servant for His name's sake.

The same may be said of the believers at Pergamos. The angel of the Lord said, concerning them, "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, *even where Satan's seat is*: and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith." Here was a position for a company of Christians—living and working "*where Satan's seat was*," and *where Satan dwelleth*; and yet upheld, even in that trying position, to glorify God! Oh, beloved, is thy position in life a trying one? Hast thou no one to speak to about divine things? Art thou obliged to keep the secret to thyself? Never mind; *Christ knows where you are*, and He can and will sustain thee under all the workings of thy career. The Blessed One behind our wall will not desert thee; the oil of divine grace will keep thee alive, even though thou art compelled to dwell where Satan seems to have the sway in all that surrounds thee.

And how very sweetly this fact is worked out in Zechariah's vision of the candlestick, with its bowl, lamps, and pipes, all of gold, representing, probably, primarily, the then state of the Jewish church—of how it was raised up, restored, and preserved. But, beyond all this, it gives us a view of the Church of God. "The bowl upon the top of it," holding the oil, and supplying its several lamps, whereby the light is maintained, and continued setting forth, we think, the fulness of a precious Christ, from whence the oil of grace flows into the souls of all His elect, keeping them alive to the things of God. Rightly, too, is the bowl placed upon the top of it, for our Jesus is the Head, God over all, and blessed for ever.

And here we are reminded of the sweet soul-softening and heart-melting influence of divine grace. We can recollect, when first we knew the Lord and gained a revelation of His love, what a melting of spirit there was before Him; and since then, when its bedewings have been felt upon the heart, how it has calmed one, and toned down the temper into a childlike acquiescence in the Father's will. The beloved John, who lived so close to our Lord, seemed particularly imbued with this divine grace; and how it produced in him the most tender love for His Redeemer, as well as a sweet mellowing of character and disposition which caused him to write so mildly and Christlike to the children of God! Oh, beloved, this is the sort of religion we crave! Let others, if they will, split hairs in theology, and contend for that which is outward and immaterial; be it ours to live before the Lord, under the precious influence of divine grace, meekly learning His will, and nestling in His embrace!

There is a remarkable expression in Ephesians iii. 19—"Filled with all the fulness of God"—which I take to be the continued flowings of His grace until the vessel is full; and then shall grace be consummated in an eternity of glory. If any of this work, from first to last, was of the creature, it could not be said, we become filled with the fulness of God. It would be half filled with God, and half filled with the creature—an anomaly which many like to indulge in to an extraordinary degree. Away with such a spurious admixture! No; the Lord's dear people shall be filled with all the fulness of Christ. The process may be accompanied

with many a trial, and much that is grievous to flesh and blood; yet, when the Lord has one in hand, His method of enriching the soul will always prove to be right. It is not an ordinary ordeal that will make a vessel of mercy meet for the Master's use. Therefore, O Christian, be not astonished at anything you have to pass through, but believe that all the ordering of the Lord is for a wise purpose.

But do you say, dear fellow-Christian, "Oh! but I feel I have so little of this anointing you have been referring to—so little of the oil of grace flowing into my soul—and the evidences of my being a child of God are so weak, I sometimes doubt whether it can be that I am safe for glory?" All this may be true; but, we ask, "Have you grace at all?" You respond, "Oh, yes; I think, on looking back, I can say I can go with you thus far." Well, then, see: "The kingdom of heaven shall be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the Bridegroom; and five of them were wise, and five were foolish. They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no OIL [mark, *no oil*] with them." Now, you have acknowledged that you have some, though you lament its mean measure. Never mind, the oil is there; and mark, further, when the Bridegroom came, THEY ALL slumbered and slept—the wise as well as the foolish. So be not discouraged if you sleep with regard to divine things; herein is the difference. At the sound, "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!" the wise flew to their lamps, and trimmed them, and all was right, because the oil was there. Not so the foolish: they trimmed in vain; their vessels were empty. At the last moment they rushed to buy what could not be purchased, and the door was shut against them. The wise possessed that which was not to be bought for money or price, and passed in, mingling with that procession, every one of which shall take their apportioned seats at the marriage supper of the Lamb. Yet, while we have allowed, in order to meet your little faith, that you have only a little measure of oil, we believe that the Lord will in due time give you plenty, and you shall, as we have seen, become "filled with the fulness of Christ." And this brings us to one thought more: He who has "made alive" and "kept alive," has done all this for His own glory, that He may fit and prepare the vessel of mercy for the higher courts above, so that, by-and-by, He who has been behind the wall, supplying the oil of His grace throughout, and looking through the lattices in precious communications of His love and mercy by the way, will unveil Himself in all His beauty, loveliness, and glory. Ah! beloved, are we not often lost in wonder and amazement at the thought of that time when we shall indeed behold Him? When this mortal shall put on immortality, and gaze upon immutability in the person of our glorified Redeemer—when the clouds that now obscure Him shall part, and we shall see "the secret of the skies"—when the veil that shrouds Him from our mortal eyes shall be withdrawn, and angels will witness the wondrous scene of a poor unworthy sinner, saved by sovereign grace, resting from human woe upon the bosom of his Redeemer—that will be a scene far beyond all earthly pageantry. I love the Queen of England deeply, and, from an inbred loyalty I would sincerely cherish, my heart beats warmly for her who is placed by God over this great nation; but, higher than this, I love the King of kings and Lord of lords—my blessed Saviour—and I rejoice that, from the spiritual life engendered by the Holy Ghost, my heart beats warmer still for Him, and the time will come when this yearning soul shall find its fulness of rest in His eternal presence.

Here, then, beloved, is a subject for our comfort: our precious Jesus will supply our every need with the oil of His grace till He mellow and ripens us for eternity; and—

“Tho’ the billows o’er us roll,
And shades of sin obscure the soul;
When we can no deliverance see,
Yet still *this Man* our peace shall be.”

Wanstead, Essex.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

DENIALS.

IN these days of creature-boasting and spurious religion it is common to speak of prayer as a faculty possessed by Christians which they may use at pleasure. That it is a duty man owes his Maker to bow the knee in prayer, thank Him for mercies received, and ask Him for blessings required, few will have the hardihood to deny; but this may be termed natural prayer. The red Indian appeals to the great Spirit, and the dark places of the earth bear testimony to the fact of worship, though addressed to wood and stone. Those who have a Bible, and live in a so-called Christian land, are bound to acknowledge the God from whom their earthly blessings flow, and to own this by the outward form of prayer, though destitute of the inward and spiritual grace. But, “Behold, he prayeth,” was the Lord’s distinct testimony concerning Saul of Tarsus, when the light of life entered his soul. He had gone through all the form of religion as a Pharisee of the Pharisees, but he never prayed till Jesus, the crucified but risen and ascended Saviour, had met with him, and this made him a praying soul. It is even so now. The new birth is known by the breath of prayer, and God by His Spirit keeps up intercourse with His family through this blessed means. But true spiritual prayer must come from the Spirit, who lays certain wants upon the heart, which are taken up in the golden censor of the Great High Priest, and answered in God’s own way.

“Good when He gives supremely good
Nor less when He denies.”

We have now to pursue our subject of denials to prayer—a doctrine that astonishes not a few of the free-will family, who will have it that it is only to ask and have. But this is not the religion of the Bible, nor the religion of believers who are taught, both by the Word and experience, that God must give the prayer, and in His sovereign wisdom has a right to withhold the request, or give the answer in a way never meant. There is profit in prayer, be it remembered, even though the Lord should deny the answer. He who knows the end from the beginning can do no wrong by His people; therefore, denials from Him are mercies in disguise.

If we begin with the Great Head of the Church, we find this most grievous lamentation in Psalm xxii.—“*But Thou hearest not.*” Where are the Spirit-taught souls that can enter into the heart-rending sorrows of the sinner’s Substitute when He uttered these words: “*But Thou hearest not*”? The agony of soul that made Him sweat great drops of

blood as He went a stone's-throw from all human sympathy, and uttered again these few simple, childlike words: "Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from me,"—and was heard not. Oh, believer, do not auger from denials that thy God careth not for thee! See the holy, harmless Son of God sweating drops of blood under the agony of this mysterious trial—"But Thou hearest not." He stood in that moment of mental and spiritual woe as the Surety and Representative of the whole election of grace. He under-bottomed, as it were, every depth that every or any believer could be in. Their Surety triumphed over all, and His triumph is the pledge of our victory.

But we are not without further proof and illustration of this in the Word. When the poor lunatic was cured, we find his own petition was—"Let me be with Thee where Thou art." "No," saith Jesus, "go home, and tell thy friends what great things God hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee." In the same connexion we find the Lord complied with the devils' request—"They besought Him, saying, Send us away into the swine, that we may enter therein; and Jesus gave them leave." But how solemnly this affects a child of God! How much better to be denied our petitions, like the cured lunatic, than to have them granted like the devils!

We read these words in the Psalms: "He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls." Who would desire or ask for health, wealth, exemption from a pressing cross, deliverance from trials, or any blessing upon such a tenure as this? Oh, dear child of God, it is our mercy to leave our matters in God's hands, whose kindness and wisdom will regulate all our mean affairs. Jonah had to submit to a denial when he saw the penitent Ninevites humbled before God. Paul had to submit to his thorn in the flesh which he besought the Lord three times to remove; and the children of God have to learn this lesson now, as they did of old. It is of God that they should pray; it is His ordinance and means of communication between Himself and His people; but as King in Zion—as the Father of His family—He knows what is best for them; and He responds to the prayer He has inspired according to His own wisdom, and in the fulness of His own love. "O that Ishmael might live before Thee!" was the prayer of Abraham. "In Isaac shall thy seed be called," was the answer of God. The prayer of Moses, the man of God, was, "I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." God's answer was: "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." David prayed for the life of his little child, but it was God's purpose, in connexion with divine teaching, that the child should die. We have upon divine record wonderful answers to prayer; but we have wonderful denials also. "Speak no more to me on this matter," the King of Heaven says to His servant; and the Church is represented as saying, "By night on my bed I sought Him whom my soul loveth: I sought Him, but I found Him not."

But some may think it is discouraging to dwell upon this point. No; because it is a fact that can be read in the Word, and also comes into the experience of the child of God. We may mistake flesh for Spirit in the matter of prayer; we may pray in the Spirit, but put our own construction upon the time and way in which the Lord may see fit to answer. We may think certain things are for our good and God's glory, when neither would be achieved if we had our requests granted. Many of

God's saints who have been long in the way can look back with thankfulness to a God of wisdom and love, who denied them the request of their lips, and suffered them not to walk in the path that their heart was set upon. Many a believer can look back to days and nights when they wrestled with God to rid them of some cross that entered into their very soul, but the Lord was inexorable. "He made as though He heard not." That cross had its work to do, and there was no getting rid of it till the work was done. It was to humble, to break down, to teach, to bring to this point—*Jesus only*. "So all the crying and beseeching went for nothing!" says an objector. Not so: the crying and praying were part of the blessing. They went up for a memorial before God, because they came from God. They were all registered on high, and brought down many a blessing upon the soul, though not in the way and manner expected. "But," say others, "what is the good of prayer at all, if all be settled beforehand by God's decrees?" Now, in reply, we would say, Who can tell what God's decrees are till they come to pass? Therefore, God's children pray because they are ignorant of God's decrees; but what they desire may be in God's purpose to give, and so they pray, and the Spirit of prayer mostly is the earnest of the answer. If this argument were of value, it would apply equally to food, physic, working, planting, building, sowing, and thus turn up as truth the doctrine of the old deceiver, Mahomet, who declared, "Every thing hangs upon fate, so we need do nothing." God has united *purpose, means, and end*; very different to the fool's trinity—chance, luck, and fortune. The purpose is hidden from us that we may use the means, and the end is in the hands of an Allwise God, who has said—"I will work, and who shall let it?" But, when the heart is touched by divine love, there will be communion with God, and prayer will carry its own blessing. When access to the mercy-seat is enjoyed, the will is brought into subjection to the Lord's will; delayed blessings and denied requests are laid upon the altar of incense in the power of faith; and, under the influence of the Spirit in these favoured moments, the believer is taught to say and feel—"Father, not my will, but Thine be done."

L.

THOUGHTS ON GENESIS.—THE CALL OF ABRAHAM.

"Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee."
—GEN. xii. 1.

THERE are several points in which Abraham is an example and a warning to us in this chapter; and, first, his promptitude in obeying God's command without question or doubt: "So Abram departed."

It also included faith, "believing that what God had promised He was able also to perform." He was likewise an example of submission, being called upon not only to leave his country, but, harder still, his kindred and his father's house, to go into a strange land. "He went out, not knowing whither he went." Thus should we, in simple reliance on the wisdom of God, go wherever He points the way, resting assured that He knows best what will be for our good and His glory. Whenever Abraham arrived at a fresh place, there he builded an altar unto the Lord, and called upon His name, teaching us in every step we take in life to specially acknowledge the Lord's hand in leading, and thank Him for bringing us safely on our way through all the dangers and difficulties

by which we are encompassed. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

It is worthy of note, in the next chapter, when Abraham returns to the same place again, "where his tent had been at the beginning between Bethel and Hai," where he had reared an altar, that he again called upon the name of the Lord. He had been down into Egypt in the meantime to escape "a famine in the land;" but there is no mention of any altar being built there, or any calling upon the Lord; neither is it recorded that the Lord bid him go. He seems to have gone on his own responsibility, and soon got ensnared; and herein comes the warning to us. His faith appeared to forsake him for a time, and the fear of man took possession of him, so that he was very nearly bringing himself into greater trouble than that he wished to avoid, viz., death by famine. The prophet Isaiah says, "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help;" and so poor Abraham found; yes, and so shall we find also if we flee to the Egypt of this world for succour in any trouble. Like Abraham, we shall have to return to Bethel at last; we shall be brought to cry unto the Lord where help alone is to be found, yea, and thank Him too for the deliverance He hath wrought out for us.

W.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE RED HEIFER.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, LATE OF
BRIGHTON.

"Speak unto the children of Israel, that they bring thee a red heifer without spot."—NUM. xix. 2.

THE water of separation was a very peculiar ceremony under the law. The use of it was for purification from uncleanness and daily defilements. This water contained the ashes of the red heifer, which showed forth the sacrifice of Christ, by whom sin is once and for ever separated from His people. Therefore, the realization of the Gospel is, Christ risen without sin; so that God and His people are no longer separated—the cause of separation, sin, being for ever removed by the sacrifice of Christ. Have you realized such a Gospel as this? It showed the daily cleansing that God's called and sanctified people have need of from daily defilement; so under the law there was this water of separation. Under the Gospel we have "the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness" (Zech. xiii. 1). Next, it set forth the everlasting separation appointed, ordained, and fore-determined by God of a peculiar people separated and set apart by God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. By God the Father in election, God the Son in redemption, and God the Holy Ghost in regeneration. A red heifer was to be burnt whole (5th verse), and the ashes were to be mixed in water; and this heifer—the burning of it, the ashes, and the use of them, all set forth the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; who, by His one offering, hath put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and perfected for ever them who are sanctified." And now we will view this rite as the ordinance of heaven. "And the Lord said to Moses, Bring thee a red heifer: this is the ordinance of the law which the Lord hath commanded." The animal was to be red, which was probably meant to distinguish it from all the other sacrifices, or from heathen

rites, as they chose white animals for their sacrifices. I know red is used to set forth blood, as in Isa. lxi. ; but I do not attach any other meaning to the colour of the animal than distinguishing it from other sacrifices. But it was to be without spot—all over red. What may be signified by that, the Lord has not shown me. It may mean unity—the oneness in purpose and work of Father, Son, and Spirit. We may get this truth out of it; and I hope it is acknowledged by some here, that all whom God the Father loves, God the Son redeems, and God the Spirit sanctifies, and none other. Here, indeed, we have the Trinity in unity, and unity in Trinity. No disagreement in purpose or performance, but all harmony and oneness, in design and accomplishment. Not as some will have it—that God loves a few, and Christ died for all, and the Spirit illumines a part. Here is confusion—here is disunion! but the salvation of the Church is effected by a three-fold separation of God the Father, Son, and Spirit, of the heirs of grace who are set apart for salvation. Notice, it was without blemish, no defect in this heifer; and this sets forth the perfection of Christ in His nature, perfect God and perfect man; without a single blemish. Here, then, is an end to the Irving heresy—Christ's human nature was that "Holy thing," begotten by the Holy Ghost, not formed like yours and mine, shapen in iniquity, conceived in sin. He was without blemish as to His character, in holiness, justice, faithfulness. But there is a blessed mutuality in all this: if Christ be without blemish, so are you, believer, as a part of the Lord's Christ. If you do not come to God on the ground of Christ's perfection, you come in the way of human merit and natural religion, and therefore cannot be accepted by God; but if you come to God in Christ, then is God well pleased with you, for you are in Him. Some are well pleased with themselves, and have got a few notions in their head; but never had their hearts touched by sovereign grace. Observe, it was a heifer upon which no yoke had ever come (2nd verse), had never done any work. She did not come jaded and worn to the sacrifice, but with all the strength of her youth, in all her native vigour, in full power, in her prime. This was Christ: no yoke had ever come on Him before. In the power of omnipotence, and in the prime of perfect humanity, He laid down His life, and anything short of that could not have effected the purpose of God. It needed all the power of God, and all the excellency of a perfect human nature, in order to accomplish the great work, and so be able to save to the very uttermost. Now, think of what that uttermost means: it takes in the poor sinner, and reaches the worst case. But, why does He save to the uttermost? Because God laid help upon One that was mighty; and, therefore, able to do the work; and when He died He discharged all the debts of His Church: "Therefore the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion." Now, it was needful Jesus should come to the work thus—with all the power of Divinity, and all the perfection of a sinless humanity, so great was the burden laid upon Him. But hear His complaint in Psalm xxxviii., and see Him there bearing the yoke, under the *imputation* of sin—made His so intimately, so completely—because "the Lord laid on Him the iniquities of us all." Now, in this is the Gospel—the transfer of sin upon Jesus, the transfer of righteousness to you. Christ was made a sin-offering in such sort that the sin was laid upon Him, and this is the revelation of the Gospel, and to enjoy this is to have it brought home and applied to the heart with power. You can get your peace and comfort in no other way but this; and when you realize this

you will walk peacefully, hopefully, rejoicingly, believingly, because you will find the source of all peace in Christ. If God beholds you with your sin, you must suffer for it everlastingly; but, if a believer, you were set up in Christ before all worlds, as His bride—one with Him—a fit match for Him—and in yet a little while having had a revelation of this to your heart in your time-state, you shall be taken home—received into the family of God above as the bride, the Lamb's wife. But, you know, we must have some tokens of these things now; we must have communion and fellowship with God the Father; we must be drawing out of Christ's fulness grace upon grace; and so live by Him and upon Him, receiving precious tokens of His love towards us, and realizing union with Him under the influences of the Spirit. In this type of the heifer we see prefigured the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Was it for your sin He bore this yoke? Was it to bring you to God? to rid you from the power and condemnation of the sin you groan under, and which in your time-state you *must* feel! Oh, what grace is here! To rid you of the sin you mourn under! Temptation, accusation, doubts, fears, perplexities, but all just to give you reason to repair to the water of separation, that fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. So, "if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father." Do not forget that—we have *still* an Advocate—be our case what it may. But this red heifer was given unto Eleazar, as at verse 3, and brought without the camp. How wonderful that in all the sacrifices under the law, Christ is represented as the Sacrifice and the Sacrificer, as the Priest and the animal; and thus He sacrificed Himself: "I lay down my life. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself" (John x. 18). He was "slain by the determinate counsel and fore-knowledge of God:" there was "a needs-be for Him to suffer death;" "it behoved Him to suffer," and "it became Him to suffer." All the purposes of God were wrapped up in this sacrifice, all the glory of God was manifested by it. Neither could you get to glory without it. Oh! then, well may it be the praise of your song, and the song of your praise. If you have realized it, surely it is because the Lord hath said, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." This Eleazar represented Christ, as did also the animal. But Eleazar further may stand for the Jews; as the slayer may set forth the Gentiles: "One shall slay her before his face." It was Jews who arraigned Jesus, who delivered Him up to Pilate, and Gentiles who executed the malicious designs of the Jews. The heifer was to be brought by Eleazar without the camp. The camp comprehended the whole tribes of God's Israel; and to be without the camp, was to be separated from God's Israel. How applicable to Christ! The Apostle alludes to this, Heb. xiii. 13: "Let us go without the camp, bearing His reproach." Now, wherein lay the reproach? Because the animal contained all the sins of God's Israel—this was Christ's reproach. He was condemned as a malefactor, as a transgressor, and dealt with as such; cast out of the city, classed among the reprobate, and treated as an outcast from men. Thus was Christ content to endure all this reproach, and what was the end and object? To glorify the attributes of God, and work out salvation for His Church; this was all signified by the heifer being brought without the camp. Now, see the beauty and harmony between the Old and New Testament; how strikingly they fit in and illustrate each other. But see the Prophet Isaiah corroborating this view in the 53rd chapter: "The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us

all," or, as the margin reads, "Caused to meet on Him." Christ was, as it were, the Kidron or black brook, wherein God caused all the filth of his Church to meet—the very sink of sin; all met in the person of a Holy Christ, or else they had laid upon His Church for ever, which could not be; therefore, Christ must stand forth as her Surety, her Substitute; and now, think you that God will demand payment both of Surety and debtor too? Oh, no, beloved; therefore the Gospel reveals the good news that He was taken from prison, having gone there in your stead, if you are a believer. Now, I do not ask you whether your faith is weak or strong, but whether you have any faith at all? If you have, then Christ sustained for you the wrath and hell and curse that you deserved, and you have the Father's blessing; only by the sword of justice falling upon His Son.

(To be continued D. V.)

DIVINE COUNSEL AND ETERNAL GLORY.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—

PSALM lxxiii. 24.

AFTER everything is said that can be of the sublimity of Isaiah, the aphorisms of Solomon, the pathos of Joseph's and the simplicity of Ruth's history, the song of Moses, the poetry of the Book of Job, the figures of Ezekiel, the parables of the Saviour, the logic of Paul, the loving epistles of John, and last, though not least, of the magnificent imagery of the Book of the Revelation, the Bible would appear entirely incomplete without the Book of Psalms. It may be called a manual of the daily spiritual life of the saint of the Lord, in which every phase of experience is found, from the sighing of the prisoner to the roaring of the huge waves of his sorrow, and from the tiniest beam of hope to the full meridian of spiritual liberty. One thing in the Psalms seems to strike the mind above all others, which is the nearness to God David appears to feel. It is not Israel's God, or God in the heavens, or between the cherubim, but David's God—his Buckler, Shield, High Tower, Song and Salvation—a God nigh at hand, with whom he talks and walks, on whom he relies, to whom he confesses his sins and sorrows, his weakness and shortcomings, and in whom he rejoices all the day long—the God in whom he trusts, to whom he looks, and from whom he confidently expects every needed mercy, and by whom he is assured no good thing will be withholden from him. The time will never come when the text will be out of date; but, as we pass onward in our journey, its value will constantly increase, and this assurance is a constant source of comfort and support: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

Divine counsel is of the greatest importance. Jeremiah says, "O Lord, I know the way of man is not in himself, for vain man would be wise; but is like to the wild ass's colt." If we look at our ways, they have not been, and still are not, frequently the ways of God, and His thoughts are not our thoughts. We go astray from the womb, speaking lies, so soon as we are born. Rebellion against God characterizes every act of our unregenerate lives, which seem to say, "We will not have this Man to rule over us." One of the last things thought of by the ungodly is their great need of Divine counsel, and thus the first work of grace upon the heart is to make men wise to salvation. They think they are "increased

with goods, and have need of nothing, and know not that they are poor and naked and miserable until they are counselled to buy gold tried in the fire;" and when the soul is quickened into newness of life in Christ, and has a discovery of its wretchedness and blindness, it seeks (unless divinely guided) any remedy but the right. Like the Assyrian captain, who despised the waters of Jordan, which, in his apprehension, were not to be compared with those of Pharpar and Abana, the sinner seeks righteousness by the works of the law, and healing by everything but the balm of Gilead. Isaiah speaks of Israel as spending money for that which is not bread, and labour for that which satisfies not; and it is only as He, who is the Counsellor, guides into all truth, that they flee to Christ as the Hiding-place of heaven's providing. Christ's own counsel is, "Come unto me, and learn of me, and take my yoke upon you; for I am meek and lowly of heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls." He that thinketh he knoweth anything, knoweth nothing as he ought to know. Our life, which is replete with folly, is first discovered to us, and thus we find "the fear of the Lord to be the beginning of wisdom; and that they only have a good understanding who keep His commandments." It is Divine counsel that brings the sinner to see and feel his righteousness to be as filthy rags, and himself to be helpless and hopeless, and to flee for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before him in the Gospel.

The words of the text imply a sense of ignorance in the speaker, and of confidence through the guidance of heavenly counsel. This confidence of David appears to spring from a remembrance of guidance in the past, and, doubtless, of help and benefit from it, when reason failed, and even when past manifestations afforded him no present light or direction.

In another Psalm he says, "My soul, wait thou only upon God, for truly my expectation cometh from Him." These words are equally applicable to the many difficulties, trials, and temptations we meet with in life. No portion is exempt from them, and, whether young or old, married or single, master or servant, and with or without a family, all have alike need of Divine guidance and counsel. The godly man does not like to enter on any matter, relying on himself, whether that matter be of a temporal or spiritual character. He feels his ignorance and folly, and prays for Divine guidance, and it is no small alleviation of his difficulties if he can feel, with an inward witness, that God will graciously guide him with His counsel.

This dependence on God is a chief element in disciplining the mind, and bringing us, from the very heart, to desire to know and do His will; and, even if we have no outward unequivocal indications of Divine guidance, we have the answer of a good conscience, and a manifest interest in the promises applicable to our circumstances. "Trust in the Lord, and do good, dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." "It shall be well with them that fear God, that fear before Him." "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall sustain thee; He will not suffer the righteous to be moved; trust also in Him, and He shall bring thy desires to pass." We have need of Divine counsel against the craft and policy of Satan, and against the deceitfulness of our own hearts. We are constantly disposed to take counsel of our pride, passions, and interest, instead of the holy principles of the Gospel. It is said of Israel that God gave them up to the devices of their own hearts—that is, He did not guide them with His counsel. The counsel of the froward is carried headlong, and it is well for us when we can say, with Job, "But the counsel of the

wicked is far from n.e." We are apt to expect a present, temporal good, as the result of Divine guidance, which we are not justified in doing. Many narrate this and that interposition outwardly, and, no doubt, there are cases always occurring that may be cited; but it is not safe, as a rule, to expect such outward helps. "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten," and it is our spiritual good that God designs, to which all circumstances, whether painful or pleasant, are subordinated by Him, and unfavourable temporal results are by no means an evidence that we are not under Divine guidance. Jeremiah says, "He hath led me and brought me into darkness, and not into light;" Isaiah, "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble!"

Lionlike trials often yield honied sweetness to godly souls. To be guided by God's counsel is to prefer affliction rather than iniquity; to count the sufferings of this present evil world unworthy to be compared with the glory hereafter; to desire to be inwardly and spiritually, rather than outwardly and temporally, blest; to reckon outward prosperity purchased too dear, when it is bought at the expense of truth, peace, or purity of spirit or life. To be guided with heavenly counsel is to have respect to the recompence of the reward; to buy the truth and sell it not; to count all time, in a sense, unprofitably spent that does not bring God manifestly nearer to us, and our souls feelingly nearer to Him. Some persons have a great amount of worldly prudence, and it is very conspicuous in them, but we must not confound this with Divine guidance. When we are kept humble, meek, contrite, simple, earnest in the pursuit of good, diligent in the use of the means of grace, using the world without abusing it, and eschewing all evil; this is to be guided by God's counsel, whatever trials, losses, or distress may be the consequence.

The words of the text clearly indicate that Divine guidance here is precursory to glory hereafter. They imply that no weapon formed against him shall prosper, no arrow by day, or terror by night; and that every tongue that shall rise in judgment against him he shall condemn. Every snare shall be broken, every temptation overcome, and no foe shall finally triumph over him. He may lose a battle, but he shall win the campaign; he may lose a campaign, but he shall be successful in the war. Divinely counselled, he shall not fatally mistake the tinsel for the true gold, nor forsake the truth, preferring this present evil world, nor trust in uncertain riches, nor draw back to perdition. But, holding fast the word of life and the form of sound words, his confidence in God shall be strengthened; he shall press toward the mark, he shall reach the goal, and receive the prize of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus, which is eternal life, and afterwards receive me to glory.

What a climax to his career! what a consummation to the Christian's hopes! The means provided, the end secured, and all of grace—Divine provision anticipating every need, and Divine provision richly supplying it by Christ Jesus. God Himself has undertaken the responsibility of His people's salvation, and that it might be secure; it is "of faith that it might be by grace, to the end the promise should be sure to all the seed." What a prize! Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, the great things which God has provided for him that waiteth for Him.

Have we a sorrow? Our joy hereafter shall more than compensate its endurance. Do we wet our couch with tears? "God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces." Have we enemies? None shall enter there. Have we friends? None shall depart thence. Do we experience dark-

ness? There God and the Lamb are the Light thereof. Are we sick? There the inhabitant shall no more say, "I am sick." Are we charmed with melodious sounds? There they sing, as it were, a new song—ever new, from the ecstatic delight their souls feel, in seeking to perpetuate the wonders of redeeming love in their songs of praise. Are we delighted with gorgeous sights? There, the throne of God, the rainbow round about it; the foundations of the city, of twelve manner of precious stones; the gates, each of one pearl, its streets of gold; the pure river of water of life; the tree of life, with its healing leaves and monthly fruits. The glory of God doth lighten it; the Lamb in the midst of the throne, with seven eyes and seven horns; the elders round about the throne; the harpers harping with their harps—there, and all the other wonders of glory are to be realized hereafter by those who are guided by God's counsel. There are material figures, illustrating, as far as they can, spiritual realities. May it be our happiness, each one of us, to have such safe guidance through time and such glory hereafter, that we may know the full meaning of the text—"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory!"

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W. HUNT.

THE TRINITY IN A TYPE.

"I am the God of thy father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."—EXODUS iii. 6.

TEN times in the Bible we meet with the words—"The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob."

Jehovah gave himself this title, and four times repeated it when He spoke with Moses at the burning bush.

Jesus, in His conversation with the Jews, quoted the expression (Matt. xxii. 32; Mark xii. 26; Luke xx. 37). So did Stephen (Acts vii. 32).

Elijah prayed to God under this title (1 Kings xviii. 36).

Peter spoke of Him by it (Acts iii. 13).

This is the more remarkable, as the Lord never speaks of Himself, or is spoken of, as the God of any other patriarch or saint. We never hear of the God of Abel, the God of Enoch, Noah, or Moses.* We may therefore feel sure that so marked and exceptional an expression as "The God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob" would not have been thus prominently put forward, unless some important truth were couched in it. The Holy Ghost deals in no mere sounding phrases. All Scripture is given for doctrine and instruction in righteousness; we cannot, therefore, be wrong in looking for some divine truth in this expression; nor is it indeed difficult to discover—the clue is not wanting.

When we remember that the children of Israel were a typical people—typical of the children of God in almost every conceivable particular—and, indeed, we may be sure, typical in a manner far more complete than has ever yet been discovered, or ever will be as long as we "see through a glass darkly"—might we not naturally expect that they should likewise have a typical origin, and trace their genealogy, as the Christian does, up to a Trinity? Looking at the verse at the head of this paper, we find a remarkable use of the singular number, where we should naturally expect

* We read in 2 Chr. xxxiv. 3, that Josiah, "while he was yet young, began to seek after the God of David his father;" but this simply means, "After the same God that David sought."

the plural—"I am the God of thy *father* (not fathers), the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob." Does not this seem to point to a Trinity in Unity? A very little examination will show in how many respects Abraham was a type of God the Father, Isaac of God the Son, and Jacob of God the Holy Ghost.

Almost all the Old Testament saints, whose lives are given us at any length, were evident types of the Lord Jesus Christ. There are two exceptions—Abraham and Jacob—in whose histories there seem to be no such typical resemblance. This might appear strange; but, when we recognize that these two characters had another mission to fulfil—that they were intended as types of the two other Persons in the Holy Trinity—then we see that there is nothing to surprise us in the exception.

We will now proceed to consider in what respects Abraham may be considered as a type of God the Father.

1. His name meant "Father;" this was no accident or mere coincidence. We have abundant evidence that Scriptural names—especially, perhaps, pentateuchal names—were given by inspiration, even when not by express command of God. It was God, therefore, that gave the ancestor of the people of Israel the name of "Abram," or "Father," which He afterwards intensified by giving him the superlative title of Abraham, or High Father. Could any name be more emblematical of God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth?

2. Abraham was looked upon by the Jewish nation as the founder of their race. They never attempted to trace their national history further back; they never went back to Terah, though, by natural lineage, he had as much right as Abraham to be included in their pedigree. Yet the Jewish nation always claimed Abraham as their father, and God corroborated their decision—indeed, was Himself the Author of it—which brings us to consider that—

3. Abraham is nineteen times spoken of as "Father Abraham," a title never given to any other Scripture character. We never read of "Father Joseph," though Joseph was a fruitful bough, "the father of the ten thousands of Ephraim and the thousands of Manasseh," nor do we hear of "Father Noah," or even of "Father Adam;" but Abraham is called "Father" by God Himself (Gen. xxvi. 3, 24, xxviii. 13, xxxii. 9; Josh. xxiv. 3). See Gen. xxvi. 3, 24, xxviii. 13, xxxii. 9; Josh. xxiv. 3; by his prophet, Isa. li. 2; by Zechariah, Luke i. 73; by John the Baptist, Matt. iii. 9; Luke iii. 8; by the Jews, John viii. 39, 53; by Jesus, John viii. 56; by Stephen, Acts vii. 2; by the Apostles, Rom. iv. 1, 12, 16; James ii. 21; and by the rich man in torment, Luke xvi. 24, 30.

Thus, whether we look at the meaning of his names, or at the fact that the typical Church traced back to him—and no further—when we see that he alone of all the saints is called "Father," and is called so *repeatedly*—called so by God Himself—by the Lord Jesus—by prophets and apostles—that he is called father in heaven, earth, and hell—we must acknowledge that, in a marked and special manner, Abraham is signalled out as a father; and, if in a marked and special manner, can we hesitate to believe, looking at the typical character of the whole of the Old Testament, that as the nation of Israel are a figure of the true Church, so that Abraham, their first national ancestor, was a type of Him of whom Jesus said, "I go to my Father and your Father?"

Tansley Rectory, Matlock.

H. H. A. S.

(To be continued.)

Protestant Beacon.

ROMANISM AND ITS DOINGS.

A CORRESPONDENT has kindly forwarded us a copy of the *Devonport Independent*, which contains one of a series of lectures, lately delivered at the Royal Hotel, Plymouth, by the Rev. W. ELLIOTT. The subject of the lecture in the Journal to hand is, "The Disestablished Church of Ireland." The lecturer was evidently master of his subject, and carried the minds of his audience with him. By way of illustration, he quotes an example from the *Rock* newspaper. We give his own words:—

In order to show them in what intolerant and uncompromising manner, and with what reckless, unscrupulous, inconsiderate, and violent means the Roman Catholic Church was determined to carry on her side of the battle in Ireland, he quoted a startling case from the *Rock* of March the 1st. It appeared that, a short time since, a gentleman named Clanchy, who twenty years since renounced Roman Catholicism and became a Protestant, died at Charleville, in the county of Cork. After he embraced Protestantism, he went to England and married an English lady. He had occasion to visit Ireland a short time since, however, and was taken ill at an hotel at Charleville. His wife was sent for, but was kept from her dying husband several days. We quote the case as follows:—"His Romanist relatives (who refused to allow the Protestant clergyman to enter the sick chamber), according to a letter in the *Dublin Daily Express*, kept her 'in an adjoining room, excluded from seeing her dying husband.' The physician, who was a Protestant, intervened, but the clergyman was still kept out. Mr. Clanchy being at last in a dying state, the attendance of a Romish priest was urged, but his wife firmly refused his entry, the dying man having positively rejected him, and desired the attendance of the Protestant clergyman. The Vicar of Charleville was ultimately admitted." He says, "Mr. Clanchy received me most cordially. I conversed and prayed with him, and at his desire, after he had expressed sincere repentance and entire reliance on the merits of his Redeemer, I administered to him the Holy Communion, in some of the prayers of which he audibly joined. He said afterwards, 'Now that you are established here, you can come at all times,' and, 'Should I die, can they prevent my being buried in the churchyard?' Other remarks, which I need not repeat, he made, expressive of his comfort and peace in trusting in his Redeemer." The sufferer gradually sank and became unconscious, the Protestant clergyman remaining at the side of the death-bed. *At this point, the wife having been persuaded to retire, that she might not witness the final struggle, a priest of the Romish Church was introduced.* What occurred is best described in the clergyman's own words. "He rushed up to where I stood, put his hand on my shoulder, and sought to push me out, amidst tumultuous cries from his attendants of 'Pull him out!' 'Drag him out!' I defied him, protested against the outrage he had committed, and said that I would punish him by law, if possible. 'What care I for your law?' he replied; 'I will proceed,' and again he sought to force me to withdraw; but I replied, 'I am at my post of duty, and *fifty priests like you shall not remove me.*' Finding me immovable, he then asked me to join

in the ceremonies, but I replied that *between him and me there was nothing in common*; that I knew him not, and wished not to know him, and that *light hath no communion with darkness.*' Then he proceeded with the whole programme of 'the rites of his Church' *over the insensate form of the dying man*, notwithstanding the fact that he had lived twenty years after the manner that they call heresy, and had brought up his children in the same, and lay there utterly unconscious, without having expressed one single word of recantation, or betrayed any sign of intelligence. When he had concluded his performance he pronounced 'his soul saved,' and the exulting cry was taken up, and re-echoed by the audience. *When all was finished, I withdrew to seek Mrs. Clanchy, and found her in darkness and solicitude, awaiting the last sad intelligence.* I informed her of what had occurred. She had heard the uproar, she said, but thought it was in the street. Language could scarcely convey an idea of her horror and distress when informed of what took place. She reached the room where lay her dying husband, with tottering steps, and after appealing to every feeling of the human heart, first to the women present, and then to the priest, after protesting against the outrage committed—reminding the priest that this was her private room, that her husband was dying in the Protestant faith, and imploring him and his friends to withdraw and let her husband die in peace—to no purpose, *she left the room, and fainted on a chair in an adjoining apartment.*" Surely there can never be found a man or a woman deserving the name who could defend *such a diabolical outrage perpetrated in the name of religion.* The widow desired the Protestant clergyman to officiate at the *funeral*, and he proceeded to Cork to get the necessary advice and protection. Being delayed there, the funeral was hastily performed, the morning after the death, with Romish rites—a mob having been organized in case the Protestant clergyman should return in time to prevent the ceremony, or rather the outrage." (The reading of this narrative was accompanied with hisses throughout.) This took place in a town situated on a great line of railway, with a population numbering about 4,000; and it might be taken as an example of how far in the future, and in remote districts, the Romanists would go for the sake of what they called the "glory of God."

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LATE BELOVED E. B. M.'s LETTERS
TO "GEORGE AND MARY" DURING 1869—71.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—As in some of the following extracts there are allusions to kindnesses shown to the dear departed one by us, I would just say it was laid on my heart, about fifteen or sixteen years since, I believe by the Lord Himself, to manifest my love to her by *deeds*; which the Lord has enabled me to do, in a measure, in different ways, from time to time ever since, and I desire to thank *Him* for the *honour* and *privilege*. I well remember being somewhat exercised at the time about it. "Why should you interest yourself about one who is a stranger to you? There are others

around you who would be glad with any little kindness you can show. She has friends near her who can minister to her needs." But the Lord Himself, I believe, settled the matter by causing Luke iv. 25, 26, to rest on the mind: "But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow." You will, dear sir, see in a moment how very suitable that portien was; how exactly to the point. By your permission, I will just give her first letter to me, and then the extracts:—

59, Bath Row, Birmingham, April 9, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR,—Accept my thanks for your kindness in sending me an order in reply to our dear Editor's appeal. May you find a word in season in some of my little songs; and, should you do so, I am sure you will with me ascribe *all* the glory to our covenant God. I am glad, my dear brother in the Lord, to find *you* are also feasting monthly from the GOSPEL MAGAZINE as well as myself, and trust our prayers will often ascend for dear Mr. Doudney, that it may never prove a dry breast to us, but that we may find food therein all through our wilderness journey. Believe me, dear sir, your fellow pilgrim and companion in tribulation,

E. B. MOENS.

47, Bath Row, Birmingham, Jan. 9, 1869.

* * * I am glad to hear that you are both well, beloved friends. May the Lord give you a lift by the way this year, to make Christ more precious, the word sweeter, and the prospect of "Home, sweet home," more bright and cheering than ever. I am but poorly, dear friends, but so sweetly succoured and comforted in spirit, that I am *filled* with praise and thanksgiving.—Ever yours, beloved in the Lord, most affectionately,

E. B. MOENS.

["*Filled* with praise and thanksgiving!" How precious! What a mercy to be a real believer in Jesus!]

January 18.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—Your last most precious letter was savoury meat, such as my soul loveth; and will, I doubt not, leave a savour behind for many days to come. I do so love to see the creature laid low in the dust, and *all* the glory given to our dear Lord and Master. I just feel with you, dear brother, about writing; it is only as the Lord comes with power that I can write. I often suck some honey out of a text, and wish to write upon it; but *no!* Friends have often given me a subject, and *asked* me to write; but no, I seldom can, and *never* unless the Lord comes and sets my pen going. I feel sensibly, dear brother, that *I* have no power in the matter; it is the Lord's work, not mine, and I desire to leave it in His own dear hands. *Many* of my pieces have been written at a time most unexpected, even at breakfast or tea time, between drinking two cups of tea; and then my pen has run along fast enough. I have sold four of your little books, dear brother. May the Lord open a door for them, for it is very sweet and precious truth, and written in a simple style, so suited for distribution. I am quite of your opinion, dear sister. When the Lord stirs up our nest, how *anxious* we are to settle it all straight and smooth again, instead of being made willing to suffer the loss of *all* things for *His dear sake*. Oh, for grace to bow submissively

to all His love and wisdom appoints for us, and to receive our daily portion in the same spirit as the poet, when he writes—

“Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He DENIES ;
E’en crosses in His sov’reign hand
Are blessings in disguise.”

May the Lord send a little dew upon our fleeces, dear friends, that we may each drink into the same spirit ! I trust you are sensibly realizing much of our Father’s presence among your daily duties, dear brother and sister. How sweet it is, amidst the bustle and pressure of life, to have a word whispered *home* to the *heart* from *Father* in heaven ; and you and I have often found the blessedness of it.—Accept much Christian love from yours affectionately in Jesus, E. B. M.

I feel as if it were almost impossible to be true what the dear departed says in the first part of the above. For, day by day, I feel myself to be such a “poor dry tree” indeed, as the beloved “Ruth” speaks of in a recent Magazine—“plagued all the day” often—“foolish and ignorant as a beast before Him.”

Whilst “walking by the way,” a day or two since, this precious verse came into my mind :—

“Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah !
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven !
Feed me till I want no more !”

How suitable, thought I, especially when the union is willingly and cheerfully entered into, for a strong one and a weak one to be united—a rich one and a poor one, and, we may add, a wise and ignorant one—a full and empty one—one who has no righteousness, and one who has one to spare ! Those thoughts were precious to me. Ah, here is the secret of true happiness ! Nothing but wretchedness in self, but *all* I need in Him. Oh, for grace, then, to glory in Him in His fulness ! for He is indeed just suited for us poor empty vessels, and He *willingly* entered into covenant with such poor empty loathsome things as we are,—“and thou becamest mine,”—and He confirmed it by an oath. They are “bone of His bone and flesh of His flesh,” and it is His delight and glory to bless them—to do them good. He does it “with His whole heart.” Do, dear Lord, help us, then, to live out of self in Thyself, saying, “In the Lord have I righteousness and strength, yea, all I need for time and eternity.” Such happiness I covet for myself and those whom I love in Thee.

March 19.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN COVENANT UNION,—Accept my warmest thanks for all your loving, mindful care over your aged sister. May the dear Lord give unto you good measure, heaped up and running over, of choice spiritual blessings, that you may have no lack, but abound in every good word and work ; to the praise of the glory of His grace who hath made you accepted in the Beloved ! Your kind gift, dear friends, came just in time for my birthday, which was the 14th. . . . You see how the dear Lord led you to send it just now. It is so nice to work at His bidding, and so easy too ; for love makes everything sweet and easy.

I feel much for you, dear brother, concerning your aged father. May your earnest cries be answered on his behalf, and, as the dry bones begin to move, may your heart be cheered by beholding spiritual life budding forth in your poor dear father! I hope to unite with you before the throne on his behalf. May God, "even our own God, give us His blessing," and *we* will give *Him* all the glory. . . .

The Lord bless and prosper all you undertake for His glory, dear brother, so that you may sow beside all waters and see the seed springing up to cheer and encourage your heart. . . . I have just completed my seventy-first year, and can only wonder and adore, when I reflect upon the Lord's mercy and forbearance over such a poor sinner! I have had a trying winter for the body, having suffered so much in my chest from asthmatic symptoms. I am better now, but very weak and tottering. The Lord has been *very gracious* unto me, dear friends, and, when cast down, has lifted me up, and whispered some sweet love-message to my heart, which has been "*dearer* to me than *thousands* of gold and silver!"

And now, dear brother and sister, commending yourselves and dear father to the care and safe keeping of Israel's God, believe me, yours in much Christian love and affection,
E. B. M.

May 7.—* * * I am very weak and poorly, but the Lord is my strength and my SALVATION.

May 22.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE LORD,—I found your precious epistle very refreshing to my thirsty, panting soul, even a sweet and savoury message from *your God* and *my God*, from *your Father* and *my Father*! Oh! how blessed it is to be able to claim relationship to the God of Israel, through the finished work of the Lord Jesus; and, poor and vile and helpless as we feel ourselves to be day by day, to *know*, by the Spirit's teaching, that we are "*black*, but *comely*, through the comeliness which *He* has put upon us." Oh! how much we look upon the dark side, and how little at our *beautiful garments*! May the Lord anoint our eyes with eye-salve, dear brother and sister, and give us to see more of the King in His beauty, and the glorious apparel with which He decks His people than we have ever done before. (Do, Lord, grant this petition!) I received the books safely, dear brother, and they are gone to India with 100 of mine, praying that the Lord may bless them and make them a blessing to many.

Many thanks for a sight of Mrs. C——'s letter. She and her husband are both richly taught in the things of God, and Mr. C——'s mother is truly "a mother in Israel." I have had many precious letters from them all, as they generally send me a pound, *sometimes two*, for a new year's gift.

I am sorry, dear brother, to find you have as yet no decided ground for believing your dear father to be a quickened soul. May our united earnest prayers on behalf of your dear aged parent be heard and answered, if the will of our Father in heaven! . . . I am thankful to hear that your poor suffering wife is somewhat better just now. May the Lord give her now and then a glimpse of His reconciled countenance through the lattices of His love, to cheer her heart, and "fill her with all peace and joy in believing."—And now, beloved friends, with much Christian love, and wishing you the best of blessings, believe me, yours affectionately in Jesus,
E. B. M.

Ah! dear sister, thine eyes do now indeed behold the King in His beauty, without a veil between. If His presence and love-visits are so sweet and precious *now*, as to cause such pantings and thirstings after them, what must it be to see Him face to face, hear His glorious voice, and be led by Him unto *living fountains* of waters?

"We sing of the realms of the blest,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there?"

"We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?"

"We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The Church of the First-born above,
But what must it be to be there?"

"Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there."

July 10.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Another year of your wilderness-journey is for ever past, with all its sins and sorrows, trials and perplexities; and, "having obtained help of God," you continue unto the present day as a monument of *sparing mercy* and *saving grace*. Oh, the heights and depths of our Father's love, which saves us over and above all our unbelieving fears, in and through every extremity, and helps us on from year to year with matchless love and mercy, out of one trial into another, praying and praising, mourning and rejoicing, fighting and fearing, yea, and *sometimes* singing "to the praise of the glory of that grace which hath made us accepted in the Beloved!" What shall we say to these things, dear brother? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" And yet our foolish hearts are at times fancying that everything is *against* us, till our dear Lord comes with mighty power and sets all these crooked matters straight, and says to us, "O thou of *little faith*, wherefore dost thou doubt?" It is our mercy not to live upon frames and feelings, which change with every wind and tide, but upon the holy and unalterable decrees of our covenant-keeping God. May the Lord bless you with this happy repose of soul this day, my dear brother in Christ, that your "peace may flow as a river," and "God may be glorified in you and by you!" I am getting feeble and infirm as to the body, but *home* is nearing, the *prospect* is *cheering*, and now and then fills my *heart* with "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

With Christian love, and best wishes for my dear friends, believe me,
yours in the sweetest bonds,

E. B. M.

Ah, dear sister! oh, that I could live above "frames and feelings," which do indeed change, upon His faithful Word, and, therefore, upon Himself!

"May I taste that communion, Lord,
Thy people have with Thee,
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
Oh, talk and walk with me!

"Come, Lord, and never from me go,
This world's a darksome place;
I find no pleasure here below,
When *Thou dost veil Thy face.*

"There's no such thing as pleasure here,
My Jesus is my all;
As *Thou dost shine or disappear,*
My pleasures rise and fall."

(*To be continued.*)

JOYFUL REMINISCENCES OF SORROWING SEASONS.

*"Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed:
Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation."*—

EXOD. xv. 13.

THUS sung Moses and the children of Israel, after their passage through the Red Sea; and thus may the spiritual children of God sing, day by day, as they behold the mercies of which they are the recipients. God had sent Moses unto His people to speak unto them in the land of Egypt: they were in that house of bondage—slaves in Egypt!—and Moses was sent with God's message to them, saying, "I have surely visited you, and seen that which is done to you in Egypt; and I have said, I will bring you up out of the afflictions of Egypt unto a land flowing with milk and honey;" and the people heard and believed, and then their trials came.

The strong man armed keeps possession of his goods, and they are in peace until a stronger than he cometh and subdueth him: the people of Israel had now been four hundred years in the land of Egypt, and for many years they had been in peace, for their habits were those of Egypt, and their hopes and expectations were all centred there. "But when the time of the promise drew near, which God had sworn to Abraham,"—when the time of their deliverance was at hand, the people GREW, and the malice of their enemies was manifested, and so we read, "The children of Israel sighed by reason of the bondage; and they cried, and their cry came up unto God, by reason of the bondage. And God heard their groaning, and God remembered His covenant, and God looked upon the children of Israel, and God had respect unto them." The people GREW! If we look to the history of Israel, we find that whilst they were few in number and apparently of small account, they did not excite the jealousy of the king; they remained in the land of Goshen, unheeding and unheeded. "But when the time of God's promise drew near, they GREW;" and so with God's spiritual Israel. As they go about their earthly callings, calmly and quietly, they excite no ill-feeling and no malice in the minds of their neighbours; the time of persecution, it is said, has long gone by,—"the world has become christianized and has ceased to persecute." Is it so? Has the world become holy? or has the Church left her first love?

The people of Israel GREW, and their enemies at once awakened! and when it is seen that the believer is not of this world, *his* enemies will arise too. The more he grows in grace, the more he becomes conformed to the will of his Lord; the more he follows after Jesus, the more will he find that *he must take up his cross.* TAKE it up? Rather we may say, "on him they laid His cross that he might bear it after Jesus."

The people GREW, and so spiritually: let the believer be settled down in *Goshen*,—let all things in the world around him be fair and flourishing, and there will be little growth in grace,—there will be little goings forth in cries after the Lord and His salvation. But let the north wind of persecution blow, let Pharaoh demand the male children,—let the brick-kilns be established and the task-masters be set over him, and soon will the cry go up unto the Lord, and soon will it be seen that there is growth in grace. Grace! Grace! And what are the effects of grace in the heart of a believer? Does the Lord put His grace there, and then leave it, and call upon us to cultivate His grace? So say some,—but, in truth, ignorant are they of the grace of God. The Lord puts His grace into the heart, and it cultivates the believer. *We* do not cultivate God's grace, but God's grace cultivates *us*. Grace is an emanation from the Lord, and He supports and sustains it. It is like the grain of wheat deposited in the autumn in the cold ground; it may lie there for ten days, or for ten weeks, but by-and-bye it springs up. The cold frosts of winter may cut it low and hide it from our sight, but some small signs of life will remain. The cold snows succour it, the March winds strengthen its roots; spring comes, and it grows; summer, and it bursts into ear: autumn, and the ripe grain is stored in the farmer's barn. From the seed time to the harvest the grain is passive, acted upon, and sustained by an Almighty hand. And so the Christian, and blessed be God that it is so: saith the Lord, "I will water it every moment; Lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Did the Lord implant His grace in our hearts and leave it for us to cherish it, we should soon pluck it up and destroy it. In a state of *innocence* Adam fell, and in our lapsed condition *we* could not stand. No! The Christian is not his own keeper; in the pride of his heart he may say, "I will be as the heathen, as the families of the nations to serve wood and stone." God says, "That which cometh into your minds shall not be at all," but "I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face."

"Oh! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

"*Shall* the prey be taken from the Mighty, or the lawful captive delivered?" And the Divine answer is, "Yea, the prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered," for "I will contend with him that contendeth with thee, and I will save thy children." And the Lord's contention with Pharaoh was very terrible, but the poor captives were delivered, were carried out of Egypt, passed through the Red Sea, saw their enemies dead upon the sea shore; and, in the fulness of their joy, supposing that now all their trials and all their conflicts were at an end, supposing that now they should enter at once into the land of God's promise, they sang, "Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth the people which Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided them in Thy strength to Thy holy habitation." Just out of Egypt, just passed through the sea, just beheld their enemies cut off from their presence, and the song of triumph bursts from their lips. But they are not at Canaan yet. But oh! how joyous are these seasons, these refreshings by the way! How sweet to realise the saving grace of God, so as fully to believe that what "He hath promised he is able also to perform."

In the midst of a great sorrow and bereavement these words were sent

to us, as a text of remembrance, by a dear child who lived far away. We had both lost a very dear one—not *lost*, but gone before—delivered from the evil to come—gone from earth to be “for ever with the Lord;” and oh! how applicable to her were those beautiful words of the song of Moses: “Thou in Thy mercy hast led forth Thy (child) which Thou hast redeemed; Thou hast guided her, in Thy strength, to Thy holy habitation.” Yes, the Lord had watched over her, in her infancy and in her youth—in the days of her unregeneracy, when she knew not Him—when she was a bond-slave in the spiritual Egypt; and there she was at rest and in quiet, and there, like the Israelites, she would have rested in her sins, but for *the hard bondage with which she was made to serve*; and when she felt the grievousness of that bondage laid upon her soul—wrought by the Holy Spirit of God—she cried, and God remembered the covenant which He had made with Jesus, and God had respect unto her; and the voice was heard in her inmost soul, “Deliver her from going down to the pit; I have found a ransom.” God led her out of Egypt and through the Red Sea of trials. In the wilderness He led her about and instructed her, and there she had many and great conflicts with the enemy; but God made His grace to rule and reign in her heart, so that she was enabled to say, “Who is He that condemneth?” *not* “Christ, that died, yea, rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God.” Ah, yes! God made all grace to abound in her, so that in the several relations of life, she adorned the doctrine of her God and Saviour. Blessed Lord, Thou in Thy mercy didst lead her forth out of the spiritual Egypt, and for many years Thou didst detain her in the wilderness, but not without the pillar of cloud to guide her by day, and the pillar of fire to protect her by night; and who are we that we should murmur at Him, who “has guided her by His strength into His holy habitation?” Never more will there be any desire to return into Egypt! Never more will there be a dread of Pharaoh and his hosts! Never more will the sight of the Red Sea terrify her soul, nor the waters of Marah be bitter to her taste. She is gone home, guided by the Lord’s strength, into His holy habitation. No more dread of the nations of Canaan; the Hittites, Perizzites, and Jebusites, overthrown for ever; the evil heart of unbelief no longer to mourn over, no more struggles with Satan, no more of his fiery darts—the world and all its cares, sorrows, conflicts, joys and sorrows, all gone, and she “for ever with the Lord.” “Amen, so let it be. Life from the dead is in that word, ’tis immortality.” And shall not they who remain, *not grieve*, but rather *praise the Lord*, that He hath taken her away from the evil to come, from the troubles which are even now threatening our country and our Church? The God of the departed one is the same still,—the wife’s God that of the husband,—the mother’s God that of the children, and He hath promised that “He will never leave nor forsake them.” “In His mercy He hath led forth His people whom He hath redeemed, and He will guide them in His strength to His holy habitation.”

She is gone from her husband, and children, and home,
 No more in this wilderness valley to roam,—
 On the borders of Canaan no longer to stand,
 But resting with joy in Immanuel’s land.
 She has done with her sins and her sorrows and cares,—
 Her conflicts are over, her hopes and her fears;

She has entered the regions of glory above,
And her soul is rejoicing in Jesus's love.

Methinks I behold her in glory so bright,
Arrayed in the garb of an angel of light;
She has learned the new song, and she sings to the name
Of Him who redeem'd her, Jehovah! the Lamb,—
Of Him who beheld her, polluted and vile,
Who saw her, and loved her, and freed her from guile,
And before holy angels proclaim'd her His own,—
And call'd her to dwell very near to His throne.

I gaze on the heavens, and what glories appear!
O God! my Redeemer! I long to be there;
To have done with the world, and its turmoil and strife,
And to share in the joys of an endless new life:
Thou hast taken her hence, and I would not complain,
Nor would I recal her to earth's sad domain,
But I long to be with her—with that happy throng,
To share in her transports and join in her song.

And methinks I can hear her! how joyous her lays!
Those harp-notes float softly in Jesus's praise;
My heart longs to join her, to speak as of yore,
Of that covenant ordered in all things and sure,—
How that covenant love He revealed to our view,
How He join'd us in heart! in affection, how true!
And bless'd us with children, and made us to feel
That His love to them also He'd timely reveal.

I hear her! I see her! our babe and our boy
Engag'd each and all in angelic employ,—
And each holds a seat and a mansion in heaven,
And through grace, rich and free, a bright crown has been given.
And e'er and anon, with bless'd spirits they meet,
And cast down their crowns at the Saviour's feet,—
While the God-man exclaims from His throne in the heaven,
"Behold!" "I and the children my Father hath given."

Oh! yes! I behold her! what peace on her brow,
The world and its pleasures are valueless now,
And all her earth's sorrows are ended and gone,—
And a life of eternal repose is begun.
But that bliss, though eternal, will not be complete,
Till her loved ones in glory their Saviour meet,—
Till they, too, shall share in her glories above,
And tell without ceasing of infinite love.

Oh! yes, I behold her! unclouded with care,—
With joy all expected, she waits for them there;
Her husband and children she longs to behold,
As she waits for those beautiful gates to unfold.
And are they not list'ning to hear her glad voice?
Re-united in Jesu's love, to rejoice;
And earnestly longing, till time shall be o'er,
And the meeting shall come and the parting no more.

A WAITING, WATCHING ONE.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLK.

A VISIT TO THE MONASTERY OF CHARTREUX.

DURING a sojourn in Italy last Autumn we were strongly advised to pay a visit to Chartreux, a church and monastery owned by the monks of that order, and most rigid devotees, as these few remarks will show. We took the train from Milan, and about two hours' ride brought us to the station, where we descended, and with us two priests from Dalmatia, pleasant and agreeable men, who invited us to join them in taking a carriage to see the remarkable church. We were not unwilling to accept this invitation, for we were not much acquainted with Italian, and we found that unfortunately our two companions could not speak French. Here I would observe that, thoroughly to understand the Italians, it is almost a necessity to speak their soft and beautiful language, for, unless one does so, we lose much information.

Twenty minutes' drive along a lane, through which a stream ran (providing water for the monks), brought us to the front of the church, founded in 1396 by John Visconti, and given in 1844 to the monks of Chartreux. The situation is beautifully chosen, in a valley where vines and olive trees flourish in rich luxuriance.

The two priests seemed to enjoy their excursion, for they told me they lived in a wild and mountainous country, their people poor, and scattered amongst the mountains, and that they led a very laborious life, and had just come away for a month's recreation.

We first inspected the exterior of the edifice. The façade was extremely beautiful, rich in sculpture, figures of the Roman Emperors, scenes from the Old and New Testament, all in various-coloured marbles, and standing out in rich relief. Indeed, the ornamentation is considered the finest in Northern Italy. We then entered the church, and were met by one of the brothers of the order, dressed in white serge, with hood, and a face extremely thoughtful and intelligent.

He told us he was a novice, that some time must elapse before he could be admitted entirely, and that it was the novices who were conductors to strangers.

He said there would be no difficulty in our being admitted to see the monastery, or rather the parts which were shown; but I think we must consider this a kindness shown to our companions, for females are generally excluded. The interior of the church is Gothic, with three naves, and fourteen side chapels, giving a very imposing appearance, for the architecture is very rich.

The floor is inlaid with Mosaics, and the chapels and altars are embellished with columns, inlaid with precious stones. One in particular was extremely beautiful, with many coloured Mosaics of the purest marble, and stones most costly, the agate, green jasper, amethyst, and emerald, all were imbedded in profusion.

A white marble tomb of the founder Visconti, with recumbent figures of the Duke Ludovic Sporga and his wife, were shown to us.

All the 14 chapels possess most costly altars, for no Romish ceremony can be performed without them. The guide often lifted a veil or curtain to show us some beautiful picture, thus covered to preserve it, but the painting which pleased us most was "A Virgin and Child," by Linni. She has the Infant in her arms, and has a look of great beauty and innocence.

I would observe here that in almost all the churches and galleries of paintings in Italy, the "Virgin and Child" figure very largely, and are most numerous, and in every conceivable attitude and dress.

Sometimes they are depicted alone; at others, with John Baptist, Joseph, and other Roman Catholic saints.

Not nearly so often do you see our blessed Saviour portrayed as a man, risen and exalted on high, though I shall never forget the "Transfiguration" in the Vatican at Rome.

The brother then took us to see the part of the monastery shown to strangers. Along the stone corridors and passages we might have expected to see some out of the twenty-four monks walking along; but at this hour they were not to be seen, and might possibly be cultivating some of the ground which surrounds the monastery, and consists of several acres. We passed a garden in which the beautiful *Bigonia* flourished luxuriantly all round the walls, and our kind conductor gave us each a bouquet of their pendant and elegant blossoms.

This order of monks is very strict; they are never permitted to speak to each other except on festivals, and then only a few words; in fact, like the order of Trappists, their discipline is "Silence."

When once admitted, they never leave the walls of the monastery, and their little burial-ground was shown to us, our guide telling us they were buried in the dress they had worn through life, and a cross laid upon them.

The rooms they inhabit are very simple; no furniture, but a sort of trestle, which could be used as a table, on which they lay at night, with their coarse clothing over them. A square hole in the wall admitted their food, and thus they lived and died.

They are permitted to read, write, illuminate manuscripts or print, during the hours of relaxation.

We had now come to the close of our deeply interesting visit, though, indeed, I have but very imperfectly given some idea of a few of the beautiful objects we saw, and we also lost much valuable information by the explanations being almost in an unknown tongue. We took our leave of our intelligent guide, with many thanks, and a small gratuity for his attention and kindness, and we returned into the world with thoughtful feelings.

But now I would endeavour to draw some useful and instructive lessons from the history I have endeavoured to write—

First. Let us never forget that God maketh no account of the splendour of the earthly temple wherein He is worshipped, but to the heart of the worshipper, even to him that is lowly and of a contrite spirit, and that trembleth at His Word. It is a spiritual worship He demands of us, and which we must give Him in sincerity and truth.

Second. The Almighty does not require at our hands that we should absent ourselves from the haunts of men, shut ourselves up in a cloister, and allow ourselves no friendly intercourse with our own kind. God has given us each a work to do in the world—to be in it, yet not of it—ordering our business after His precepts.

"By grace to serve mankind,
My calling to fulfil;
To be resigned in heart and mind,
To do His holy will."

Our blessed Saviour set us a bright example; He says, "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work" (John ix. 4). "I *must* work," showing us the necessity of it, and the time given, "while it is called to-day,"—before the shadows fall, and the evening of life closes in, when work is impossible.

Thirdly. I would mention the undrawn curtain, which showed us often the valuable and, to the Romanist, the sacred picture beneath. Who has rent asunder the veil for us, who has opened to us the Holiest of all, by His most precious blood, shed on Calvary, even Jesus our great High Priest. We need no altar then; no sacrificing priest to point us to the Lamb. He is our Priest, who hath broken down the wall of partition, and hath made the entrance wide enough for saint and sinner to press in and be saved.

Poor blinded ministers of an erring Church—a Church that hath veiled the light of God's pure Gospel from the minds of her people—I earnestly pray that the light of the glorious Gospel may shine into your benighted souls, showing Himself "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," teaching you no rigorous mortification of the body is needful. The tongue He has given you to praise Him, not to remain silent as the grave, but is to echo the glories of His great name on earth, and to catch up the anthem above, when life is ended: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing!"

THE POOR CURATE AND THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

REFERRING to the recent death of the Rev. Thomas Alexander, a well-known Presbyterian minister of Chelsea, the London correspondent of the *Presbyterian* of New York writes:—"The following anecdote, for which I can vouch, has reached me privately, and shows the heart of the man. This winter Mr. Alexander observed a curate frequently passing his window in the cold mornings without a great-coat, cold and uncomfortable, with that look of genteel penury which too often attaches to the poorly-paid curates of the English Church. He went out to his tailor:—'Can you make a coat without seeing the man who is to wear it?' That was doubtful. 'Can you make a coat if you see the man, without measuring him?' The tailor thought he might. 'Then be ready when I call for you.' The next day, accordingly, when the curate was seen approaching, Mr. Alexander hurried out to the tailor, and the two walked for some little distance behind the unsuspecting man. 'Now, take a good look; make sure of your measure. Are you satisfied?' 'Yes.' 'Then,' said Mr. Alexander, 'make that poor fellow a good coat, of good cloth, at once. Ascertain his home, and send it to him; but mind you, if you give him the slightest inkling that I sent it, you shall never do me another stitch.'

"So the two parted. Mr. Alexander lived to see the curate often go by his house with the great-coat on, an excellent fit, and well buttoned up in welcome warmth."

[With a very great deal of pleasure we quote the foregoing from the *Rock*. We feel the greater satisfaction in doing so because we personally heard the deceased Minister speak, at the annual meeting last year of the Book Society, when we were specially impressed with the depth of feeling—the heartiness—the pure philanthropy with which he spoke of a case that had recently come under his own personal observation. He was overcome even to tears, and could scarcely speak for emotion. The above act, as narrated in the *Rock*, we can readily conceive to be quite characteristic of the late Rev. Thomas Alexander.—ED.]

SAVED BY A NUT.*

SOME years ago there was an old German Count, who was a good Christian man, and who was saved from death by the kindness of God in a very wonderful way.

You know we read in the Bible how Daniel, who was such a good man, had a great many enemies, who hated him just because he was so good. This has often been the case since Daniel's time. And this was the case with the good German Count of whom I am now speaking. There were a number of people in the place where he lived who hated him for his religion; and they carried their hatred so far that they resolved to kill him. And in order to do this without being found out, they hired a wicked man to go into his castle one night and kill him while asleep in his bed.

The arrangements were all made, and the night was fixed on which this dreadful deed was to be done.

The good Count had no idea of the danger that was hanging over him. It so happened that on the evening of the very night on which his enemies had agreed to murder him, he had a company of young people at his castle. He was very fond of children, but having none of his own he had invited his nephews and nieces to spend the evening with him. They had a merry time together, and the evening passed off very pleasantly. The Count told them interesting stories, and got up amusing games, and had a good supply of apples, and pears, and grapes, and nuts; and they all enjoyed themselves very much.

But at last the hour came for them to go home. They all left the castle. After they were gone the Count read a chapter in the Bible, as he was in the habit of doing, and then kneeled down to pray. He thanked God for the mercies of the day, and asked Him to take care of him, and protect him from danger during the night. Then he laid down and went to sleep without any thought of danger.

About midnight, the murderer, who had managed to creep into the castle during the day, and had hidden himself away, came silently into the chamber of the Count. The old man was fast asleep, and a night lamp was burning on the table. The murderer was armed with a long, sharp dagger, which glittered in his right hand, as he gradually drew near to the bed, with a soft and careful step. But suddenly, when he was only a few feet from the bed, a loud crackling noise was heard sounding through the still chamber. It awoke the Count. He sat up in

* From "Nature's Mighty Wonders." By RICHARD NEWTON, D.D. London: S. W. Partridge & Co.

bed. He saw the murderer approaching him. He seized a pistol, which he always kept on his pillow, and pointing it to the man, he said, "If you move another step I'll shoot you!"

Then, with his other hand he rang the bell violently. Pretty soon his servants rushed into the room. The murderer was taken prisoner, and the wicked men who had hired him to do that dreadful deed were found out and punished.

But what made the noise which woke the Count? It was a nut lying on the floor. It happened that one of the boys of the company the Count had had there the evening before had dropped a nut on the floor in going through his uncle's room. And God, *that* God "who telleth the number of the stars," and rules them in all their greatness, had caused that nut to fall just where the murderer's foot would tread upon it, and the noise of its crushing would wake the Count in time to save his life. How wonderful this is!

EXPERIENCE.

THE state of my soul at times is such that I cannot describe. The frequent changes it is the subject of are very perplexing. At one time the Lord is felt to be good; His movings realized in the soul; a softened feeling melts the heart, producing a meekened tone in the spirit. At another time there is such a dissatisfaction, peevishness, and earthliness, during which there is no felt communion with God, no fellowship with Jesus in His sufferings, no power with God in prayer, and no heart to bless and praise the Lord for all His benefits. Oh, what a sinner I am! "Lord, save me, or I perish." It must be indeed a great salvation to save such a great sinner. I cannot see in a day all that I am saved from. Oh, if the Lord would seal home upon my heart the blessed assurance that He has loved me with an everlasting love, my mouth would then be open to show forth His praise!

One thing particularly sticks to me, and that is the feeling of "the heart being deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Oh, the abominable hypocrisy and deception I find within! How many fears I have had that I am a hypocrite! and yet I wish to be sincere and true all the while. This staggers me at times, that, when I wish to speak to the Lord in godly sincerity, even then there should arise up such hypocrisy within, which stinks in my nostrils, and makes me to abhor myself before the Lord. Nothing makes me so much to loathe myself as the felt love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. My greatest ease comes through Him, who bore the heaviest burden; my sweetest joys through Him, who had the bitterest sorrows.

Eventually I hope to get rid of all my dross through Him who so willingly endured the cross.

Tetbury.

F. F.

THERE are critical times of danger. After great services for God, honours, and consolations, we should stand upon our guard. Noah, Lot, David, and Samson fell in these circumstances. Satan is a footpad: a footpad will not attack a man in going to the bank, but in returning with his pocket full of money.

Correspondence.

THE LATE MR. WELLS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A great man has fallen in Israel, and we are left to weep in the valley of tears.

Mr. James Wells was a great man, made so by the Great and Almighty God the Holy Ghost, by whom he was delivered out of the kingdom of Satan, and by grace divine he was made meet for the Church of God, and to minister to poor and needy sinners, preaching the Gospel of the grace of God, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. He was great in the ministry of the Gospel in that extraordinary and continued success which attended his labours until the last sermon that he preached.

There are persons in all parts of the world, and I have in my journeyings seen many, who had declared to me that he had been a minister of life and salvation to their souls. His preaching was greatly owned and blessed of God; it was of the experimental and searching nature. He did not gloss over the great truths of the Gospel; thereby keeping men in carnal security, in order to please their prejudices, but preached as one who *would* declare the whole counsel of God.

He was great in decision, and could say, as the immortal Bunyan once said, "The Almighty being my help and shield, I will suffer until even the *moss shall grow* upon my *eyebrows*, if frail life continue so long, rather than violate my faith and principles." Our brother's preaching was also that bold, uncompromising testimony of truth, fearless both of men and devils when he stood up in his Master's name.

He was great in humility, for the Lord cared for His servant, and gave him ballast enough; so that he was never lifted up by pride, although he had very much to make him proud.

I was present on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the formation of the Church, and felt that that anniversary would be the last. After that, he preached that great sermon on "Infant Salvation," and then his *last* sermon at Bartlett's Buildings, on Friday night, where he was taken ill, and went home never to return to his loved work again. From that time, I felt persuaded that he would never preach again—that his work was finished. The great chapel was finished and paid for; the houses were finished and paid for; the lectures on the Revelation were finished, and ready for the people; the sermon on Infant Salvation was also finished. There appeared to me to be such a perfect finishing up of all the great works that he had begun, and the house of God was set in order, and now the Lord seemed to say, "Thou shalt die, and not live." A *fearful, cruel cancer* was now commissioned to do its work, to pull down the tabernacle into the dust of death. The awful agony that he endured at times cannot be described, and the influence of that dreadful *cancer* upon his *mind*, his *nerves*, and *brain*, was quite sufficient to produce *permanent insanity*, which at times I feared would be the case; but, through the goodness of our ever-gracious God, His poor afflicted servant was saved from that distressing calamity. I know that it was reported in different parts of the country that such was the case; but, blessed be God, *it was not true*.

I was preaching in Wiltshire in the month of March of last year. The next morning a lady called where I was staying, and spoke to me of the sermon that had been blessed to her soul. She attended the Church of England when she could hear those men who preached *free grace truths*; when such could not be heard, she then attended the Baptist Chapel. On her way to see me, she called upon one of the deacons of the Baptist Chapel at —, expressing her regret and surprise at his not being present at the service on the past evening, when he replied, "Oh, I was not going to hear such a man as John Bunyan McCure." "Why?" said the lady. "He is a Baptist minister, and a man who preaches the truth." "Oh," said the deacon, "he is a *Vessel* man." She, not understanding what he meant (knowing nothing of the *Earthern Vessel*), said, "Well, he cannot help that. How could he have gone to Australia, and then returned to England, if there were no vessels?" He said, "I don't mean that." Said the lady, "Do you mean what Paul said, 'We have this treasure in earthen vessels,' &c.?" "No," he replied, "I don't mean that." "Well," said the lady, "what do you mean?" "I mean this—he belongs to Wells' party" (the lady not having heard of Mr. Wells). "Oh!" said the lady, "that is the party I like to belong to, for it is said, 'With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.'" "I don't mean that either." "Well, tell me what it is you do mean." "I mean this," said the deacon, "that a person of the name of Wells preaches in London very extravagant doctrines. The judgments of God have been upon him. He has been afflicted in a most dreadful manner, and has died a most awful death—quite out of his mind; and that is the party Mr. McCure belongs to. Therefore I could not hear him, or any one else that belongs to that party!"

I replied, "I am sorry, very sorry, that such a spirit can be found in a deacon of a Church of truth. But I am thankful to God that what he has told you is *not true*, for the Lord's afflicted servant is not dead! He is somewhat better, has been in great darkness of souls; but when I left London yesterday, the Lord was graciously shining upon His servant."

Our dear departed Brother Wells, during the sixteen months of sore affliction and suffering, was at times the subject of great mental depression of mind; and the cowardly enemy was permitted to take an advantage of his weak and prostrate condition of the nervous system. Sometimes he went down into the lowest depths, like Jonah, who said, "For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about; all Thy billows and Thy waves passed over me; and I cried out of my afflictions unto the Lord, and He heard me: out of the belly of hell cried I!"

I once had charge of a Christian friend, who was suddenly afflicted with a mental depression, who one night, yea, for sixteen hours, while I was with him, declared that he was in hell. He described to me the horrors of hell, and the torments of the damned, in a way I shall never forget. All his friends gave up all hope of his ever coming out of that dreadful state; but God delivered him, "brought him up out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set his feet upon the rock, and established his goings, and put a new song into his mouth, even praise unto our God." While Brother Wells was thus afflicted, there were many who said that it was the judgment of God upon him, and that he would die out of his mind!

"Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread

upon their high places," is the word of God, which the Lord has most graciously fulfilled in the experience of His servant, having sustained him and brought him out of all his conflicts, *through the fearful fire, and preserved his reason till the last!!*

PRAISE YE THE LORD, ALLELUIA.

I saw him not long before he took to his death-bed. I found him in great bodily sufferings, moaning from the pain he was enduring. He was very pleased to see me, and spoke to me upon several important matters.

After awhile, he spoke under the influence of the wasting cancer. He said, "Everything is a terror to me; a knock at the door is a terror to me; any one calling to see me is a terror; I cannot take comfort in anything; this room is a terror to me; everything is a terror to me BUT DEATH and JESUS CHRIST; *death is no terror to me; I long to die.*" I informed him that Brother Foreman had crossed the river. He said, "I envy him, for I long to depart; *Jesus is no terror to me; I desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.*"

I was at the house a week before he died. The enemy again tried to cast him down. He was permitted for a season to thrust again at the worn soldier as he laid upon his bed, but only that his defeat might be the more signal.

And so it was. The next day the enemy was cast out, and he came off more than conqueror, and with great joy he could say, "Thou has thrust sore at me that I might fall, but the Lord helped me, therefore will I look unto the Lord; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me. Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall I shall arise, when I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me."

To his dear wife he said, "There is a crown for me;" for he could now say with Paul, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

He then said, in the fullest confidence of faith,—

"There I shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

Which verse he often repeated, and said that it was *so precious*.

On Thursday the final victory came, and he now triumphed over all that had been a terror to him, and the servant of the Lord rejoiced with the greatest joy. For about ten minutes he prayed with a power that was really wonderful, and seemed as if he would pray himself away to everlasting bliss.

Two days before he died he repeated that hymn:—

"What welcome news to sinners lost
Is this melodious sound;
Though sin-distressed and tempest-tossed,
Their sins cannot be found.
"Their sins, more numerous than the stars,
In Jesus' blood were drowned;
And Zion's God in love declares
Their sins cannot be found."

On Lord's day, March the 10th, the good man died in the full assurance of faith. During the day he repeated that verse:—

“Jesus, the vision of Thy face
 Hath overpow’ring charms;
 Scarce shall I feel death’s cold embrace
 If Christ be in my arms.”

And, just before he died, repeating the last line several times: “*If Christ be in my arms.*” And thus the servant of the Lord, despite the predictions of some, lived and died a monument of Divine faithfulness. He was cast down, but not *destroyed*. He was chastened sore, but was not given over unto death. God sovereignly tried his servant in a very mysterious way, but not beyond the promised grace and strength.

He was great in the Gospel; he was also great in the sufferings of this mortal life; and he was also great in the victories and triumphs of Almighty grace over sin, death, and hell. He said, while in the river, “Heaven will now triumph over hell.” And now he is great with all the redeemed in heaven, in the loud and high Alleluias of praise: “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.

The sustaining grace, establishing divine faithfulness, during *forty-two years* of unparalleled success in the Gospel, in the Surrey Tabernacle; the enduring grace of God during the dark night of temptation, sorrow, and affliction; the triumphant and victorious departure of our Brother to his heavenly home—we have cause to be proud of, and thankful to God, who bestowed such grace. And that grace which was given unto him, was not in vain; it was sufficient, and he was more than a conqueror through Him that loved him. The Lord in great mercy sustains the poor bereaved wife, who will now experience an isolation she has never before known. The ever-loving Husband of His poor widows and fatherless ones will never, no, never forsake in the day of trouble. Weep not, the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.

“Himself hath done it; yes, although severe
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
 ’Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know
 He’ll give me grace to drink it meekly up.”

The wilderness life with our loved ones—who are not lost, but gone before—is now for ever past; they have come out of great tribulation, and have entered into their rest, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.”

Blessed be God, it will not be long when with us also the thorns, the mountains, the fires, and trials of this mortal life will be over.

“Then in full sail my port I’ll find,
 And leave the world and sin behind.”

The Lord grant unto the dear widow very much of the consolation of His precious love and presence; His own word applied to the sorrowful heart, by the power of God, and the Holy Ghost administering the balm of Christ’s love and sympathy, binding up the broken in heart, and healing the wounds that *His own hand has made*. Thy ever living and loving husband, Jesus, now speaks to thee—“Let not your heart be troubled. I have taken your earthly husband to the *Mansion-house above*. I will come again, and receive you unto myself: that, where I am, there ye may be also.”

When will He come? It may not be long, but it will be at the time appointed!

"Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam—
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home."

And while I am quite sure that the Lord will not forsake the bereaved and now sorrowful one, I cannot for one moment think, that the hundreds who have been blessed through the instrumentality of the departed husband will now forget the wife of his joys and sorrows, but will comfort her in her widowed condition the little while she may remain in the wilderness. Praying that great grace from the God of all grace may be given unto us, who are yet in the battle-field; so that we may fight the good fight of faith, and overcome at last, shouting, "*O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

70, Penrose Street, Walworth,
April 13th, 1872.

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

INVITATIONS TO THE UNCONVERTED.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—Why has no lover of truth written in confirmation of "An Old Reader's" article on the above subject? There are *three* letters on one side and only *one* on the other. I consider, therefore, I have some claim, in the interests of truth, to be heard in this matter; and ask you kindly to insert the following remarks in your valuable Magazine, which is much prized among our people.

And have things really come to such a pass, that the soundest men are to be branded as Arminians? I hear that it has been proposed to hold a Conference of sovereign-grace-preachers; but, if such a spirit is to be manifested, I, for one, shall most certainly absent myself.

Calvin, Owen, Leighton, Keach, Toplady, Haldane, all held the same views as "An Old Reader" on this point; and, I doubt not, many other sound preachers. And yet, on that account, they are to be considered as "Arminian preachers," who "seek to catch fish by specious means," and "use a hook, *artfully* concealed," in their "subtle sport, called angling!" It is really shocking to read the untrue insinuations which have been made. I hold the five points of Calvinism, I trust, as strongly as any man; but must protest against such expressions of pretended infallibility, as anything but "good to the use of edifying."

To substantiate what I have said above, let me refer to Dr. Owen. In his "Life and Death, Natural and Spiritual, Compared," he says, "Preachers have sufficient warrant to press upon all men the duties of faith, repentance, and obedience, although they know that in themselves they have not a sufficiency of ability for their due performance; for (1) it is the will and command of God, that so they should do, and that is the rule of all our duties. They are not to consider what man can or will do, but what God requires. To make a judgment of men's ability, and to accommodate the commands of God unto them accordingly, is not committed unto any of the sons of men. (2.) They have a double end in pressing on men the observance of duties, with a supposition of the state of impotency described; (a) to prevent them from such courses of sin as would harden them; (b) to exercise a means appointed of God for their conversion."

I could quote from Calvin on Rom. x. 21, and from Leighton on 1 Peter iii. 20; but, to be brief, I will only trouble you with two more quotations, one from B. Keach, the other from R. Haldane. Of the former the late lamented Rev. W. Parks, Openshaw, speaks, as an "eminent Divine," and of the latter as a "deeply-taught man of God." And most true is this testimony. Keach says, in his sermon on Matthew xxii. 5, "They that make light of this offer do make light of the most gracious offer and invitation. . . . (3.) It is an oft-repeated invitation. . . . May be some of you have been invited an hundred times to come to Christ, to believe in Christ; yea, a thousand times, and yet refuse. . . . (7.) It is a pressing, and most earnest invitation. Alas! the sinner's life lies at stake, his soul is in danger" (2 Cor. v. 2). R. Haldane, on Romans v. 2, says, "The difficulty of those who feel themselves restrained in exhorting sinners to believe the Gospel, on the ground that the atonement of Christ was not made for all, is the same as that which is experienced by some who, believing the doctrine of election, suppose it inconsistent to exhort all indiscriminately to believe the Gospel. . . . In this they err. . . . All are invited to rely upon it for pardon, as freely and fully as if they knew that God designed it for them from all eternity. . . . In the proclamation of the Gospel no restriction is held forth respecting election or reprobation."

But now let us turn to Scripture. "Josiah" asks to be shown "one" passage "from Genesis to Revelation where an invitation is given without the character being described or implied (in proof of life already imparted. . . .) &c., &c." There are very many. Take, for example, Psalm ii. 10 to 12, and iv. 2 to 5. Are these exhortations addressed to living souls? Are "Kings," who "take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed," and those who "love vanity and seek after lies," living souls? Do they not "twist the Scriptures"—I won't uncharitably say "to serve their purpose"—who would affirm it. Yet these are exhorted to "Kiss the Son," to "offer the sacrifices of righteousness, and put their trust in the Lord." In Prov. i. 20 to 27, I find that Christ by His ministers, "in the chief place of concourse," calls upon "scorners, and those who hate knowledge," whose end is to be destroyed and slain (ver. 32), to turn at His reproof in the "ministration of the Spirit," i.e., the preaching of the Gospel. So, too, in chapter viii. throughout. Some, I know, would interpret the words "O ye children," in verse 32 of the last-named chapter, to mean the children of God. But it is a plain perversion of Scripture to do so. This is too obvious to an impartial truth-seeker to need any proof. In 2 Cor. v. 2, Paul says, "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men." Persuade to what? Why, to what Moses and the prophets exhort to, viz., to flee from the wrath to come, and seek shelter in Christ. See Luke xvi. 31, and compare the context there. Again, in 2 Cor. v. 20, he declares, "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech men by us: we pray them, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." It is clear that the word "you" is wrongly supplied; for the Corinthians were already "reconciled," as we find in verse 18, and in chap. i. 1, he calls them "the Church of God." To *them* he speaks (as to the reality of the work within them) in chap. vi. 1. Some indeed would tell us that the reconciliation spoken of in verse 20, is nothing more than that of Christians to all the will of God. This to my mind is a gross violation of the whole scope of the Apostle's argument. I will not further trespass upon your

space by remarking upon other passages, though I long to do so. Suffice it to name one or two more—Psalm xiv. 7, 8; Isaiah lv. 6, 7; Acts xiv. 15, xvii. 30; Rom. i. 5, ii. 4, 5, x. 16 to 21, xvi. 26; 2 Thess. i. 10; Heb. iii. 12 to iv. 12; Rev. iii. 17, 18.

In conclusion, I would say, may God give us grace to lay aside all "bitterness and evil speaking," in our searches after truth, and ever to bear in mind the advice in 1 Cor. iv. 6 to 8. Oh! let us remember, as we are taught in verse 4, that though we may "know nothing against ourselves," either in doctrine or practice, yet "He that judgeth us is the Lord." All, even the most clearly taught, have some remnants of "free-will notions." But He "who is able to subdue all things to Himself" will, at death, and not before, "shiver to pieces" *all* erroneous ideas, and, blessed be God, we shall all hereafter see eye to eye. "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then," through Him in whom we believe, even Jesus, our "All in all," our "Alpha and Omega," "face to face."

St. Saviour's Parsonage, Bacup.

W. JOHNSON.

TO WEARERS OF THE CROSS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Allow me to ask you a few questions; are you a Protestant? You say you are, then why wear the MARK OF THE BEAST? THAT CROSS you have on is a BADGE OF POPEERY, and is introduced into this Protestant country by the JESUITS, to ROMANIZE the rising generation, and you are helping them by your example, to accomplish the conversion of our children to POPEERY!!!

You say that you have no sympathy with Popery in any form; you only wear the cross as an emblem of Christ. Are you not aware that, instead of this cross being an emblem of Christ, it is a representation of the instrument of Christ's sufferings? That cross represents the TREE on which the Saviour was hanged; to be consistent, you ought to have the emblem of the KNOTTED SCOURGE, the NAILS, SPEAR, and CROWN OF THORNS, and then reiterate the cry of those who hated Him—"Away with Him! CRUCIFY HIM! CRUCIFY HIM!"

It is not the crucifixion, but it is Christ, the once crucified One, who is the glory and hope of all who believe in Jesus, whose prayer with Paul is, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." (That is, the sufferings of Christ for the redemption of His people.) The minds of our children are susceptible to both good and evil, and more frequently will they rather follow an evil example than a good one.

I entreat you, my dear friend, set a PROTESTANT example by NO WEARING THE CROSS.

I have received an immense number of crosses (given to me) as the result of this argument as TROPHIES OF CONVINCED ERROR.

Dear reader, do thou likewise, that the weak and undecided may learn of you to hold fast the profession of your Protestant faith without wavering.

Your willing servant for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURR.

70, Penrose Street, Walthorth.

A LINE FROM AFAR!

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Gowhatty, Assam, India, March 16, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—The February number of the Magazine reached this out-of-the-way station on the 9th March. I received it myself from the post office, and on my way home opened it, and the first thing I read in it was your reply, on page 113, to some who suggested some alterations and additions to be made so as to render the Magazine *more popular with the reading public, and more congenial to the general tastes*. Our little church was close by, and, as I had the key in my pocket, I immediately went in, and there alone, where prayer and praise were wont to be made and offered, I praised and blessed the Lord for His grace in you, enabling you to resist these suggestions, and I prayed for you that you may be perseveringly kept from doing anything of the kind. The truth as it is in Jesus—the Gospel of God's free grace—has never been popular in the world since the fall, nor can it be while the "carnal mind is enmity against God." The Lord's own people don't care much for popular preachers, popular meetings, or popular magazines; nor do weary and heavy-laden sinners find therein that which alone can give freedom and liberty to their souls. There is so much smoothing down, so much holding back, so much covering up and altering of the truth, lest offence may be given; so much of creature exaltation, that souls are famished instead of being fed, and kept in bondage instead of being led out into the glorious liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free.

My prayer for you is that you may be upheld and sustained in your important work, and that when it pleases the Lord to take you to Himself, He will be pleased graciously to set over the Magazine a man who (the Spirit aiding and helping him) may carry it on as it has hitherto been, not only as a Protestant Beacon, but, as I have always found it, a means of grace for refreshing and building up the elect Church of God.

I am, my dear sir,

Yours in Christ Jesus,

GEORGE LOVELY,

Senior Chaplain H.M.'s Indian Service.

[We thank our unknown, yet well-known, brother for his affectionate and refreshing words. What a marvellous—we had nearly said species of spiritual freemasonry—runs through the election of grace! Redeemed by the same blood, how those taught by the same Spirit—enlisted under the same banner—brought into the same school—engaged in the same warfare—prompted by the same love—journeying through the same wilderness—looking to the same Lord—and longing for the same home, realize a fellowship of feeling and a oneness of heart, wherever they may be, however they may be, and under whatsoever denominational name they may pass. And, if this be the case on earth, amid all its travail and turmoil, and in spite of their ten thousand sins, frailties, and infirmities, oh! dear brother, what will it be when they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, and are in joy and felicity?—seeing the Beloved "no more as through a glass darkly, but face to face?" Well, indeed, may the blessed and glorified TOPLADY sing:—

"If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the Fountain be,

Where saints and angels draw their bliss,
Immediately from Thee?"

We heartily wish our dear brother would write again, and give us some particulars of his position and work in that far-off land.—ED.]

LITTLE HELPS; OR, WORDS IN SEASON.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—“As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man” (Prov. xxvii. 19). Never was Scripture more signally fulfilled than in the description you have given of yourself in this month's *Old Jonathan*, under the heading of “Old Jonathan at School.” Never did a spiritual anatomist describe with greater accuracy the workings of the old man of sin, under the power of an evil heart of unbelief, and a tempting devil, and the new man of grace under the sweet leading, teaching, and power of the Holy Ghost, revealing a precious Lord Jesus as our all and in all, than you have done there. It is true to the very life. Although I have only been in the Master's school twenty-two years, and you nearly fifty, yet I see the Master is teaching me the self-same lesson He is teaching you, and in the self-same painful way. Somehow, for some time past, things have been very different with me to what they formerly were. I have enjoyed little of the Lord's presence. Instead of abiding with, He has left me, and made me feel the power of an evil heart of unbelief, and a tempting devil, so that I have longed for death, like Job (ch. iii. 20—26). On Saturday evening, the 30th ult., I read Job xxiii. before family prayer. What I said in prayer I should be utterly ashamed to tell you; but what you say about one of the oldest and best taught of the Master's scholars having written in His Book, “The good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do” (Rom. vii. 19), was part of my confession before the throne. But I went a step further, and said, “Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” (v. 24). The following morning (Sunday, March 3rd), as I was left alone in my parlour (my wife and children having gone to chapel), I took up *Old Jonathan*, and began to read it. Presently I came to the article headed, “Old Jonathan at School,” and soon found the author's description of himself gave me a life's picture of myself. What he said about one day finding written in his Master's book (which I have mentioned) made my heart begin to melt; but his description of the Master's goodness was more than I could stand: it broke me all to pieces, and made my eyes overflow with tears. Oh, how true is that description of the Lord's goodness to a poor, vile, worthless worm! Oh, the riches of sovereign grace in a precious Lord Jesus!

When my dear wife came home from chapel, she said, “I think there is a piece in *Old Jonathan* that will suit you.” I replied that it had suited me indeed, and was immediately melted to tears. She said, “The Lord blesses you more than He does us.” I replied that it was all very nice to get the Lord's smile and His blessing, but the way—oh, the way! The fire and the water, the affliction and the misery, the wormword and the gall—“My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me” (Lam. iii. 20). When I was taken to rest (for it has pleased the Lord to lay me aside with paraplegia now nearly three years, so that I can neither stand, nor walk), the Lord's goodness was again brought so powerfully to my mind, that I could not help sobbing and crying for some

time. Surely, my dear sir, *the Lord led you by His gracious Spirit to pen that article for my special comfort and encouragement.* If that is the work of the Holy Ghost in your soul—and I have no doubt it is—it must be so in mine. If you are right for eternity, so am I. We are bound together in the bundle of life with the Lord our God. In you I have a fellow-traveller whose leading and teaching are like my own, and one who, the longer he lives, instead of being able to trust the Lord, and walk more by faith, becomes more fearful and unbelieving—to my shame I say it—unless continually sustained by Almighty grace.

I desire to bless the Lord for such blessed helps by the way. It is not often one gets such a lift as this. The Lord grant the sweet feeling sense of His goodness may abide with us (for I do hope and pray He will make what I have written a blessing to your soul) many days! May the Lord be graciously pleased still to be with, and bless you, is the prayer of

Yours faithfully in Him,

Liverpool, April 6, 1872.

P. L.

[The article to which our beloved unknown, yet well-known, correspondent refers, was written, if we remember rightly, about fifteen years ago. It was reproduced in consequence of our having lately taken down an old volume of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, when (meeting with it) we thought that probably it might prove a "word in season" to some poor tried and tempted one in the Lord's school. Thanks to His dear and adorable name that it has proved so! And now, in order to show how one member of the mystic body is dependent upon other members of the mystic body, and that one cannot say to the other, "I have no need of thee," we may tell our so deepy-tried and afflicted friend, that no word could have reached us in a more timely or acceptable way than his most cheering and refreshing letter. We need not enter into particulars; suffice it to say, that we never remember a communication to have been more opportune than his proved to be. It came at the right moment, just as all the Lord's words do come, come they from whatever source or through whatever channel it may be His wisdom and His love to appoint. And now, whilst we most heartily thank our unknown friend and brother for his so timely and acceptable letter, we pray our God most tenderly and lovingly and graciously to cheer and sustain him. Be it his to feel the full force and precious power of that memorable word of the Apostle, "Unto you it is given, on the behalf of Christ, not only to believe, but also to suffer for His sake." Oh, in what a God-glorifying way are those of the Lord's children *serving* Him who are called to *suffer* for Him; and, in connexion with their sufferings, to prove what "the work of faith, and labour of love, and *patience of hope*" is!—ED.]

WHAT THE GOSPEL IS AND DOES.

THE Gospel is good news to such as are inwardly Jews.
 It is God's power, to those who make the enemy cower.
 It lifts up those whom sin has thrown down.
 It saves those whom Satan would destroy.
 It sheds light on those affected with sin's blight.
 It pours oil into the souls of the Lord's sons of toil.
 It gives succour to the poor child of God when in a flutter.
 It brings a blessing to those who deserve a curse.
 It brings riches to the bankrupt sinner.

It brings honey, without any money.

It contains the greatest blessings for the greatest sinners.

It is of the greatest use when the believer is suffering from the world's abuse.

It contains a mine of jewels to those who, in spiritual things, feel themselves poor tools.

Those who have been quickened from the dead look to Christ—the living Head—for Gospel bread.

It contains wells that we never empty, and springs that never fail.

It contains pastures that are always green, and a fire that consumes every brier.

It has a cupboard that is always full of bread, and cellars full of the choicest wine.

It has a medicine-chest full of healing medicines, and gives instructions how to use them.

When its saving power is known and felt in the soul, it makes the thief honest, the intemperate temperate, the liar truthful, the foolish wise, the weak strong, the covetous liberal, the hard heart soft, the proud humble, and the self-willed submissive to its Divine order

Letbury.

F. F.

A SPLENDID CHAPTER.

EPHESIANS ii.

Beginning with Regeneration and ending with Glory.

EMBODYPING—

REGENERATION.—“You hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins” (ver. 1).

UNREGENERACY.—“The spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience” (ver. 2).

MERCY.—“But God, who is rich in mercy” (ver. 4).

LOVE.—“For His great love wherewith He loved us” (ver. 4).

SALVATION.—“By grace are ye saved” (ver. 5).

UNION.—“Made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus” (ver. 6).

GRACE.—“For by grace are ye saved” (ver. 8).

FAITH.—“Through faith, and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God” (ver. 8).

FRUITS.—“Not of works, lest any man should boast” (ver. 9).

BLOOD.—“But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by His blood” (ver. 13).

ATONEMENT.—“And that He might reconcile both unto God in one body by the cross” (ver. 16).

TRINITY.—“For through Him, we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father” (ver. 18).

RELATIONSHIP.—“Fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God” (ver. 19).

GLORY.—“An habitation of God through the Spirit” (ver. 20).

DEAR READER.—Ponder over this sublime chapter of God's Word, and may the Spirit of Truth bless it to your soul!

Woodbury, Wanstead.

G. C.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE Commission appointed to consider the question of Sunday postal labour has issued its report. It states that:—"Doubtless, in the interests of the letter-carriers, it might well be wished that all could be relieved wholly from work on Sundays;" but it seems to regard this as practically impossible, and recommends, first, that a "Sunday rural post shall be taken off, if the receivers of two-thirds of the letters for the district desire its discontinuance;" secondly, that "no Sunday rural post shall be put on unless the receivers of two-thirds of the letters for the district desire its establishment, or (as the case may be) its restoration;" thirdly, "For the relief and benefit of such of the post messengers performing arduous work as may still be required to travel on Sunday, we would recommend that, whenever possible, all messengers who travel as many as fourteen miles daily in the performance of their official work on week-days, should, by the employment of a substitute at the expense of the department, be entirely relieved from work on every alternate Sunday, whether such Sunday work be heavy or light." This last mentioned recommendation, it is said, will, if adopted, cost £4,500 a-year. We are glad to hear of these recommendations, and hope that they will be carried out, although we cannot see why postal labour on the Sabbath should not be done away with altogether. As the *Rock* very well observes:—"Considering that the great Post Office of London is closed on that day, and that the vast modern Babylon, with a population equal to the whole of Scotland, enjoys majestic repose in so far as the delivery of letters is concerned on the Sabbath-day, it seems passing strange that so much postal labour should exist on Sabbaths throughout the provinces. It is an evil thing in itself that so many men in Great Britain should thus be forcibly deprived more or less of their Sabbath rest. It must be very evil in its consequences, considering the corrupting tendency of a life in which the law of God is not strictly observed. The privation, moreover, of sacred rest and Christian ordinances in the case of men to whom such important public and private interests are committed is peculiarly objectionable; and, when we think to what an extent the Sabbath Post Office calls into requisition the work of the Sabbath railways, and the letter deliveries of the Post Office set in motion other wheels of labour and business, it is quite manifest that an immense amount of unnecessary Sabbath profanation must spring from this one source. The men of the Post Office, besides, being the servants of the community, our responsibility in the matter is great, and the duty of all to seek to abate or remove the evil becomes peculiarly evident."

One of the most remarkable receptions which has probably ever been given to a political leader, was given to Mr. Disraeli on his recent visit to Manchester. The enthusiasm displayed was wonderful. The procession was more than two hours in its passage through the streets, which were lined with enthusiastic spectators, although rain fell incessantly. The horses were taken from the carriage, and it was drawn by a number of volunteers. The Pomona Temple, one of the largest edifices in the country, and capable of holding from 30,000 to 40,000 persons, was densely filled and more than two hundred addresses were presented to Mr. Disraeli.

Strikes are becoming more prevalent than ever. Agricultural labourers are taking advantage of them, and even schoolmasters are showing a disposition to imitate their example. The subject is a very difficult one; in some cases working men seem to be very badly paid, and it is most desirable that their condition in this respect should be improved; but in other cases they are very well paid, and yet they are dissatisfied, combining together to exact terms which may be a serious injury to trade and a great detriment to their employers. Respecting the agricultural strike, a long letter has been published from "S. G. O." He points out that this movement has begotten an element of disturbance in the whole economy of estate management, which can only be allayed by a complete reconsideration of the entire relations between landowner, tenant, and labourer. One of the greatest dangers to all concerned, he fears, is that this strife may beget angry, bitter recrimination of class against class.

We are glad to see that Mr. George Mackey, the Protestant lecturer, has at last been released from prison, after having been incarcerated there for fifteen months (three for circulating the "Confessional Unmasked," and twelve for refusing to find bail for twelve months, against the repetition of what he held to be no offence). Upon his liberation a party of clergymen and others received him outside the prison gates, and escorted him to the George Hotel, Winchester, to luncheon. We learn from a newspaper report, that "The speeches made on the occasion were warmly vindictory of Mr. Mackey and condemnatory of Popery and Ritualism. Among other letters expressive of sympathy, there was one from Mr. Newdegate, M.P. Mr. Mackey was presented with a travelling bag, on which was the following inscription:—'Presented to Mr. George Mackey, on his liberation, April 3, 1872, from an unjust imprisonment of fifteen months for righteousness' sake, in Winchester Gaol: as a token of sincere and affectionate sympathy and esteem from a few of his Christian friends.' Texts quoted—1 Tim. i. 9; Acts xii. 5. Mr. Mackey, in the course of a very vigorous and even eloquent address, thanked his friends for their great kindness to him, and felt supported by their recognition of his character and conduct. Another crowded meeting was held at the Gymnasium in the evening. A Bible and Prayer Book were presented to Mr. Mackey, and very valuable testimonials will be given him in London. An address, beautifully written and engrossed, was read by the Chairman, and given to Mr. Mackey, expressing sympathy with him in the sufferings he had endured."

Dr. Döllinger, of Munich, is speaking out in a most remarkable manner. In his latest lectures in the University of Munich he openly acknowledged the merit of Luther, whom he called the greatest genius, an intellectual Titan, and one of the best men Germany ever possessed. While, he said, Luther spoke inspired by the Spirit, his adversaries only stammered; while he purified the Church, Rome sank deeper and deeper in corruption. In point of fact, Döllinger approved most things Luther had done, only blaming his abrogating the Episcopal office, and thereby breaking the continuity of Apostolical succession. His observations respecting the Papacy were equally striking. "The Papacy," he freely asserted, "is based upon an audacious falsification of Biblical history. A forgery in its very outset, it has during the long years of its existence exercised a pernicious influence upon Church and State alike." Respecting the Jesuits, he said, "Their very breath is more deadly than pestilence."

To Germany especially they have proved a worse enemy than the Turks and the Huns. They plunged this country into the 'Thirty Years' War,' which destroyed two-thirds of its inhabitants, and left it weak and divided against itself for a couple of centuries. They involved the Hapsburgs in the suicidal policy which could not but end in their exclusion from Germany. They cheated Spain of her world-wide dominion, sacrificed Poland, and so utterly degraded the Gallican Church that the political humiliation of France became a mere question of time." To these censures was added the certain conviction that, freeing themselves from Pope and Loyola, the German Catholics would some day join their Protestant compatriots, and establish an undivided national Church extending from the borders of Russia to the confines of France. It will be easily understood that these lectures of the venerable Professor have created a sensation.

A most objectionable Bill is now before Parliament, entitled the "Religious Disabilities Abolition Bill." Its object is to open the positions of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lord Chancellor of England to Roman Catholics; and it further proposes to repeal the clauses of the Emancipation Act of 1829, whereby the residence of Jesuits and members of the other male orders of the Church of Rome in this country is rendered illegal; and further, to repeal the ancient statute against Superstitious Uses,—which is chiefly directed to prevent the dedication of property to these Orders in mortmain, that is in perpetuity. All true Protestants ought boldly and perseveringly to oppose this Bill, for its evil consequences, if it be allowed to pass, may be very serious.

The conduct of the Government with regard to the claims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy has again become very suspicious. The University of Dublin was founded by Queen Elizabeth as a Protestant University, but Roman Catholic students have been admitted into it without any interference with their religious opinions, and with all the advantages afforded to other students, except that they have not been admitted into the governing body. Mr. Fawcett has brought forward a Bill—this year for the second time—to abolish even this last remaining restriction, and to throw open even the governing body to the Romanists. But this does not content them; they want nothing less than a university founded for themselves; one which shall be exclusively their own, in addition to the college of Maynooth. And, sad to see, the Premier of England truckles to them. He does not speak out boldly and plainly, but he sufficiently indicates his meaning. As the *Times* observes:—"The Premier has simply sanctioned the most extreme complaints of the Roman Catholic agitators, and has afforded no indication whatever of the means by which he will allay the agitation he has fanned."

Further particulars reach us respecting the rescue of Dr. Tristram and his party. Mr. Cook states, in a letter to the *Times*, speaking of a meeting which was held in the Prussian Consulate in Jerusalem:—"There were present about thirty ladies and gentlemen to hear the Doctor's thrilling story, in which were given the chief events of a seven weeks' tour from the southern to the northern points of the Dead Sea, and far into the interior of a country hitherto unexplored, and not correctly indicated by any existing maps. The party started under the escort of Abû Dhaoók, a trustworthy sheik of Hebron, who had a rather severe encounter with a large party of almost naked and rabid Bedouins, before they got into the clutches of Imdjally, a notorious sheik of Keruk,

whose influence prevails over a great extent of country. With professions of friendship and protection, this sheik made captives of the party, and held them for a ransom of £600 for four days. But in the meantime they managed to get a letter conveyed by an Arab to Mr. Consul Moore, of this city, and in about twenty-four hours a troop of soldiers was collected from Jerusalem and Nablous, who soon got within a day's march of Keruk, where they learnt that the tyrant had heard of their approach and had liberated his prisoners at the low cost, inclusive of other levies, of £65. In another day the troops might have occupied Keruk, and probably secured the sheik; but, on telegraphing to the Pasha of Damascus for instructions, the general officer in command was ordered to retire. But this matter will not end here, and it is not improbable that this event may lead to the opening of the Moabitish region beyond the Jordan and the Dead Sea, to visitors, thus offering a field of new exploration and extraordinary interest. The description given by Dr. Tristram of the region that his party visited north and north-east of Keruk, was of the most attractive character, the mountains and valleys presenting views of extraordinary grandeur, thousands of palms and other trees covering the slopes, and the plains beyond being rich in pasturage, corn, and cattle, miles of camels, sheep, goats, and oxen being seen marching in procession. In Beni Sakhr, the Sheik Faudel Fayez manifested great friendship, and for the opening of the country, which is full of great ruins as well as natural beauties, all that is required is the subjection of the Sheik of Keruk. It is somewhat singular that my own dragoman, Alexander Howard, of Beyrout, under the escort of Abu Dahook, of Hebron, two years ago visited Keruk with a small party of English gentlemen, and was cordially received by Imdjally, who required from them very moderate backsheish."

Miss Whateley's work in Egypt continues to prosper; she gives an interesting description of a gala-day in her school:—"We had the day before yesterday a very cheering and pretty sight, in the recently built school-house in the outskirts of Cairo. The girls' school was transferred from a temporary apartment below to their now completed rooms above stairs, and their mothers were invited to be present, in order to try and assemble some of these ignorant women and excite an interest in them about what their children learnt. On the former occasion (that of the dedication of the schoolhouse and removal of the pupils from the old hired building) only the fathers had been there, as the customs and prejudices of the country prevented the women from appearing in a mixed assembly. Even now, when it was fully understood that the ladies of the family would receive them, and no one else be of the party, the Mohammedans of the better class refused permission to their wives to go, and of the two-and-twenty mothers who responded to our invitation, only about half-a-dozen were Mohammedans, and these quite poor women; the remainder were Copts, with one or two Syrians and a Greek lady, whose child has lately been added to the scholars. There was every variety of dress, from the flowing *tobs* (or loose outdoor dress) of rich blue or yellow, or pink silk, down to the coarse dark mantle of blue cotton or linen worn by the peasants, but the distinctions of rank being much less marked (happily for us) than in northern lands, no difficulty was found in the mixing of different persons, and all saluted each other with great courtesy. When the children were assembled in the large hall, and every mother present had pointed out her own treasure (doubtless thinking her the flower of

the flock), sherbet and coffee were served, with plates of native sugar-plums, which were then distributed to the girls. After a good deal of desultory talk to the different little groups, I proposed that they should hear the children read aloud. The older girls then read the history of the birth of Moses from Exodus, and by a few questions I drew forth some little explanations for the sake of the far more ignorant mothers. Amongst others, one was asked, 'Who did Moses say God would raise up a long time after him?' Answer—'One greater than himself.' And who was that? 'Jesus Christ.' The next class were then desired to read part of the 1st chapter of St. John's Gospel, and I said to the women, 'Now we will hear of Him, who was greater than Moses.' Some questions and explanations were given on this also, then the little ones repeated their infant Catechism, and the writing and embroidery were displayed. It must be confessed that the latter accomplishment was more within their powers to appreciate, as not one of the women, high or low, could tell one letter from another, but they really seemed pleased; and even one of the poorest—a Moslem widow, whose two little girls had been sent to the school, to please a wealthy Syrian lady to whom she acted as servant—exclaimed, 'Praise God for all this, it is all good, and I give you my children; and Fatmeh and Zohra are now only for my lady and for you!' All indeed appeared pleased, and every one admired the spacious, lofty rooms, and clean, new benches, and the general arrangements of the whole. It was impossible to have a regular address, or anything like evident teaching among a party of this kind, especially as Moslems were present, who are very difficult to manage, and easily take flight from a Christian assembly. But by means of questions to their children and a few earnest observations addressed to each little group in turn, trying to show them our great object, and the desire that by God's mercy the children might meet in a better and larger assembly than any earthly one; there was an upholding of the banner of the truth, and some responded with apparent interest. All were still while the Lord's Prayer was softly and reverently repeated by the whole band of scholars, and after this the children were dismissed, and the mothers by degrees followed. Many of the better class lingered, however, to smoke a paper cigar, and chat."

REVIEW.

The Use of a Child. By the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A. London: W. Macintosh, Paternoster Row.

A FIRST-RATE Tract. It ought to be in the hands of every parent in the kingdom. Having read it with intense pleasure ourselves, we thought we could not do better than at once go and read it at our Monday's Mothers' Meeting. From forty-five to fifty were assembled, and seldom (if ever) was a tract listened to with deeper interest. Thousands (we doubt not) will rise from the perusal of this little work with very different views to what they ever held about "the use of a child."

IN heaven there are no prayers, but all praises. I am apt to think that there cannot be a clearer nor a greater argument of a man's right to heaven and ripeness for heaven than this—being much in the work of heaven here on earth. There is no grace but love, and no duty but thankfulness, that goes with us to heaven.—Brooks.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 78,
NEW SERIES. }

JUNE 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,278,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

THE LORD HIMSELF THE HOPE OF HIS PEOPLE, AND THEIR HELPER AND DELIVERER.

"And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee."—Ps. xxxix. 7.

WHAT an unspeakable mercy it is, dear reader, to be able to look up to the Lord—to appeal to the Lord—to refer all to the Lord: but this is a mercy only to be obtained through the medium and discipline of trial, and exercise of keen and heart-crushing weights and cares and anxieties. It is easily talked of, but not so easily reduced to practice. And even with respect to those who know some little of it, it is only occasionally—just now and then—realized in its fulness and blessedness and satisfaction.

This simple looking to the Lord, and the Lord alone—this appealing to Him, and Him only—is an attendant upon creature disappointments, and human and fleshly defeats. It is when man fails that the Lord flees to the aid of His poor and dispirited ones. He brings His wisdom, and goodness, and love, and power, to bear upon the wreck and ruin of vainly-imagined creature-forethought and creature-strength. There must be proof and evidence of the latter in order to make room for the richer, fuller, and more blessed display of the former, so that God may emphatically become manifestively and beyond all doubt, "the all in all." He will not "give His glory to another, nor His praise to graven images." He will not share His honour with the creature. He will not concede to man one iota of that which belongs alone to *Himself*.

To secure this, and to prove verily and unmistakably that He is only taking to Himself that which belongs to Himself, both in the dispensations of His providence and in the rich economy of His grace, He allows matters to go on and to reach such and such a climax, ere He, in a marked and merciful manner, interposes, so that by that

interposition He—and He alone—should establish His rightful prerogative and absolute power and irresistible control, in making “darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain.”

We repeat, dear reader, that these things are easily written, spoken of, or read; but the test—the proof—the realization—is a totally different thing. The reducing these all-important verities to positive, every-day, heartfelt experience, involves an amount of trial and anxiety, solicitude and concern, which must be felt in order to be understood. That Scripture best expresses it, “The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy.” Again, there is another most cheering portion, “He knoweth the way that I take; and when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.”

It may be that some reader may object, and say, “But it is the *succession* which I feel; it is the ever constant *repetition* in regard to the continually fresh trials, temptations, and afflictions which day by day present themselves.” Suffer us, dear reader, in reply, to ask—and we put the question to our own hearts at the same time we propose it to you—Do you feel yourself to be in a position, or to have attained a standing, in which you discover you can do with less trial or temptation or affliction, than you have? In other words, Do you imagine yourself to have reached such a standard of experience, that you can maintain such an amount of spirituality and unearthliness, heavenly-mindedness and fleshly crucifixion, that you can now dispense with those means and that discipline, through and by which, instrumentally, the Lord was pleased aforetime to carry on His work in the soul?

We have not a doubt that, if the reader be in a really-healthy state of soul, and is led by the Holy Ghost into a daily discovery and heartfelt apprehension of the real character of the flesh, and the totally-bankrupt condition of his first-Adam nature, he feels, and is prepared to acknowledge, that trials and afflictions are as needful for him, in order that true spiritual life may be nourished and maintained, as is the food of which he partakes indispensable for the support of his poor frail body. The one can no more be done without spiritually than the other naturally. Yea, we unhesitatingly affirm—and that upon the ground of long and painful experience—that there is an absolute “needs be that we should be in heaviness through manifold temptations, that the *trial* of our faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, should be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.” Nor were they merely idle words which Jesus, in His parting message to His disciples, spoke, when He said, “In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good comfort, I have overcome the world.” Again we read, “It is through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom.” “What are these, and whence came they? These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

Moreover, we are equally sure that the dear child of God, in looking

back and retracing his pathway, will be equally ready to declare, that every trial through which he had been called to pass; that every temptation by which he had been assailed; that every affliction with which he had been familiar, was absolutely essential, and positively and most unmistakably indispensable. Hence he will be prepared to justify the Lord for every feature and every phase of the discipline to which he has been subjected; and not only will he declare, "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that in faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me;" but he will declare, too, that the self-same infinitely-wise, ever-gracious, and all-bountiful Lord "has done *all* things well." His testimony shall not admit of the veriest exception. There shall be no qualification whatever. There shall be no "if," nor "but," but it shall be a full, large, comprehensive, unexceptionable, unqualified declaration, that "**HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.**"

Dear reader, we write thus upon the thirty-eighth anniversary of one of the most sacred and important days of our little eventful life, and this is our calm, deliberate, unhesitating testimony for God and truth; this our personal, heartfelt, and grateful declaration with respect to Himself and His dealings, altogether varied as those dealings have been to our preconceived thoughts, conceptions, and desires. Moreover, we believe that, if we were at this moment called to give up our stewardship, and to pass immediately into an unseen and eternal world, this would be our plain and unqualified testimony.

But with this we must add, according to what we before said, that we believe personally—nay, we are thoroughly sure—that trial and exercise and anxiety of some sort are as necessary for us, in a spiritual point of view, as the very air we breathe is essential and indispensable in a natural sense. However or whatever it may be with others, we know one only too intimately and too well not to be thoroughly aware that a crook or a cross cannot be done without. One or the other he *must* have. Otherwise, the most wretched lifelessness or lightness, heaviness or heartlessness, worldliness or wantonness, would be sure to follow. Therefore, with respect to ourselves, the wish expressed in regard to Job will, we doubt not, be accomplished, namely, "that he might be tried unto the end."

But with the free admission of this positive need of chastisement and trial, and with the full conviction of its known benefit and blessing as regards the past, is it not strange, dear reader, that there should be the same—probably even a greater—shrinking from trial in the future? Does it not prove, moreover, the cowardice and the carnality—the selfishness and the selfwill—of the flesh, in that there should be this hostility to *the Lord's* will and *the Lord's* way, in spite of the conviction, in our better judgment, that that will and that that way must be the best; yea, and that in the issue we shall see and acknowledge the fact in reference to the *future* as we now do with respect to the *past*? What can more fully prove the deadly antagonism of the fleshly or carnal mind to all that is Godlike than this? And, if this be the daily exercise of the Lord's own children, with all their

acknowledged recognition of His wisdom and grace, love and mercy, as personally realized, how readily can we account for the hostility and the rebellion of those who have had no experience personally of the Lord's special manifestations, in a way of Fatherly love, Parental kindness, and supernatural leading and teaching, guidance and care! In a word, what child of God has a stone to cast against the vilest transgressor upon the earth? In fact, if it were to please God (as He alone could) to transfer that vile transgressor in a moment from the very climax of all his worldliness and gaiety and sin into the sweetness and the blessedness, the peace and the joy of a redeemed and Spirit-quicken soul, all his previous delight and misdeeds pleasure would, by comparison, be naught—yea, worse than a blank. Moreover, as yet ignorant of the pilgrim's life and warfare between the carnal and the spiritual, the old Adam nature and the new Adam nature, such a translated worldling would be ready to censure and reproach such pilgrim for his want of gratitude, and his lack of a more becoming appreciation of the goodness and the mercy and the love of which he had so sovereignly been made the partaker.

But we pass on to consider more immediately the words of the Psalmist, "*And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee.*"

In the foregoing verses of this remarkable Psalm, the Psalmist had been giving a summary of his observation and experience, which in substance was precisely in accordance with the testimony of his son Solomon, after him, who, as the result of all his personal efforts to find satisfaction and enjoyment in things of earth, declared all to be "vanity of vanities." Notwithstanding the variety and the intensity of his efforts to find in the world and from the world that which might meet and satisfy the cravings of his heart, he was compelled to say of each new attainment and of every freshly-acquired pleasure, "This also is vanity." In like manner the Psalmist says, in immediate connexion with our text, "Man walketh in a vain show; he disquieteth himself in vain. He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them."

What, dear reader, can be more true than this? Is there not every-day proof of the fact? Do we not continually see men devoting their almost every moment and bring to bear their every thought and their entire energy upon the attainment of position and the accumulation of wealth; and yet, in confirmation of the warnings of the Word of God and the practical admonitions of Divine Providence, do we not see continually one and another and another called away as in a moment? "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," is again and again spoken to the poor previously thoughtless, careless sinner; and, in spite of himself and all his toils and pains-taking, he is to be one by whom that Scripture is to be proved and illustrated, "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them." We repeat, Can anything be more true? and yet, in the face of every-day positive and undeniable facts, men go heedlessly on and on, as if no such facts occurred. Oh, how powerful must be the hold which Satan

thus retains upon the human heart! How spell-bound and fearfully and fatally deluded are men in a state of unregeneracy! What short of a Divine power can break their bonds and snap their fetters?

Oh, that the Lord would be pleased to make any poor words of ours instrumental in leading men to discover Satan's craft and deceit and treachery in the whiles and artifices he thus employs for the captivating and ensnaring and (if Divine grace interpose not) the final destruction of poor hapless men! Better far a myriad times be among the Lord's poor and despised in this world than among those who have their portion in this life, and who comprise some of those who "heap up riches, and know not who shall gather them." How sweet and how salutary is the petition, dear reader, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny Thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain" (Prov. xxx. 8, 9). The Psalmist, having thus given utterance to what had been the result and effect upon his own mind of his observations upon the conduct and practice of others, turns his thoughts to his own condition and circumstances, and then makes his solemn appeal to the heart-searching, rein-trying God, "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" As much as to say, "I have seen the total failure of all else. Every effort put forth upon the part of my poor fellow-man, assume what form that effort may, or brought to bear upon whatsoever object, defeat and disappointment in the issue I find to be a reality. There is no disputing or denying it. It is an inevitable consequence. And seeing and feeling this—most fully and decidedly at a point about this matter—I come now to ask myself this all-important question, as before Thee, who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men: 'And now, Lord, what wait I for?' Why, Lord, here—and here alone—is my answer—'*my hope is in Thee.*' All other hopes and all other expectations have failed, and come absolutely and entirely to nought. It is to Thyself and from Thyself alone I look for, plead for, and venture to expect, succour and deliverance."

May 6th, 1872.

Thus far, dear reader, had we written, as previously stated in connexion with the thirty-eighth anniversary of one of the most important days of our little eventful life, when a trial befel us which served to intensify the thoughts previously expressed about being thrown into positions and brought into circumstances wherein to feel that the Lord—and the Lord alone—is the Helper of His people: a position wherein the Lord's troubled ones are prompted and compelled to say with the Psalmist, "My soul, *wait thou ONLY upon God*, for my expectation is *from Him.*" Ah, beloved, however disappointing or mortifying such positions may be to our poor, proud, carnal hearts, yet how sweet and how blessed they are, nevertheless, to *faith*, and how they conduce, under the gracious leading of the Holy Ghost, to a looking off from the creature, and to a betaking one's-self afresh and entirely, to the Lord! What a blessing has thus been

brought to the soul, instrumentally, through some fleshly defeat or creature disappointment, leading the tried and tempest-tossed one into a still sweeter, larger, and more comprehensive realization of the simple but glorious fact, that, while "vain is the help of man," God—"even our own God"—is a "very present help in trouble."

Dear reader, there was a little incident in connexion with the perplexity and disappointment to which we just now referred which we cannot but name. As we walked along a crowded thoroughfare, thinking upon the Lord's peculiar leadings and dealings, just in advance of us were a mother and child. The little one, it would seem, was striving to carry a something which appeared to be too much for her, for, at the moment of our passing, the mother exclaimed, "*Well, I must carry you and it, too.*" Thought we, "That's precisely what the Lord does. He says that He will carry both His people and their burdens, too." "Cast thy burden on the Lord," says His own blessed Word, "and He will sustain thee." "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." "Commit thy way unto the Lord: trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

Dear reader, what can the Lord say more than He has said, in order to show forth His love to His people, His interest in them, and His readiness to be to them and for them all that they can possibly need, both for time and eternity—in life and in death?

The exercise, moreover, into which we were so suddenly and unexpectedly thrown—and we thank God it was an exercise having entirely to do with His own work—was the means of bringing vividly to mind the annexed lines:—

"Through fire and flood she goes,
A weakling, more than strong,
Vents in His bosom all her woes,
And, *leaning*, moves along."

One of the most striking illustrations of *leaning* we ever remember to have met with occurred some five-and-forty years ago at Southampton. One fine spring or summer's day we were walking round the pretty shady path which then skirted the beach now occupied by the Southampton docks, when we saw just in advance of us a gentleman far gone in consumption, *leaning* upon his servant-man. He was too weak to walk, or apparently even to stand, alone; and yet, being anxious for exercise in the sweet balmy air, he was thus seeking to embrace it. Hence he was walking (if walking it may be called) in a reclining position; that is, almost his entire weight was resting upon his attendant: they moved as slowly as possible along very much in the form of the letter **A** reversed thus, for whilst the gentleman leaned his entire frame upon his servant, the servant had to lean towards his master, in order to bear him up, and, at the same time, gently to push him forward.

Thought we, That's precisely the condition of the Church, the bride, the Lamb's wife, as day by day and moment by moment she "comes up from the wilderness, *leaning upon the Beloved.*" Times without

number, dear reader, have we, during the last five-and-forty years, thought of that scene; aye, and we have mentally again and again asked the question, "Where is that poor gentleman now? Long, long since gone to his account; but where is he? Is he with the Lord, or in that place where hope never comes?"

Reader, pardon the digression. Again would we contemplate the words: "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" Ah! what indeed, as far as the world and creatures are concerned? What can satisfy of earth? What fill the naturally-craving, restless heart of man? Nothing—nothing—here. All must fail to do so. The more he has the more he wants, and the less satisfied he is. This is an undeniable fact—a verity beyond all dispute. Since we commenced this article, we heard of one who said, "I will begin to give away as soon as I can live upon the interest which the interest of my capital bears." He went on amassing and accumulating until he was able to live upon the interest of the interest of the interest of his capital; so that he far exceeded his intentions and expectations; but, instead of fulfilling his resolutions, was more penurious than ever. Such facts are very solemn, and may well lead the Lord's people to "cease from man;" and, in connexion with the all-important inquiry, "What wait I for?" to declare, "My hope is in Thee."

Ah, dear reader, hopes and expectations based upon *this* foundation will never—no, never—fail. The Lord will never disappoint nor deceive His people with respect to hopes and expectations that have emanated from Himself, and which return to and centre in Himself. They may be—and frequently are—disappointed and deceived in regard to certain hopes and expectations which are the offspring of their own wishes or imagination, or which may have been instilled into them by the father of lies when transforming himself into an angel of light; but the feeble desires, humble hopes, and modest expectations which the Lord Himself has enkindled in the hearts of His dear people shall never be put to confusion. They may be encompassed by difficulty and fraught with discouragement; they may bear the stamp of death upon them, as to human probability or creature prospect; but He who "worketh all things after the counsel of His own will," takes His own time and adopts His own means, will never allow of defeat, nor subject His hoping ones to disappointment. No, never!

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
He'll never—no, never—desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

Moreover, it is a sweet thought, beloved, that forgotten, and completely passed away from the remembrance, as thousands upon thousands of the hopes and expectations and desires of the Lord's people have done, so that there is on their part not the veriest thought or anticipation of their fulfilment; yet those very hopes and expectations and desires have, nevertheless, not passed out of *the Lord's*

remembrance. No, blessed be His name! emanating as they did from Himself, they are treasured up in His loving heart, to be fulfilled and accomplished, in His own time and in His own way, to the glory of His own great name, and to the astonishment, admiration, and overwhelming gratitude and satisfaction of His now poor and needy ones.

We fancy we hear one and another of these poor and needy ones say, "And can it be possible—is there indeed the veriest ground of hope—that certain thoughts and feelings and desires which now and then—perhaps only for a few moments—have possessed my heart, shall ever issue in accomplishment and fulfilment?" We answer, yes, verily they shall, provided they were not desires for fleshly gratification or human pleasure, but, on the contrary, were directed to the Lord Himself, and embraced a wish and a longing for a clearer knowledge of Himself—conformity to His will—and nearer, sweeter, and more blessed access to Himself! If this were incorporated in your hopes and expectations and desires, verily they shall be granted. No felt unworthiness—no creature barrier—no fleshly obstacle—no Satan-wrought hindrance—no unbelieving doubts and fears, shall ever eclipse or nullify that precious truth, "All my desires are before Thee; and my groanings are not hid from Thee."

Lastly, dear reader, who can estimate the unspeakable blessedness of that man—poor as he may be in the world, and looked upon, as probably he is, with contempt and indifference by the haughty, the affluent, and the purse-proud—who is privileged, at the same time, to be simply looking to the Lord—leaning upon the Lord—and, as the heart-searching and rein-trying God, appealing to Him, in the language of our text, with a, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in Thee?" Oh, how blessed is the assurance, "The expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever!" "The Lord heareth the poor and despiseth not His prisoners."

Finally, beloved, when the trials and turmoil of this poor mortal life are all but at an end (and how soon—yea, how very, very soon—will that be), when the eternal morn is just breaking; when the climax of all blessedness is about to be realized in the eternal smile of a Saviour's loved and loving countenance; when "the hope that is laid up for us in heaven" is about to be possessed, and the fulness and fruition of everlasting and uninterrupted blessedness is about to be enjoyed; how well, as a parting word to a wearisome world, and the summing up of earth's temptations and travail, may we exclaim:—

"When life sinks apace and death is in view,
The word of His grace shall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting, 'The Lord will provide.'"

Dear reader, "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace, in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." So prays

Yours to serve in the Gospel of His dear Son,
St. Luke's, Bedfordminster, May 8, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

Wayside Notes.

EBB AND FLOW.

"As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."—
2 CORINTHIANS VI. 9—10.

WHAT a cluster of paradoxes to the world we have here! but expressing a varied state of soul-experience well understood by the family of God—"As unknown, and yet well known." And is not this often so literally? Some of the choicest of God's saints live in the humblest abodes; the world knows nothing of them, and cares nothing for them; but they are jewels in the diadem of a Saviour's glory. Beloved, we could take you by the hand and lead you into quiet nooks and by-lanes, where, upon a bed of sickness, you would find trophies of divine grace, all well known to the Lord. It is in the shade of an unfrequented country lane that the sweetest violets grow; and some of the choicest things in nature are hidden, and, to be obtained, have to be searched out. So with the Lord's own: often unknown, hidden and concealed, they yet live a life fragrant before the Lord, and are treasures in His sight. Our precious Lord, when on earth, had His unknown yet well-known ones, and we have often thought the loved family at Bethany were probably His very dearest friends. Leaving the busy Jerusalem, with its crowds of scribes and Pharisees, He would wend His way to the quiet home of Martha and Mary and Lazarus. There was always a welcome for Him there; and the details of one memorable visit He paid them are full of import to the children of God. Martha had busied herself about her household affairs, her great aim being to show her regard to her Saviour by having everything in order and her table well spread for the Master's comfort. But Mary was of the stamp of those who, wholly absorbed in spiritual desires after Jesus, care little for eating and drinking. She would sigh,—

"Oh, Master, when Thou comest, it is always
A Sabbath in the house—I cannot work;
I must sit at Thy feet; must see Thee—hear Thee!
I have a feeble, wayward, doubting heart,
Incapable of endurance or great thoughts;
And only when I hear Thee am I happy;
And only when I see Thee am at peace.
Thy presence is enough—I ask no more,
Only to be with Thee; only to see Thee
Sufficeth me: my heart is then at rest."

Ah! Mary, thou art right; it is indeed "a Sabbath in the house" when the Master is present, and no joy is comparable to that of sitting at His feet, and drinking in His words of comfort and love. And, in thinking of the sweet character of Mary, we are reminded of one who we had the privilege of knowing, and who always made us think of her. We allude to that chaste and richly-taught saint of God, the late Ruth Bryan. Being at the time on a visit to the inestimable Lady Lucy Smith, she proposed our going to see her. Cheerfully did we accede; and, wending

our way through the antique village of Wilford to the water side, we were ferried across that flowing river which Kirk White was wont to call "The silver Trent," we soon plunged into the ins and outs of the town of Nottingham. In a cold and bricky-looking house in one of the busy parts of the town we found the object of our search. Simplicity marked everything we saw; the room—the furniture—the apparel of the dear one—was all simple and neat, but sublimity shone in her conversation—she breathed Christ in every sentence; and never did we feel such a babe in grace in any one's presence as in hers. To be silent was our position, while we listened enraptured to her talk about her Beloved. Here was one of the Lord's choice ones—unknown by the world, but well known by Him, and living in that close fellowship with Jesus, day by day and hour by hour, that few attain to this side of the grave. Still, while we cannot attain to this, it is a sweet mercy to gain some visits of Jesus by the way—to feel it is a Sabbath in the house when He is there, and to be reckoned among those whom the Apostle describes as "unknown, and yet well known;" and yet, probably, here he did not merely refer to the outward state and position of the child of God in this world, so much as to their eternal and spiritual state; for herein indeed are they a myth and a mystery to the ungodly, who cannot understand spiritual things at all; and no marvel, "for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto Him; neither can He know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And yet, in the various exercises of their souls, the people of God are "well known" to the Lord. "*I know my sheep,*" *He hath said.* Yes, blessed be His dear name, Christ well knows every one of them for whom He died, and He glories in this knowledge before the Father: "All mine are Thine, and Thine are mine, and we are glorified in them." And, although infinite space may separate Saviour from saint—the one down in the depths on earth, and the other up in the heights of heaven—yet, as infinite space is nothing to omnipresence, He is as much with His earth-bound ones, though to them unseen, as He is with His glorified ones, by whom He is well seen. And not merely does He know every one of them, but He knows their condition and case; and He who hath delivered will deliver. And it is remarkable how He does deliver, again and again, when matters seem with us perfectly hopeless. To all human appearance, Peter was fast bound in prison with no hope of escape, chained between two soldiers, the inner and outer doors being locked; but, when the Lord worked his deliverance, neither chains nor soldiers nor barred gates could hold him another moment. Take it, then, dear fellow-tried-one, for your comfort—the Lord well knows you, and all about your case and condition, tears and trials,—and that "unknown, yet well known" aptly expresses your position in this world on the one hand, and your position before God on the other.

But let us go on to the next ebbing and flowing in Divine experience which is before us, namely,—

"*As DYING, AND, BEHOLD, WE LIVE.*"—That the Christian lives "as dying" must indeed be another perplexing paradox to the man of the world, yet is it well understood in daily exercises of soul by the Christian. Christ was crucified: we have not, like Him, to have the body crucified, but still we have to be crucified in the body; we have to realise with Him union as the Man of sorrows, as well as union with Him as the God of glory; and why is it that we cannot read of the sufferings and dying of our precious Redeemer without drawing tears to our eyes? We read

often of others' sufferings, and though to a certain extent we sympathize, yet, generally speaking, we are so accustomed to human woe, that we read of it only as a tale that is told; but, when we think of Him buffeted and led to Calvary, and when we hear as it were His plaintive cry from the cross, "Eloi, Eloi, lama Sabachthani," why does it touch such a tender cord in our hearts? but just because we know that He endured all, and suffered all, and died for us; it comes home, and we feel our sins nailed Him to the cross.

That is a remarkable expression used by the Apostle Paul, "I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." He might have meant personally, through his varied sufferings for Christ's sake, he had endured much with the regard to the body, but we think the expression is also applicable to all the Lord's dear people who, in the trials and exercises of soul they pass through, become partakers with Christ of His sufferings. True, it is in a minor and subordinate way, still often as much as they can bear, and would be much more than they could bear, but for supporting grace; yet with it all, "*behold, we live.*" Yes, blessed be the God of our salvation, inspired by the Holy Ghost, we live a supernatural life, hidden in Christ, fed by the Word, and having its fruition in glory; and, if we look back upon the way the Lord has led us, with its many exigencies and multiplied cares, yet in the midst of all, we must exclaim, with grateful acknowledgment, "'Behold, we live:' behold, we remain the living to praise our covenant-keeping God." And the Lord intends that we should thus hold our lives with a loose hand, feeling astonished that, though so undeserving, we are still preserved and upheld by Him. "As dying, and behold, we live."

"Daily sin and care and strife,
While the Lord prolongs our breath,
Make it but a dying life,
Or a kind of living death."

"What a contradiction!" the world might well say—"A living Death!" Ah, beloved, it is none to you; you well know what it means—at least, if your heart-experience throbs with the writer's. And then another ebbing and flowing, well understood by the children of God, is that of being

"CHASTENED, AND NOT KILLED."—Ah! but the chastening is so very sore sometimes, that it seems as if we were very nearly killed; crushed under some afflictive providence, the prostration of soul and spirit is very great, and we cannot so much as lift up our head. True, by ourselves we cannot; but, when the sweet presence of Jesus is vouchsafed, and when He commands the troubled waves of trial to be still, then can we lift up the voice of praise, and cry triumphantly, "No, Satan, we are not killed yet, nor can you kill us; the wheat has been sifted, but not lost; the metal has been cast into the furnace, but only to melt away the dross." And year after year finds us upheld by sovereign grace and mercy. We have thought again and again it must be otherwise; there have been so many things to contend with of a heartfelt character, that we have thought we must give up; but, blessed be the Lord, He will not give us up, and while He holds us we are safe. Oh! how many times in God's Word are we encouraged to review the past, and think of God's upliftings and gracious dealings with us in trials that have been weathered, and are for ever past! And yet this falling back does not give us the confidence with regard to the present and future which one would have thought it would. We are under the present trial as fearful and timid as if we had never encountered a previous one, and been wonderfully delivered; and are driven under every fresh

need as much as ever to our Well-beloved. He keeps us dependent, that again and again we may fly to Him. "Chastened, yet not killed." No, the chastening of the Lord, or sanctified affliction, will never kill us; it may bend the tree to the ground, but it will not break it. The fiery furnace may be seven times heated, and yet not a hair of our head become singed, or even the smell of fire adhere to us. Ah! we have often thought that those who in after-life have the clearest and highest views of the doctrines of grace, are those who have gone deepest into the experience of themselves as sinners. We must go down to get up; be emptied to be filled; be stripped to be clothed; be shipwrecked to be saved. Like Jonah, it is in the depths we learn that "salvation is of the Lord," and it is in the valley of Achor we find a door of hope. So it is, beloved, however severe the discipline, even it may be "chastened every morning," yet not killed; for, though

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

But we pass on to another ebbing and flowing expressed in our passage, namely:—

"**SORROWFUL, YET ALWAYS REJOICING.**"—An absent Lord, a felt unworthiness, a consciousness of guilt, an evil heart of unbelief, a proneness to yield to some besetting sin, the unkind treatment of even fellow-Christians, discouragements by the way, and a temper often manifested which is anything but like Jesus; these, and many other things, make that plaintive word "*sorrowful*" one that aptly describes the Christian's experience; and yet there is an under-current of joy ever flowing; and, touch the right spring, and it will bubble up through all; and our mercy is that our "*sorrowing* is after a godly sort, which is vastly different from that sorrow of the world which worketh death." Yes, beloved, there is something always appearing that will keep us in a sorrowful spirit. It is said of our blessed Lord, He was never known to laugh. His followers must drink into the self-same spirit; yet they shall have cause for wondrous spiritual mirth and joy, and thus become strange characters. How sweetly, under a recent pressure which caused us to be much cast down, did that passage come to us: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God, for thou shalt yet praise Him, who is the health of thy countenance and thy God!" It seemed to come as a tender rebuke from our Lord, and to say to us, "Why are you so forgetful of past mercies, and of my unchanging character? O thou of little faith, wherefore dost thou doubt?" And then among other things that will cause the child of God to be sorrowful, is, *the fear lest after all he should prove a deceiver.* And, when the assertion of our blessed Lord to His disciples at the last supper comes up to view—"One of you shall betray me"—he is led, knowing his own frail heart, to mingle with them, as it were, in the inquiry, "Lord, is it I?" Ah! there was leaning upon that occasion on Jesus' bosom, one whom He loved, and who loved Him. Oh, sweet resting-place! hallowed and sacred repose! so blessedly near to the Redeemer! And yet, even in that enviable position, there was no confidence in self, so that when Simon Peter beckoned to him that he should ask Jesus who it was of whom He spoke, John does not respond, "I am certain it is not me, ask for yourself;" but, in the tenderness of love, yet timidity of heart, that the work of grace produces,

he then, lying on Jesus' breast, saith unto Him, "Lord, is it I?" The real hypocrite had no such misgivings. It was the true lover of Jesus that was fearful of himself, and conscious that the Lord only could keep him in the hour of trial; so it is, he will have to drink deeply into the experience of that word "*sorrowful*."

"I don't like," said a popular preacher of our day, "to hear this world called 'a valley of tears'; it is a beautiful, sunny world." True, everything our Jesus has made is beautiful; but, as He did not make sin, and sin is detestable, he who knows anything of the plague of his own heart will understand what it is to call and to experience this world to be "a valley of tears." It has been our privilege to know very many of the members of the family of God, but we never yet met with one who had not "a crook in the lot." True, one said to us on a bright day, "My course has been one of smoothness and success." We thought at the time, "Then, friend, you have got your sorrow all to come;" and so it proved, for, after this, "deep called unto deep" in his experience, and sanctified affliction took all the boast out of him. So it is, sooner or later, there will be the *crook* in the lot, as sure as there will be the *crown* in the end. But, however much these crooks and crosses by the way may tend to cast us down, yet our confidence may be with Jeremiah, "The Lord will not cast us off for ever; though He cause or permit grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies:" and in the same confidence dear Paul addresses his brethren, "For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ." Mercies will be found to outweigh our miseries; shouts may well quell our sighs; praises soar above our pains; and, though the children of God will find many things in their pilgrimage to make them feel that this world is indeed "a valley of *tears*," they will not be without their triumphs. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

Again we mark a further ebbing and flowing in divine experience; it is—"*POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH*."—Poverty of spirit is a marked characteristic of the grace-taught soul. Feeling that he has nothing, and can do nothing of himself, he is led deeply to acknowledge his poverty and emptiness; and, if at any time he thinks he can pray, and order his language grandly, and put on the great man, the Lord will bring him to nought, and cause him to feel that all his springs are in Christ. If we see a man talkative and confident of his standing, we may suspect his religion; but, when we see one overwhelmed with a sense of his or her own unworthiness—timidly, yet trustfully, laying the hand of faith upon Jesus, using the words, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean"—we need have no fear of the eternal safety of such. Oh! then, my poor brother or sister in the Lord, if you are feeling what a silly, empty thing you are, that you cannot think a right thought, or order your words before the Lord, never mind—your position is far more acceptable to God than the one who thinks himself to be something, and is nothing; indeed, our Lord's assertion is, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Then, again, with regard to the creature. The flesh is not to be depended upon for a moment. It is a humbling lesson for the Christian to consider, that, when our blessed Lord was agonizing in the garden of Gethsemane, and He had asked His disciples to tarry and watch, that no sooner had He gone forward "*sorrowful unto death*," than they gave way to weariness of the flesh, and slept; and, even after He had returned to them, and

tenderly rebuked them, saying, "What! could ye not watch with me for one hour?" yet, while He further agonized, *again they slept*. "Oh! my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." Yet, while He uttered these memorable words, they slept. We may think, "Oh, we would not have done so; we would have watched with Him throughout that momentous hour." Ah! Christian, "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak," and possibly we have no greater instance of the frailty of human nature than this, that the beloved disciple John was one of the three who could not watch with our Saviour in His season of deepest sorrow for even one hour. "And they came to a place which was named Gethsemane; and He saith to His disciples, Sit ye here while I shall pray; and He taketh with Him, Peter, and James, AND JOHN, and found all three asleep." Such is an instance among many that might be given of that poverty, weakness, emptiness, and nothingness of spirit that characterizes the Christian in and of himself; but with it all, when we come to the new life, the Christ dwelling in us, here is power, strength, greatness, and spirituality, and which is developed in this other flowing, "*making many rich*." The Apostle seems here to have had his mind upon the ministry of the word, which, when accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, maketh many rich, and which he and his brethren were the instruments, under God, of proclaiming to poor perishing sinners; and oh! if we become simple dispersers of the word of life, we know that it will "not return unto the Lord void, but shall accomplish that which He pleases, and shall prosper in the thing whereunto He sent it;" and thus shall it be, that, through that word, blessed by the Spirit of God, many a poor one shall be made rich and wise unto salvation. Herein is great encouragement for us to "sow beside all waters," that our blessed Saviour may be glorified.

But we note the closing ebbing and flowing brought before us in our passage, which must indeed be a perfect paradox to the world, namely—"HAVING NOTHING, YET POSSESSING ALL THINGS."—"Having nothing." True, in this life, with regard to natural things, we have nothing that we can hold and call our own; all is lent us by the Lord. Have we health?—it may be gone in a moment; have we wealth?—"riches take to themselves wings and fly away," or else we are taken from them; have we endeared relations?—they waste away, and slip from our fond embrace. We have nothing but what the Lord can take from us when He deems it best for us. So also with regard to spiritual things it is the same; we have nothing in and of ourselves. Ah! beloved, is not just this "having nothing" the lesson so difficult for us to learn, and which is so contrary to flesh-and-blood teaching? That we have something, and can do something, towards our salvation is the order of the day; hence many preach, "You have faith if you would only exercise it, and come to Christ; believe, and all is right," unmindful of the fact that a man can no more believe of himself, than he can create a world; for faith is the gift of God, springing from eternal life, the work of the blessed Spirit of God. "He that believeth *HATH* everlasting life;" and we have thought how this fact is lost sight of in the unbelief of Thomas, an instance so commonly used by Arminian preachers. When our blessed Lord appeared in the midst of the company of disciples in that upper room, and showed them His hands and His side, rejoicing thereby their hearts ere He disappeared, He said unto them, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost;" but, mark, *Thomas* was not with them; therefore, when they merely told him of it, he was incredulous, but he was no

longer so when our Lord appeared unto Him also, and showed Himself to him as He had to the others. No, the revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ made him exclaim, with believing joy, "My Lord and my God!" So it ever must be in the work of salvation brought home to the soul; the first act must be with the Lord, as everything else must be of a spiritual character; and when the "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" is realized, then follows faith, and with overwhelmed feelings of gratitude and joy we can say, "*My Lord and my God.*" Having nothing, then, is the first thing we must learn in divine experience.

"Empty and bare I come to Thee
For righteousness divine,
Oh, may Thy matchless mercy be
By imputation mine!"

We can only repent as the Lord gives us the grace of repentance, and the Holy Spirit melts our spirits in contrition before God under a sense of our manifold sins. And so, all along the pathway, if we think we have something and can do something, we shall be like Noah's dove that could find no rest for the sole of her foot; but, when we find our refuge in Christ—the true Ark of the Covenant—then have we all things and abound. Some have made the most solemn vows that henceforth they will do this and do the other, but it is all as one "beating the air;" the first temptation oft makes void their vows, and scatters their good resolutions. The only thing the poor sinner can depend upon, in the shape of oaths and vows, is the covenant of God ordered in all things and sure; but, however poor and empty the Christian may be in himself, having Christ he possesseth all things. In Him every want will find its satisfaction, every need its supply, every sin its cleansing, every care its relief, every storm its calm, every sorrow its consolation, every burden its support, every sigh its solace, and every tear its triumph: indeed, language fails to set forth His excellencies; we can only sum them up in four expressive words—Jesus is "*All and in all.*" There is nothing out of Christ for a poor sinner to rejoice in—there is everything in Christ he wants for time and for eternity.

Oh, precious, precious Jesus! let me become more absorbed in Thee, and may all Thy blood-bought family be increasingly wrapt up in Thy beauty and love, and feel that, while "having nothing" in themselves, they have all things in Thee and abound!

In conclusion, beloved, we have been dealing with many a strange paradox to the world, but we believe we have been expressing a language well understood by the child of God, for these "ebbings and flowings" make up the pilgrimage of his life, nor will there be any cessation thereof till he arrives safely home. We cannot go to heaven in satin slippers, but, as soldiers of the cross, will have to fight hard all the way against the world, the flesh, and the devil. But, blessed be God, we fight under the triumphant banner of King Jesus, and shall come off more than conquerors through Him who hath loved us; as dear Hart expresses it—

"'Tis to credit contradictions,
Talk with Him one never sees,
Cry and groan beneath afflictions,
Yet to dread the thought of ease.
"'Tis to feel the fight against us,
Yet the victory hope to gain,

To believe that Christ has cleansed us,
Though the leprosy remain."

May the Lord the Spirit bless, beloved, these apparent paradoxes and experimental "ebbings and flowings" to your souls' comfort and joy, and Jesus shall have all the praise!—Amen.

Wanstead, Essex.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

LABOURERS, ARTISANS, AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF THE BIBLE.

BEFORE proceeding with our subject, it seems desirable to explain what, at first sight, appears a very trivial misprint in our former paper (April No. of GOSPEL MAGAZINE), but which very materially mars the meaning of the whole passage. We refer to the thirteenth line of the last paragraph, where the word *that* is misplaced. It should have been, "Every branch *that in me* beareth not fruit," as proposing a *test* by which a spurious professor, whose fruit is *in himself*, and who can and will be cast forth as a branch and be burned, may be distinguished from the genuine branch, bearing fruit only through the vital principle or sap that is in Christ, the true Vine, and, *therefore*, imperishable: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

But now to proceed with our subject. Abel, the second man born into the world, was the first shepherd. St. Paul comments thus on Abel's sacrifice, as compared with Cain's: "By faith, Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain"—(in Wickliffe's Bible it is "a much *more* sacrifice")—"by which he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts; and by it, he being dead, yet speaketh." We have already seen *why* Abel's sacrifice was "much more" than Cain's, even because of the blood-shedding, which spoke of the sinner's sense of sin, and his faith in the great Antitype to take his sins away, as prefigured by his lamb offered up, the first thing of Abel's flock. In the narrative furnished by the inspired historian, two voices of blood may be distinguished—one cries for pardon, the other for vengeance. The blood of the offered lamb says, "Deliver from going down to the pit, I have found a ransom" (or, as it is in the margin, an atonement); while terrible is the cry of a murdered brother's blood: "The voice of thy brother's blood," said Jehovah, "crieth unto me from the ground; it is no cry of mercy, but of irrevocable judgment and wrath."

The shepherd is slain by his brother. In Zechariah we read of Him of whom Abel was the type, "Awake! O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts;" and again (John 11), "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." "This is the Heir come, let us slay Him;" and then the Voice of Blood is to be heard, as all cry out in their mad rage, "His blood be on us and on our children;" and oh, how awfully has vengeance descended in answer to that cry! But yet another voice has that wondrous blood;—hearken to the utterance from yon crucified One! The Voice from Calvary's Cross utters in clear and ringing accents, while the body is in anguish, and

blood trickles from the open wounds, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The Voice of Blood is never unheard by Jehovah. As the one cry brought wrath on Jerusalem and the chosen race (even as in the case of the type it did on the fratricide), so did the second voice, that of a REDEEMER'S blood, enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth; and one day shall be seen "a great multitude, whom no man can number, redeemed to God out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation, who have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

Abram, though not himself a shepherd, "was very rich in cattle," and a strife ensued between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle, the unseemliness of which is pointed at by the closing words of the verse (Gen. xiii. 7): "the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled there in the land." What could these idolaters think when they saw these two servants of the living God at strife between themselves? Abram's wise and conciliating counsel, with the strong reasons advanced for peace and good-will, afford a practical illustration of the words of the wise man: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Abraham's grandson, Jacob, was a shepherd while still living under his father's roof, and previous to his going to Padan Aram. This may be fairly inferred from the painfully sad story to be found in Gen. xxvii., telling us of an aged and blind old man cruelly deceived by his own wife and younger son, in order to secure for him, as her favourite, the much-coveted elder brother's blessing. "Go," said she, "to the flock, and fetch me from thence two good kids of the goats, and I will make them savoury meat for thy father, such as he loveth." Now, as the elder brother was a cunning hunter, a man of the field, on Jacob would, doubtless, devolve the care of the sheep and goats belonging to his father. The mother's proposal at once startled Jacob, not because of its *sinfulness*, but lest he should be discovered by his father, and so seem to him a deceiver. The natural man cares nought for the sin *unseen by man*, albeit witnessed by a just and holy God. "Upon me be thy curse," was the fond mother's reply; and how many an anxious Christian parent, if not better taught, would re-echo her words, and, like the Apostle, even "wish themselves accursed from Christ" for their children's sake; but, blessed be God, One who alone *could* do it, *has* borne the curse. Though Himself knowing no sin, "He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him;" and, when the Holy Father finds His Jacobs coming to Him in the elder brother's "goodly raiment," He gives them His choicest blessing, because, though "the voice is Jacob's voice, the hands are the hands of Esau."

Quickly punishment follows Jacob's sin. He must fly from his home, or once more a brother's blood will be shed by an angry brother's hand. He must part from his tender mother, and may not stay to close his aged father's dying eyes.

"Then Jacob went on his journey, and came into the land of the people of the east." He who deceived his father is now deceived himself. After keeping Laban's flocks, in order to win Rachael, for seven years, which we are touchingly told, seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her, he finds the elder sister deceitfully substituted for her, and he must serve yet seven years more to win his chosen wife, and, finally, six more to provide for himself and family. As a shepherd he

seems to have been worthy of praise, for Laban is reluctant to lose one who he evidently regards as a conscientious and trustworthy servant. "If I have found favour in thy sight," he says, "tarry, I pray thee, for I have learned, by experience, that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake." Nor does he contradict Jacob's self-commendation in his indignant repudiation of the charge of dishonesty, as recorded in ch. xxxi., where he goes on to say, "This twenty years have I been with thee; thy ewes and thy she-goats have not cast their young, and the rams of thy flock have I not eaten. That which was torn of beasts I brought not unto thee; I bare the loss of it; of my hand didst thou require it, whether stolen by day, or stolen by night. Thus I was; in the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sheep departed from me" (Gen. xxxi. 33, 39, 40 and 41).

M. C. C.

"COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE."

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—1 THESS. iv. 18.

THIS text appears to be a connexion of the five preceding verses; the 13th introducing the subject of sorrowing for the departed, which Paul desires they would not do immoderately, as others which have no hope. He desires them to remember their professed belief in the resurrection, which is a proof that them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him. This form of speech is often met with in the Scriptures, and the inference is, that it alludes to Christ's coming, and to His kingdom, which it was not impossible they might live to see.

We cannot help concluding from this, and other texts of similar import, that it was thought this would take place at an early period; while the lapse of time since then clearly proves that on this point they were not fully enlightened. It was not so to be, for if the day of Jerusalem's destruction—an event comparatively so near—was unknown to any of the apostles ("for that day knoweth no man, not even the Son but the Father"), the still more wondrous event—the time of the coming of the Son of man in the glory of His Father, was certainly not revealed. An interpretation was given, by the early Christians, to some of the sayings of the Saviour, contrary to their true meaning; and thus the placing of the time of His coming at an early date. In John xxi. 22, Christ said to Peter, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me;" and in Matthew xvi. 28, "There be some standing here that shall not see death till they see the Son of man coming in His kingdom." Paul assures them they will not be forgotten amongst the multitude of those that would be alive, but that the dead in Christ should be raised from the grave, and should be of that blessed number who would be for ever with the Lord. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Annihilation appears to me to be the refuge of the guilty, and of those who only think of God with terror. The immortality of the soul is a doctrine that was denied by the Sadducees, but believed by the Pharisees; and very differing views were held on that subject by the various sects of heathen philosophers. Plato seems to have the clearest apprehension of it, Socrates speaking very doubtfully on the subject. We find only dim allusions to it in the earlier parts of the Jewish history;

and even, if here and there, as in the Book of Psalms and the prophecies of Isaiah, it breaks out resplendently, it must be admitted that that dispensation—which was one of shadows—is obscured in haze and mist. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," whether we speak of the Church generally, or of individuals in particular. The shadows were to flee away, the day break, and the day-stars were to come, to be followed by the rising of the Sun of Righteousness in the full meridian of Gospel light. Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel. "If in this world we only have hope, we are of all men the most miserable," is the declaration of Paul. In a certain sense others have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. We are no longer exposed to trials of scourging, imprisonment, and death. We are no longer obliged to wander about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, tormented, and afflicted; but the enmity between the seeds still exists.

We may say, judging from the bitterness often manifested by those who have bowels of mercy for all but those they call "hypers," that the people of God are still counted "the offscouring of all things," and are still "the sect that is everywhere spoken against." It would seem, therefore, but a reasonable expectation to look for a grand assize, in which God Himself shall be the Judge; when no subterfuge will avail, and when all shame shall be exposed; when the proud shall no longer be called happy, and when those who work wickedness shall no longer be set up; when riches shall not be a great virtue, and poverty shall not be a great crime; when sin of every kind shall be publicly denounced and punished by a competent and impartial Judge; when inequalities shall be rectified, and when those things which now so sorely puzzle us shall for ever be set straight; when the truth shall be declared, and Christ Himself shall deliver the final verdict, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, and depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Mystery of mysteries! unfathomable by human minds! "how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" Yet every one who knows the truth must confess for himself that salvation is wholly of grace from first to last.

When the temper is extremely amiable, true religion may be borne with; but such persons, to retain their popularity, must shut their eyes on all proper occasions. It will not do to be a Micaiah or a John Baptist; and thus it is that Bunyan, in the "Progress," allows his Hopeful to get safely through Vanity Fair, while his Faithful is killed in it. What does time offer to those who prefer this present evil world? Life at its best is built on great uncertainties. Health, competence, and friends are very far from being fixtures; they may take their departure with very little or no notice at all, and when least expected. Our happiness here depends so much on others, that, be we never so prudent and far-seeing, we get some ugly wrenches, that tear and lacerate our hearts to the very core. The world cannot satisfy the cravings of the soul; it is not large enough; and thus the eye is never satisfied with seeing, or the ear with hearing. The senses pall with satiety, and possession is the death-bed of bliss. Novelty constitutes the chief pleasure of all created things, simply from its freshness; and nothing more clearly illustrates this than travel, in which we suffer all kinds of discomforts, that prepare us for our return to home, which is again appreciated. Notwithstanding the ills that flesh

is heir to, there is, I believe, a thirst to live now and hereafter—that is, for immortality. We cannot contemplate patiently, or with any kind of satisfaction, the loss being self-consciousness or individuality. We cannot bear to think of being extinguished and blotted out of being—to pass into a state in which personality is merged in the animate or spirit life of nature; cannot satisfy the aspirations of entities—to pass into a new phase of existence, in which individuality is lost, together with all consciousness of the past, and as part of the animate or spirit life of nature, vivify a flower or a tree; like the gases evolved by the decay of the body, assuming again their primitive conditions, and then entering into new combinations, cannot satisfy the intense longings of the Christian for spiritual and divine realities that have been the mainstay of his soul in every temptation and sorrow through which he has passed. This may be a true theorem, as applicable to physical life, whether human or animal, but not to the “*nous*,” the mind or soul of man. Man—the god of the inferior animals, only unlike God in having a beginning—like God, shall live for ever. This is the doctrine of the Gospel—a glorious immortality, not subject to disease or death, or the possibility of again passing into a state exposed to it, and with every other condition of this present life reversed. Not simply a life that is eternal in its duration, but a life possessed of those immaculate qualities that make and keep it so. Even this life of perfect peace and uninterrupted bliss will not, I am persuaded, be one endless round of the same delights and holy pleasures; but, as God is infinite, so there will be, even in bliss, a constant growth in knowledge, that, by the constant expansion of our powers, we may be ever learning some new glory of Jehovah in His creation, providence, and grace. It appears to me little less than foolishness to think of immediate admission to a state in which, as it were at a glance, we shall be able fully to realize the majesty, glory, power, wisdom, goodness, grace, love, mercy, and compassion of the Deity. It must surely take eternity for a finite being to learn the wonders of an infinite and everlasting God. In the 15th of 1st Corinthians, Christ is set before us as a public Head, and it is there said that “As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. But if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised; and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Those also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.” The comfort of this doctrine to the soul is greatly dependent on knowing our election of God; “wherefore make your calling and election sure.” Christ is risen, and is thus the earnest or pledge that all those who are in Him—that is, who are interested in the benefit of His death and resurrection—shall also rise with Him, and be partakers together with Him of His eternal glory. It was for this that He prayed before He suffered—“that all those whom Thou hast given me may be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.” Every man shall rise in his own order—“Christ the firstfruits, afterward they that are Christ’s at His coming.” This was shadowed forth in the wave-offering of the firstfruits by the high priest on the morrow after the Sabbath, the day on which Christ rose, and which we now call the Lord’s Day. This, then, is the comfort of those words: that Christ has died according to the Scriptures, having been made a sin-offering to God. By His death He has for ever put away sin and swallowed up death in victory. His resurrection is a public proof of the acceptance and perfection of His sacrifice, and that, to all who “look

for Him, He shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Death in its penal sense is abolished, and the way of life is discovered or made plain in the Gospel. It is a pledge of the final triumph of the believer over every foe—sin, death, the grave, and hell are vanquished. He hath "led captivity captive, and received gifts for men," and thus immortality is brought to light by His resurrection. "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ!" We may have doubts and fears when unbelief prevails; but, as our faith embraces Christ, His victories become ours, and "because He lives, we shall live also." "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Birmingham.

W. HUNT.

THOUGHTS ON GENESIS.—ABRAHAM'S CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

"That I will not take from a thread even to a shoelatchet," &c.—GEN. xiv. 23.

Was this a right or a wrong feeling on Abraham's part? This war of Abraham's was a just and righteous war, and as such he was entitled to the spoil which was so freely and gratefully offered him by the king of Sodom; but the Lord's vow was upon him, "I have lift up mine hand unto the Lord, the Most High God, the Possessor of heaven and earth, that I will not take any thing that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich." He most emphatically lived upon his God, received all his blessings direct from Him; could he, then, who was the friend of God, take any thing so displeasing to Him who had said, "Blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee?" No; whatever the king of Sodom had to bestow would have been unholy gain to him, "lest thou shouldest say, I have made Abram rich."

The temptation fell unheeded upon him *"who had the promises."* We may, then, fairly suppose it to be a right feeling on his part to refuse that which, according to the custom of this world, would have been perfectly lawful for him to accept.

In after-times this same principle was carried out by the descendants of Abraham, for in the book of Esther—when the Jews were allowed to avenge themselves on their enemies by Ahasuerus, "and to take the spoil of them for a prey," yet we find it distinctly stated more than once, "But on the prey (or spoil) laid they not their hand."

Again, in the time of Joshua, what wrath fell upon the children of Israel on account of the sin of Achan, who took of the spoils of the accursed city Jericho, a garment, a wedge of gold, and two hundred shekels of silver, against the express command of God, who had said: "And ye, in any wise keep yourselves from the accursed thing, lest ye make yourselves accursed, when ye take of the accursed thing, and make the camp of Israel a curse, and trouble it." What manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness, keeping ourselves unspotted from the world, lest we defile the Lord's inheritance!

W.

If it were not for *Christ's* intercession, iniquity that dwells in us would certainly be our ruin. He is our Advocate with the Father.

MEDITATIONS OF THE LATE R. BRYAN.

December, 1849.

ISSACHAR saw that *rest was good*, the land that it was pleasant, and he bowed his shoulder to bear, and became a servant to tribute; and thus couched between two burdens, the yoke on the shoulder and the tribute which was required. There has been controversy about Issachar which I cannot meddle with, but see much beauty in this way:—I, seeing spiritual rest is good, do desire it, and also fully know that it must come by the flesh, being a servant to the *tribute* which the Lord has ordained for it; that is, that it be brought under subjection, not to be made good, but to be accounted *nothing*, and thus alone can it be kept under. This is the spiritual bearing the cross, and being a servant to tribute. Our Lord says to the labouring and weary, who want rest—"Take my yoke and my burden, and ye shall find rest to your souls." And by the Spirit's enabling would I bow to bear this burden and yoke, because I see, and feel too, that Christ's rest is good, and He is a pleasant land to those whom He has brought under this tribute of *forsaking all*, and following *Him alone*. It sounds easy, it looks easy, and it is easy to *faith* under the Spirit's anointing; but it is the hardest burden and tribute that the flesh can come under. All kinds of painful penance are nothing to this being daily counted *nothing*; just a *dead thing* because crucified with Christ. And it is *thus* even by His cross that the old man is kept under, and the new man enjoys *rest* in Christ, the good land. My flesh is none so willing to couch down, it hates it; but, oh, my gracious Lord, let me ever, in this sense, be an Issachar! The love and power of Christ constraining to live in daily self-sacrifice.

The believer does often couch between the two burdens of indwelling sin and outward tribulation, and so he becomes weary, being heavy laden, but gets rest as above, even when by *faith* he bows his shoulder to bear Christ's yoke, and yields his flesh to the tribute of being *nothing*, and forsake *seeking all*. It may be said the flesh cannot do this. Well, but as the new man does it, the flesh loses its gains.—Page 48; Book No. II.

MEDITATION, Book III., Page 23, Year 1860:—Isaiah lvi. 13: "Ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem." Jerusalem was the place of worship and of *sacrifice*, and to dwell there spiritually in daily self-sacrifice is blessed (Neh. xi. 2). We are comforted in Jerusalem, but robbed in going down from thence to Jericho (Luke xi. 30). A life of faith is blessed, though at many sacrifices to the *flesh*. But we go down to sense and carnal reason to save the flesh. We are fallen among thieves, who strip us of our confidence in God, wound us in our judgment and conscience, and leave us half dead in spiritual comforts. Blessed be the Good Samaritan! He is sure to come that way, and to come at the right time; and He binds up our wounds, and restores us to a life of faith, and to the joys of His salvation.

THE victory over indwelling sin is far from being accomplished in a moment. Long is the conflict between the flesh and the Spirit, and lively and strong are the enemies with whom it is our lot to contend. There are our many evil propensities, which, though weakened and brought under a yoke, are not destroyed; and there are, above all, the rulers of the darkness of this world, ever ready to deceive and destroy.

SEPARATION AND REWARD.

"Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

THOSE who are very particular and exact, either in principle or practice, are generally regarded as exclusive and narrow-minded. If we cannot believe and act like the majority, we lie open to the charge of being uncharitable and uncatholic. But in all questions bearing on our eternal interests we should not be guided either by our opinions or the opinions of others, but by the plain statements of God's holy Word.

Here, then, in the passage before us, we are distinctly enjoined to be most particular and exact, both as to our creed and conduct. Bearing in mind that we are in a world of evil and danger, we have here set before us the necessity of *separation* and its *reward*.

1. SEPARATION: "Come out from among them, and be ye separate."

The necessity of this separation is pointed out in

1. Election: "I have *chosen* you out of the world" (John xv. 19).
2. Redemption: "Thou wast slain, and hast *redeemed* us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (Rev. v. 9).
3. Vocation: "Who hath *called* us out of darkness into His marvellous light" (1 Peter ii. 9).

Before the deluge, so long as the descendants of Seth, the sons of God, continued separate from the ungodly descendants of Cain, all was well; but, when the sons of God ceased to be separate, and joined themselves in marriage to the ungodly daughters of men, the distinction between the children of God and the children of the devil was abolished, and confusion, universal wickedness, and then the deluge were the consequence.

Balaam could not carry out his wicked policy against Israel until, in an evil hour, he succeeded in beguiling them by the dissolute daughters of Moab. Hereby the wall of godly separation was broken down; and how fearful the result of that ungodly alliance!

All through Divine revelation the necessity of separation from evil is most distinctly set before us. Thus God's command to Abram: "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee" (Gen. xii. 1). This command was also given to Lot, who, attracted by the fertility and beauty of Sodom, had foolishly taken up his abode among a people who "were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." The Lord, being merciful unto him, delivered him from the overthrow of the wicked, "*Up! Get thee out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city.*" The fact that his family had been corrupted, and that he lingered and loitered in Sodom, proves the great folly and danger of worldly alliance. Lot was saved indeed, "*yet so as by fire.*"

Separation was again commanded to the Israelites when they were told to go out of Egypt. *Exodus* (lit.: a journey out of) is the name of the book which describes the separation commanded and accomplished. After their exodus from Egypt, they were set apart as God's peculiar people. God gave them His law, and set up His tabernacle in the midst of them. They were neither to adopt the principles, nor to carry out the practices of the rest of the world. Separation was holiness—amalgamation was wickedness. Separation brought happiness—amalgamation brought misery.

This principle of separation is most strongly inculcated by our Lord and His apostles, with this difference, that they show the separation to be not necessarily local—not consisting in mere outward things—but that it is rather separation in heart and life from evil of every kind, including entire dedication to the Lord. The very word Church (*ἐκκλησία*) implies all this.

In the chapter from which the text is taken, God's people are spoken of (1) in the abstract as righteousness and light, then (2) as in their Head, (3) then individually as believers, and (4) as a community, the temple of God.* There is nothing in common between light and darkness, Christ and Belial, a believer with an unbeliever, and between the temple of God and idols. They are wholly incongruous (See Lev. xix. 19).

Hence we should

1. Be separate in doctrine from all heathen, Popish, Unitarian, and Arminian notions, which are contrary to God's Word, and deadly in their nature and tendency.

2. Be separate from the company of the ungodly. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Choose those for companions whom you can hope to meet in heaven.

3. Marry only in the Lord.

4. Be not conformed to this world, either in spirit, manner, or extravagant dress.

5. Be separate from all cold and formal Laodicean professors, who attend church once a week from custom to pacify conscience, and are full of the world all the week.

II. THE REWARD: "I will receive you," &c.

If the wicked world did cast out Noah from its society, the Lord took him into the ark. If Lot is led out of Sodom, the Lord took him into Zoar. If Israel must separate from Egypt, the Lord will give them Canaan. If the world will cast out as evil the names of God's people, what a consolation the assurance that their names are written in heaven! Beloved, the world may reject you, but the Lord will accept you. The ungodly may turn you out, but the Lord will take you in. He "will receive you," for He is your *Father*. He loves you with a Father's love: John xvii. 23; Psalm ciii. 13. He deals with you with a Father's wisdom. He knows your need, appoints your path, orders your steps, provides for your wants, protects you in danger, and leads you in the right way. He has for you a Father's heart, a Father's blessing, and a Father's home: Eph. i. 2, 3; John xiv. 1, 2. You are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty! The dignity of the Prince of Wales is nothing to this. What a high and heavenly calling! How needful to walk worthy of it! "Let us, therefore, cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh, and of the spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." As He who has called us is holy, so may we be holy in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening on (*σπεύδοντες*) the coming of the day of God.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM!"

Bristol.

R. CORNALL.

THE good the believer's will is inclined to, and bent on, he cannot perform, sin ever springing up in him through remaining corruption.

* See Webster and Wilkinson *in loco*.

PERPLEXING DIVINITY.

God's family is too small to admit of severity in dealing with its members. In one or other of three leading points in religion, God's people are each and all faulty, in doctrine, experience, or practice; and this thought awakens the remembrance of Christ's blessing upon "the merciful for they shall obtain mercy," not in the way of purchase from God, but from their brethren in Christ. There are many of the Lord's people who are densely ignorant of doctrine who yet are sound in experience; many are deficient in experience who yet have God's life in their soul, though they know it not; and many who are well instructed in doctrine and are exercised in heart, yet in practice show many naughty tempers, and crookednesses in walk, that make the world rejoice and the people of God mourn.

Now this state of things drives a believer, who is groping his way as the blind, to say, "Where shall wisdom be found and where is the place of understanding?" And, if added to these living vanities that, as long as God has a Church upon earth, will be found therein, the weakling should happen to stumble upon a religious book that contains an even mixture of truth and error, his bewilderment is increased tenfold; and he is in doubt whether he should cut himself off or the author of the statements that perplex his mind. Now, it is not our wish to cut off any one, but only to distinguish between truth and error. We have nothing to do with authors, but we have every right fairly and impartially to examine opinions that from time to time float through the Church of God. In the present day there is a peculiar sort of morbid tenderness in dealing with error. Men are afraid to speak out. But we may give people large credit for usefulness, for zeal, and for truthfulness in some points, while in Christian faithfulness we may show up in what respect they are deficient or unsound.

Attractive little books are spread abroad by people who wish to do good, but have not much discernment in the truth of God; and it happens sometimes that they fall into the hands of the ignorant who think it all right, because it has the title of a religious book; but now and then it falls into the hands of a feeling sinner who has come to the end of his own efforts to help himself, and to such the class of books we desire to make a few comments upon are neither less nor more than perplexing divinity.

A small book before us, called "The Blood of Jesus," has this announcement on the title page:—

Issue: Nearly a million, in several languages.

A book that the public values to the number of a million, and that other and several lands esteem worth translation, is surely of no small importance, and invites and demands the attention of the people of God. This notice on the title page is sufficient to show that the divinity it contains is popular, and has a large array of readers and admirers here and elsewhere. The volume, though of small size, may be regarded as a representative book, that gives expression to the tone of the day, and shows out conspicuously the religious opinions of favourite authors as culled from their own writings.

We pass over the preface, which the author tells us is not his own experience, to come to his statements as comprehended in the title of the book—"The Blood of Jesus." The first words in the first chapter read

thus—"The God of Love, dear reader, in His written Word, which gives an account of the rich mercy He has provided for the guilty, tells you that you may be saved. His Word assures you that you may be saved from guilt, sin, and wrath; and that Word also informs you that your salvation depends not on anything you can do."

Now, to begin with, the salvation of a sinner does not hang upon a may-be, but upon the shalls and wills of Omnipotence, who declares in His Word, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy." There is nothing indefinite and undetermined in the purposes or performances of Jehovah. He says, "I will work and who shall let it." This is the God of the Bible—and the God the Bible reveals—but the God that no sinner acknowledges till the Spirit opens the eyes to see the truth. But another important point meets us in this opening sentence—"The God of Love, dear reader, in His written Word, tells you that you may be saved." This passes for Gospel with some; and the soothing syrup—"Jesus loves you," "Come to Jesus," has left thousands of readers and hearers where it found them, and driven others into a flimsy and emotional profession that lasted its day and then died out. We do not deny that gracious souls may have fallen into this error in false zeal, but we are quite sure if they are God's people they never learnt this in Christ's school. If they look back to God's beginning they will soon find it was after another fashion they embraced the Gospel.

The author gives us the following illustration of his views of the Gospel:—"Whilst standing one day on the platform of the Aberdeen Station of the North-Western Railway, with a board intimating that it ran all the way from Aberdeen to London; the doors of it were open, the porters were putting in the luggage, and a few individuals were entering or about to enter the different compartments. They looked for this particular carriage, as soon as they had passed through the ticket office, and, on seeing 'London' on it, they threw in their travelling-rugs, entered, and seating themselves prepared for the journey. Having furnished themselves with tickets and railway guides, and satisfied themselves that they were in the right carriage, they felt the utmost confidence, and I did not observe any one of them coming out of the carriage and running about in a state of excitement calling to those around them, 'Am I right? am I right?' Nor did I see any one refusing to enter, because the carriage provided for only a limited number. The carriage is for the whole city and neighbourhood, but carries only such inhabitants as come and seat themselves in it from day to day. God, in his infinite wisdom, has made similar provision for our lost world. He has provided a train of grace to carry as many of its inhabitants to heaven, the great metropolis of the world, as are willing to avail themselves of the gracious provision. When we call you by the preaching of the Gospel, the meaning is, that all who will may come, and through justification by faith alone seat themselves in a carriage marked—*From guilt to glory*. Whenever you hear the free and general offer of salvation, you need not stand revolving the question in your own mind—*Is it for me?* for just as the railway company carry all that comply with their printed regulations, irrespective of moral character, so if you come to the Station of Grace at the advertised time, which is *now*. Now is the accepted time: you will find the train of salvation ready, and the only regulation to be complied with by you, in order to your being carried by it, is that you consent to let the Lord Jesus Christ charge Himself with paying for

your seat, which cannot surely be anything but an easy and desirable arrangement, seeing you have no means of paying for yourself. Were you coming to the railway station with no money in your pocket, and anxious to travel by a train about to start, in order to be put into possession of a valuable inheritance left you by a friend, and were any one to meet you at the door of the ticket-office and say, 'I have paid your fare for you,' you would not feel anything but the utmost satisfaction in complying with such a regulation; and is it not an easy matter for you on coming to the Station of Mercy to submit to the grace of God in the Gospel—that Jesus pay your fare for the train of grace, and that you may take your seat with confidence, and be carried along the new and living way to everlasting glory?"

How well all this sort of divinity looks on paper, and how approvingly it fits into the Arminianism of our nature! How gratifying to sinners, whom God speaks of as "dead in trespasses and sins," to be addressed as, and compared to, living people, able to travel whenever they like; and how pleasantly it sounds in the ears of those who never were arraigned and condemned by the law, broken in spirit, and cut down with the fear of damnation in their feelings, to be told they can take their place in the train for glory, and all they have to do is to submit to the grace of God!

A short quotation runs thus—"I never had so close and satisfactory a view of the Gospel salvation, as when I have been led to contemplate it in the light of a simple offer on one side and a simple acceptance on the other."

This is the ground-plan of the book, the divinity of which and all similar books, whether for children or adults, poor or rich, may be described by one term—*Natural faith*.

The truth of God in part, or in whole, as far as Christ's work is concerned, is put before the sinner; and, with the same natural intellect that makes him believe there is such a place as India, or such a person as Queen Victoria, he is told he can believe in Christ, and believe his sins are pardoned. So, after all the large and luminous and encouraging descriptions of all Christ has done to save souls, it rests entirely with the sinner to accept Christ, to believe in Christ, and while on one side all creative doing is denied and discarded, we have on the other a counter blast in such expressions as this—"What you are called upon, then, more especially to do is to receive Jesus as your Redeemer, that you may have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins."

A hard sort of doing this to a poor sinner, who, like the man at Bethesda pool, may have lain thirty-eight years waiting for a cure, and yearly saw others step down before him. Helpless and impotent, the feelingly-condemned soul finds by experience of all sorts of doing this is the most severe, the most impossible. Says our author—"Make a clear outset in the business, and understand that your first step is simply a confiding acceptance of an offer, that is most free, most frank, most generous, and most unconditional." This language can be very well understood between man and his fellow-man, in the common transactions of life, wherein God has gifted man mentally and morally with abilities for the duties of time; but there is no sort of parallel in the case between God and the sinner. God makes no offer to His creatures of any sort or kind. His work is to give, to bestow, to impart, and this from the very necessity of the case. Sinners being described by God as dead-

blind, sold under sin, and utterly incapable of "accepting" "receiving," "believing," or "confiding," except by the Almighty operation of God the Spirit upon the soul.

Again, our author says, "I call you to come to the Physician that He may heal you; I offer Him unto you for righteousness. Are you polluted? I offer Him to you for your sanctification. Are you miserable and forlorn? I offer Him as made of God unto you complete redemption. Are you hard-hearted? I offer Him to you in that promise—'I will take away the heart of stone.'"

Such language, in the mouth of one sinner to another, is blasphemy. God nowhere in Scripture speaks of His work as an offer He gives, nor have we any warrant for any man offering to his fellow that which God alone has the right and the power to bestow.

Authors and preachers of the type before us in this little book, think they get rid of all Arminianism when they tell poor sinners Christ has done all, and they can do nothing. But this Arminianism has taken another tack to get a fair wind for creature favour, and this is to tell sinners *they can do the work of the Holy Ghost*. This is the plain English of the fashionable divinity of the day. All the feelings and gracious influences which, in the Word of God, are attributed to, and emanate from, the Holy Ghost, man is addressed as capable of producing; and, after all the costly expenditure of the doing and dying of Christ, it rests with the poor, fallen, dead sinner to accept, receive, believe, and so be saved.

"Well done Christ, better done I," we may well say to such theology as this.

NOTES ON EXODUS IV. 3—9.

VERSE 3.—"*And he said, Cast it on the ground. And he cast it on the ground, and it became a serpent; and Moses fled from before it.*" The rod of Moses was a type of the Word of God, as well as the sceptre of his power; man is dust of the earth, "*ground.*" Casting the rod on the ground produced a serpent, "*and Moses fled;*" so God's Word cast upon the sinner brings to sight his serpent nature; and he flies in fear from its terror to Christ, gets new life, and by the grace of faith the Word overcomes the serpent nature and becomes to him now what it was in itself before the Word of life and power.

4.—"*And the Lord said, take it by the tail,*" &c. Moses was not to take it by the head, showing that God did not design Satan's loss of power till the end of time.

Herein is seen the second person of the Trinity.

6.—"*Put now thine hand into thy bosom. And he put his hand into his bosom: and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous as snow.*" The hand, as the examining member of the body, is applied to the heart, the seat and centre of life, and it brings to light the leprosy of the unregenerate heart, or soul; not literally in the case of Moses.

7.—"*Put thine hand into thy bosom again, and behold, it was turned again as his other flesh.*" Regeneration has taken place, and the heart or soul has returned to the image of its Maker: as Adam in his first estate.

Herein is seen the third person of the Trinity.

9.—"*Thou shalt take of the water of the river, and pour it upon dry land: and the water which thou takest out of the river shall become blood upon the dry*

land." Here, water stood for God the Father's electing love, poured "upon the dry land," the sinner bringing to sight the atoning blood. Herein is shewn the first person of the Trinity.

"Hail sacred Three, whose gift of grace,
Has led a worm to find,
Thy footsteps in this mystic place;
Oh, may it help the blind!"

Mr. Wallinger says (see *Gospel Magazine* for May, 1872, page 251,) "But it was to be without spot—all over red." What may be signified by that, the Lord has not shown me."

Now, as I verily believe the Lord has shown me, I offer *briefly* from my Scripture Notes my ideas upon the subject.

NOTES ON GENESIS XV. 9—17.

Ver. 9.—"Take an heifer (elsewhere called a red heifer) of three years old." I think the red heifer was a type of Jesus in his human nature *only*; the red, the blood of that nature; the "without spot," his freedom from the spot of sin in that nature. "Why art thou red in thine apparel," &c. The three years old, typical of the *promised seed* in and to the three dispensations—Patriarchal, Mosaic, and Gospel.

The goat typical of the complex character, Jesus-Christ, the complete Atoner, the three years old as before. The ram, Christ as the everlasting Father of his sheep, three years old as before. Turtle-dove, the Church; pigeon, the messenger of the covenant: Jesus Christ for His Church as the messenger.

10.—The birds were not divided, because the Church (turtle-dove) and messenger, Christ (pigeon) never were; but Jesus's humanity was divided from Christ till the incarnation.

J. E. S.

THE ONENESS OF THE ELECT WITH CHRIST.

1. Συνεσταυρωμαι, I am crucified together with Christ. Gal. ii. 20.
2. Απεθανομεν συν Χριστῷ, We died together with Christ. Rom. vi. 8.
3. Συνζωοκοιησε συν αὐτῷ, He quickened us together with Christ. Col. ii. 13.
4. Συνηγειρε, He hath raised up together with Christ. Eph. ii. 6; Col. iii. 1.
5. Συνεκαθισεν, He has caused us to sit together with Christ. Eph. ii. 6.
6. Συγκληρονομοι Χριστοῦ, Heirs together with Christ. Rom. viii. 17.
7. Συμπασχομεν, We suffer together with Christ. Rom. viii. 17.
8. Συνδοξασθῶμεν, We shall be glorified together with Christ. Rom. viii. 17.

Compare also our ἐπισυναγωγή, our gathering together with Christ at His second appearing. 2 Thess. ii. 1. Sin divided and scattered the elect of God. God the Father is gathering these by His word and by His Spirit, and is thus "re-uniting them all under one head in Christ," ἀνακεφαλαίωσασθαι τα πάντα ἐν τῷ Χριστῷ. Eph. i. 10. See also Matt. xxiv. 31.

"The Church is Christ's jewel in the ring of the world."—LEIGHTON.
R. CORNALL.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE RED HEIFER.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, LATE OF
BRIGHTON.

(PART II., continued from page 253).

"And ye shall give her unto Eleazar the priest, that he may bring her forth without the camp, and one shall slay her before his face."—NUM. xix. 3.

JESUS, that He might sanctify His people, suffered without the camp; then they *are* sanctified, or His purpose is not accomplished. By His suffering, His people are sanctified; therefore, all for whom He suffered He will save. Hence, He died not for all, but for those whom He has and will sanctify. But how are they sanctified? through His own blood; therefore, the Apostle ends with an exhortation: "Let us go forth unto Him without the camp bearing His reproach." If you are sanctified by that blood, then you must expect your name will be cast out as evil; you must expect to get the reproach of the cross. If you are in and of the world, you are not separated from it; but the Lord says with power to His people, "Come ye forth and be separate." Jesus said to his disciples, "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." Well, then, if the world loves you, and you have never been separated from it, how is it the devil deceives you, to make you think you belong to Christ? No! if you have realized those things with power, you will go forth without the camp bearing his reproach. And let us remember "the Lord's biddings are enablings." All that He bids us do He will perform in us, and His people shall be made willing to do as He bids. Do not expect, then, to escape reproach if you make a right confession of Christ in your walk, conduct, and conversation. "And Eleazar the priest shall take of her blood with his finger, and sprinkle of her blood directly before the tabernacle of the congregation seven times" (4th verse). Here we come to an oft-repeated truth: "But as food refreshes, invigorates, and sustains the body, so with the truth of God." Therefore we learn this which cannot too often be insisted upon, that Christ's blood must be sprinkled upon your heart, or you have no token that He shed His blood for you. It is not notions, but heart-experience, will do in this matter. Hence, believers are said to be elected unto this (1 Peter i. 2): "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God" to the "blood of sprinkling," for this blood "speaketh better things than that of Abel." It does speak precious things as those of you know whose hearts have been sprinkled therewith. It speaks peace and pardon and salvation, and these come through the blood of the Cross, applied by the Spirit, concerning whom it is said, "He shall take of the things of Christ, and show them unto you." Oh, what a precious thing to be brought to taste of that blood, and so to realize pardon; for, if you go down to the grave an unpardoned soul, you are lost for ever! The faith of God's elect is not intellectuality, for this is the character of true faith. "With the heart man believeth not righteousness:" there must be a sense of it upon the soul. Some experimental acquaintance—nothing else will

satisfy a taught child of God ; there must be a realization of the blood of sprinkling on our souls, by which God speaks peace to His people. This heifer's blood was sprinkled seven times, denoting its completeness. None of the family are left out. All the congregation of Israel were included by this seven-fold sprinkling. All God's Israel shall know, and enjoy a sense of interest in it, and so go down to the grave as a shock of corn fully ripe. Now, the heifer was to be entirely burnt—not a part was to be left—skin, flesh, bones, which may signify to us the depth of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus extending to every part. Hence, His bitter lamentation : “ My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me ? ” Here we see the curse ran through every vein ; the fire of God's wrath burnt in every part. We can hardly understand that, but it expressed the hell He was enduring, the curse He was labouring under for thee, poor sinner—for thy sin, believer. Aye, and let the thoughts of it make thee ashamed of thy sins, and ashamed of your doubts and fears. Oh, may you receive this record of Christ's love, and have the freedom and liberty of a child of God. Just contrast the scene ! Suppose *you* were left to suffer the hell He endured ! Ah ; think of that. Who can dwell with everlasting burnings ? Suppose the smoke of thy torments were to ascend up for ever and ever ! But hast thou indeed realized that Christ endured all this for thee, and thou shalt never come unto that place of torment ? Still the Word says, “ Look to the hole of the pit out of which thou wast dug. ” Aye, take a look, as it were, sometimes even into hell, and admire and adore and extol the rich grace of a covenant God, and say, “ The Lord be magnified for bringing me into this world in nature, for my second birth in grace, for renewing and enlightening me, delivering me from the pit of hell because He loved me before all worlds, and therefore found a ransom. ” Now, friends, this is to have a gospelized heart ; this is to realize the sufferings of Christ. But one expression here is worth our notice. This was all to be done in the sight of Eleazar. Yes, in the sight of Jehovah was the Christ of God slain. He looked on and saw it all. He let the scribes' malice run on unhindered, and thus accomplished the salvation of His Church, and displayed His own designs. But one thing more—it was done in the sight of the congregation, for all the Church shall have a sight of it : they shall look and see the blood sprinkled ; the accuser silenced ; the law obeyed ; divine purposes accomplished ; souls ransomed ; sin dethroned ; and God triumphant, when Jesus said, “ It is finished ! ” Oh, I trust some of you have seen this glorious, precious sight—not with your natural eye, but with the eye of faith. If so, how has your heart been filled with the sight, so that you are ready to say, “ God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by which the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. ” But I know it is yet to be done in the sight of some of you. You have never seen Jesus ; you have never had any revelation of Him to your soul ; you know Him not ! Oh, sinner, if thou art dallying with the world, if thy heart is wrapped up in its pursuits, if thou hast no taste for spiritual things, then is it plain that thou hast never seen this wondrous sight, for such a power would be communicated to thy soul, such a renewal of thy affections, and such an influence upon thine heart, that thou wouldst be constrained to rise above the world, trample it under thy feet, and cry out, “ None but Christ ! ” But we must notice the accompaniments used when the heifer was burnt. The priest was commanded to take cedar wood, scarlet, and hyssop, and cast it into the

midst of the burning heifer, the animal being a holocaust or whole burnt offering. I think three very precious ideas are conveyed in these ingredients—power, sweetness, and durability! We will reverse the order, and so take the scarlet first, which may signify power, dominion, and rule. We remember when our dear Lord was arraigned and condemned to die, they mocked Him by putting on Him a scarlet robe. They made a mock king of Him by clothing Him in scarlet—royal apparel—betokening authority, power, as also subjects to rule. The scarlet cast into the burning signified there was a power and resulting from these ingredients, for these mixed ashes composed the water of separation for the camp of Israel; yea, and speaks to us that these things are to be realized with power. “Our Gospel came not unto you in word but in power,” and we must realize “the exceeding greatness of His power,” for “the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power;” and so the children of God find that Jesus is no mock king, but a true King—a King who has power; a King who has subjects; “the blessed and only potentate, who only hath immortality; King of kings, and Lord of lords;” thence the subjects of Jesus fall at His feet and worship Him, and are made willing in the day of His power, for “to Him shall every knee bow” and every heart submit!

(*To be continued.*)

THE TRINITY IN A TYPE.

WHEN we come to speak of Isaac as a type of God the Son, we have only, as it were, to go over well-trodden ground, “Was Jesus the promised seed? so, also, was Isaac?” (Gen. x. 28.) But in both cases the fulfilment of the promise was long deferred. Forty centuries rolled by before the promise made in Eden received its fulfilment, and before those who were so eagerly waiting for the consolation of Israel could say, “Our eyes have seen thy salvation.” So, though Isaac was the child of promise, for how many a long year did hope deferred make Abraham’s heart sick before Isaac was born. Again, when the Son of God was made manifest in the flesh, His birth involved a physical miracle; so did the birth of Isaac. It was quite as great a miracle that Sarah, who was past age, should bear, as that a virgin should conceive and bear a son; and it was a miracle, moreover, of a similar character.

Was Jesus a well-beloved Son? Did the voice from heaven testify to the fact, saying, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased?” Isaac was the same. We know how tenderly Abraham loved Isaac; we might have conjectured it; for he was the son of his old age—an only son; the son of promise; an obedient, dutiful son, too; but we are not left to conjecture. The same voice that testified to the love borne by the Heavenly Father to His eternal Son, has testified to Abraham’s love to Isaac: “Take now thy son, thine only son, Isaac, whom thou lovest.”

It is needless to point out the resemblance in the sacrifice of Jesus and of Isaac, but we may notice that in Isaac’s history we have a type of the resurrection. Abraham, we are told, “received him in a figure from the dead” (Heb. xi. 19). We must observe, also, that all the promises of God to his church centre in Jesus. There are no promises out of Christ. “All the promises of God in *Him* are yea, and in *Him* amen.” Thus,

all the promises made to Abraham were in connection with Isaac; they could not be diverted to Ishmael. (See Gen. xvii. 18, 19; Heb. xi. 17, 18.) As the covenant was made with Jesus, so it was with Isaac. The promise was to Abraham's seed. This seed in one sense was "Isaac," but chiefly "Christ" (Gal. iii. 16), the Universal Father. The whole universe owes Him the respect due to Him as such; wherefore, He appeals to those who despised His authority, saying, "If I be a Father, where is mine honour?"

Again, the fact that Isaac had a blessing for Esau, as well as for Jacob, only helps to complete the parallel between him and Jesus. Isaac's blessing for Esau was only an inferior and secondary one, and referred exclusively to temporal blessings. The Lord Jesus Christ in like manner has a blessing; only a secondary and inferior one, it is true, and referring exclusively to temporal matters, but still a blessing even for the ungodly, the sun shining on the evil and the good. All earthly prosperity, every moment's respite from God's judgments against sin, were purchased for the world by the death of Christ. He purchased eternal life for His people, and a respite for the unbelievers. He bought the field for the sake of hid treasures, and the field benefits by His proprietorship. Christ laid down His life for the sheep, but many benefits of His death are extended to the world at large for the elect's sake, who are the salt of the earth; and thus Jesus is "the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe."

But *all* the children of Jacob were really Israelites. This teaches us the great truth, that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God *they* are the sons of God"—"Except a man be born of the *Spirit* he cannot see the Kingdom of God"—all who have felt the operations of the Holy Ghost. Lastly, the name "Isaac" means "laughter." Now Jesus, though an object of laughter and derision to all ungodly men in all ages, will eventually laugh all His enemies to scorn, and cause all those who trust in Him to laugh with joy. Never will the proverb, "They laugh best who laugh last," have so signal an exemplification as when, at the last great day, the triumph of Jesus over Satan shall be celebrated. Then His redeemed people shall no longer be an object of the world's derision; then Christ's enemies shall rise to shame and everlasting contempt, and the prophecy will have its final fulfilment. The Virgin, the daughter of Zion, hath despised thee, and laughed thee to scorn. The daughter of Jerusalem hath shaken her head at thee. Isaac, then, we can have no difficulty in seeing, is a wonderful type of the Son of God—in being the promised seed—in the promise being so long deferred—in the miraculous nature of his birth—in his being a beloved son—in his sacrifice—in his resurrection (in a figure) from the dead—in the fact that all the promises of God were centred in him—and in his name of "laughter."

H. H. A. S.

Tansley Rectory, Matlock.

A good man said, when dying, "I see in myself such a tendency to depart from God by unbelief, that, if He did not uphold my faith to the last moment of my life, I should, in the full view of eternity, upon the threshold of heaven, forsake God, and turn back again to sin and to the world."

CHRIST'S MISSION; OR, THE SURE MERCIES OF DAVID.

"For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

LUKE xix. 10.

NOT a year passes but many sermons and addresses are delivered from this text. It is very possible that nine-tenths of these are Arminian, the leading ideas of them being that "all mankind are lost by the fall," which is certainly true; that "Christ died for them," which is not true; and that "now by His Gospel and providences He is earnestly seeking them all to come to Him and be saved," which is equally unscriptural; for we have often heard such sermons and addresses. The many contingencies implied in them show them to be largely impregnated with the principles of free-will, and, consequently, prove how very derogatory to the honour and glory of the exalted Redeemer they are. And how of all texts in God's Word they should take this one to preach such a salvation as theirs from, would be the more astonishing were it only, alas! too common? As opposed to all that, how clearly does Christ Himself, in the words of the text, declare and define the object of His mission! "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." A few more texts of a like import will throw more light on the definiteness of Christ's mission, and show us more clearly who are meant by the "lost" whom He came to seek and to save. He says, "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day" (John vi. 38, 39). From this it is seen that it was the "given ones" He came to seek and save, and them only. Their raising up at the last day is His last great act of mercy towards them in putting them into possession of complete and eternal redemption; and He does not merely essay to do this, He *does it*. Again, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John x. 10). Here God's elect family are spoken of under the figure of sheep—they are spiritually dead by nature. But Christ—their appointed Shepherd—announces that His mission was "to give them life." "I give unto them eternal life" (v. 28). And that this life secures their salvation without a doubt, it is added, "And they shall never perish." It is the work of the Holy Ghost to communicate this life to a dead soul; the means He employs is "faith in Christ," and that this saving faith is wrought only in the hearts of God's chosen is plain from verse 26, where, speaking to the reprobate Jews who opposed Him, and who were to die in their sins, He said, "But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you." Again, where His people are spoken of as "the needy," "the poor," and "the children of the needy," it is said concerning them, "He shall judge the poor of the people. He shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. For He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy. He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence: and precious shall their blood be in His sight" (Psalm lxxii. 4, 12, 14). The saving operations of the Spirit at first, and subsequently, show Christ's people how needy of salvation they are; this brings down their high looks and in its place gives poverty of spirit. Christ's mission was, and is, to save these poor and needy ones; and He *does it*.

When Jesus spake these words declarative of His mission, He had given a proof of their verity in saving Zaccheus. Zaccheus was a son of Abraham, having by grace exercised the same saving faith in Christ as did Abraham, who saw Christ's day afar off, and was glad. He was justified before God by the same righteousness as was Abraham even Christ's; and he was a member of Christ's body—the Church—even as Abraham was. As members of His body and the Church, Christ saved them both, lost as they were in themselves, and as the whole body is by nature. "But," says Paul, "Christ is the Head of the Church, and He is the Saviour of the body" (Eph. v. 23).

Christ's whole body mystical—the Church—it was which He came to seek and to save, and it only.

"The Church once lost, her Surety did redeem,
And saved her from the jaws of death and hell."

Christ's heart was set upon this mission from all eternity. All the wisdom, power, and sovereign love of God were embarked in this enterprise. Failed it has not; fail it cannot. He who had His delights with the sons of men in the eternity that is past, shall have His delights with the same sons of men in the eternity to come.

Christ never fails to save all those sinners whom He seeks, and He never seeks any sinner whom He does not mean to save. How much dishonour, then, does that teaching and preaching bring upon His declarative glory, that represents Him as wanting to save all the lost family of Adam, and in effect makes as the efficient cause of salvation the free-will of man. But how honouring, on the other hand, is that which declares salvation to be, "not by works, nor of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me (in this great work of salvation) shall be lightly esteemed."

Dundee.

G. A.

THE SUPPLIANT'S PLEA.

A SINNER! that is all the plea I bring,
And never sinner needed mercy more!
A sinner—now reveal Thy grace, O King,
A sinful sinner I for grace implore.

I *would*, but cannot, make my heart a spring,
From whence refreshing tears of sorrow flow;
No, 'tis an empty, rocky, sterile thing,
As Thou who readest every heart dost know.

I cannot bring my love; it seems to me
That I have none, so faint are my desires;
Yet would I have my heart go forth to Thee
With love more fervent than th' angelic choirs.

I cannot bring my prayers so full of sin;
Coldness, ingratitude, and base mistrust,
All mingled, mar Thy Spirit's work within,
And lay me low before Thee in the dust.

Nor can I plead that ever until now
I've been Thy loving, Thy obedient, child:
Oft before idols Thou hast seen me bow;
Oft hast Thou seen my robes by sin defiled.

Oh ! this deceitful, wicked, foolish heart !
 From its beguilings when shall I be free ?
 When cease from all true comfort to depart ?
 When find my springs of joy alone in Thee ?

Oft, as I wander, Thine unwearing love
 In secret drawings brings me back to Thee ;
 Thy faithfulness to that sweet word I prove,
 " My people never shall depart from Me."

So I am come, but blush to come again,
 To trespass on Thy free forgiving grace ;
 'Tis making Christ the minister of sin—
 Thus argue I in my self-righteousness.

Oh ! had I something of *my own* to plead—
 Some tears for sin—a little faith or love—
 Ah ! then methinks I should be sure to speed—
 This my self-righteous heart would well approve.

Oh ! it is well, my God, 'tis well indeed
 That I have nothing I can bring to Thee ;
 That Thou hast oped my eyes to see my need—
 My utter worthlessness and poverty ;

Or else how could I ever enter in,
 Or grow in knowledge of that wondrous grace ?
 The free, but righteous, pardon of ALL sin,
 So suited to the helpless sinner's case.

How could the blood and righteousness of Christ
 Become more needful than my daily meat ?
 Or learn increasingly that only rest
 Is found in Him in whom I stand complete ?

I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou dost strip me bare,
 Nor leav'st me even one self-righteous plea ;
 Else in Thy glory I should seek to share,
 Or dote upon Thy gifts, instead of Thee.

I come, then, empty of all hope in self,
 Seeking the work of Christ alone to plead ;
 Lord, I believe, oh, help mine unbelief,
 Out of His fulness now supply my need !

Let me not pine so much for faith and love,
 But more for Him in whom all glories dwell,
 Till, satisfied with Him, no more I rove ;
 Then, or in joy or sorrow, it is well.

M. J. M.

DUTY FAITH.

THE advocates of an unscriptural Duty Faith make the Gospel not only a law, but even a harder law than that of Moses. Because God gave to our first father Adam, as his upright and holy creature in innocence, a certain ability or power to yield obedience to the law under which he was created ; but, since God never gave even to Adam, in a state of innocence, any *spiritual* ability to believe with the faith that is now required of unregenerate men ; therefore, to require of Adam's fallen posterity the duty of believing in Christ to the saving of the soul, is to require more of the children *in sin*, than God even gave their father ability to perform when *in innocence*.

Thus "duty faith" is shown to be a harder law than that of Moses.—(See Appendix to Colyer's Sermon on the "Good News of Christ.")

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LATE BELOVED E. B. M.'s LETTERS
TO "GEORGE AND MARY, DURING 1869—71.

(Continued from page 264.)

August 5th.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN COVENANT UNION,—“Blest be the tie that binds our hearts” in Christian love to Christ, and to one another in Him! I thank you much for your last precious letter; it was, I can assure you, “savory meat such as my soul loveth.” Yes, dear brother, the Lord is dealing very tenderly with me; and, though I *sensibly* feel the *outer* man to be decaying, I *as* surely find the renewings of the *inner* man day by day. The Lord be praised for *all* His merciful kindness to His poor widowed child, in so stilling the enemy and the avenger as to give me to enjoy much of that peace which passeth all understanding, in the *midst* of the *conflict*, *battle*, and *war-din* of every-day life. But, oh! I long to get *closer* to His *side*, *nearer* to His *heart*, to know more of His blessed self! This *vile* body and this deceitful heart are such dead weights and hindrances between *me* and my Beloved, that I often sigh and groan for the time when I shall “awake up in His likeness and be *satisfied*.”

* * * * *

My own mind is *never* perplexed or puzzled upon *speculative* matters; when I reach my *Home*, *sweet Home*, there will be *no lack*, but all will be wisely and blessedly arranged to the satisfaction of my glorified spirit. And now, dear brother and sister in the Lord, I commit you afresh to the care and safe keeping of Israel's God; may He feed, guide, and bless you from day to day!—So prays, yours in much Christian love,

E. B. M.

“It is a warfare,” as our dear Editor's mother once told him not to forget. To hear some *people* talk, and to read the writings of some *men*, people and men of whom we hope well, and who seem to be far in advance of some of us poor mourners, one would almost think there is no such thing as a warfare—a conflict, “the flesh lusting against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh.” Little seems to be known of the plague of the heart—the deeply bewailing “for inward corruption and sin:” and, on that account, what little union is felt, and how some of us get cast down at times, fearing 'tis ourselves are wrong! But with what different feelings will such read our dear sister's testimony in the above! and such was her testimony to the end, too. Yes, here we have the bright side and the dark side—the conflict and the triumph—the groaning and sighing—the praising and thanksgiving. I know the hearts of such will beat heart to heart with hers, which proves a tie which death itself cannot dissolve. How different with thee now, dear sister! 'Tis rest now, *eternal rest*.

“No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach that place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which echo from immortal tongues.

"No rude alarm of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon."

August 31st. — * * The date has reminded me of the near approach of your birthday; so I sit down, dear sister, to ask you upon a review of the Lord's dealings with you these forty years in the wilderness, "lacked ye anything?" "Oh no," I am sure you will say; "not one good thing has ever failed; the Lord has been better to me than *all* my fears, and has done abundantly more for me than I could either ask or think." So say I, dear sister in Christ, and, therefore, come—"Magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together." I do so love to speak good of His dear name, and give Him the glory of *all* He has done both *in* me and *for* me. I trust, dear brother and sister, that the Lord will unite your hearts more and more together in His love and fear, and, after, give you a faith's lift heavenward; and, when it is *well* with you, remember me. I am getting very feeble, both in *mind* and *body*, but the Lord is my strength and stay. Accept these little love-tokens, dear sister in Christ, with best wishes and much love to you *both*, from yours in true Christian affection,
E. B. M.

Sept. 4th.—Many thanks, dear brother, for all your kind and affectionate expressions towards such a *poor worm*. I am only thankful to find that my little trifles were acceptable and so kindly received. God grant that "we may abound in love one towards another," through the power of the Holy Ghost dwelling in us! Give my love to your dear wife, and tell her that, though I was too poorly to say much in my letter, I was led to plead much with the Lord on her behalf on the 1st, and had a sweet visit to the Holy of Holies, and such near access to our *Great High Priest*, that my heart seemed enlarged with holy boldness to ask *great* things for her, but not *greater* than are treasured up in our Father's heart for the children of His love. May the Lord fulfil my petitions! He is such a good Paymaster, and now and then pays us beforehand, besides working *with* us and *in* us "to *will* and to *do* of His own good pleasure." Good-bye, dear friends! God bless you, and be your Refuge and Defence in every time of need!—So prays, yours in much Christian love,
E. B. M.

October 18th.

BELoved BROTHER AND SISTER IN OUR DEAR COVENANT HEAD,—I feel quite overwhelmed with a deep sense of your brotherly and sisterly kindness in sending to me, year after year, so many kind tokens of your Christian love. I know you do it for our dear Lord and Master's sake. I pray, dear friends, that it may all be returned to you an *hundred-fold* in the *richest spiritual* blessings our Father has to communicate to His dear children. Oh! may He fill you with His blessed Spirit, give you "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" "comfort you as one whom his mother comforteth," and fill your hearts with "joy unspeakable and full of glory!" Thus may you, my dear brother and sister, be blessed and enriched to the joy and rejoicing of your hearts, and we will praise our covenant-keeping God together, who giveth us "far more abundantly than we can either ask or think, or are worthy to receive." Oh! dear brother, I feel more of my own unworthiness every day; but

Jesus is worthy, and He must increase, but I must decrease; so we will put all the glory upon His dear head who has done all things *in* us and *for* us, and who "worketh in us to *will* and to *do* of His own good pleasure." Well, now, dear brother and sister, I have unpacked my treasure, and really stand amazed at your kindness. . . . How kind to send me those nice grapes! Oh, may you be feasting upon *Eshcol's grapes*, and thus have many a taste of the good things of the kingdom, till we sit down together and feast upon the *new wine* in our Father's house above! . . . I can only say, accept the best thanks that a loving and grateful heart can give, but look above for your reward to "your Father and my Father, to your God and my God," "who giveth to all men *liberally*, and upbraideth not." I hope dear sister is safely returned home, and found the dear sick one better. And now, my dear friends, under a deep sense of my heavenly Father's goodness in sending me so many nice provisions for the poor body through your kind hearts, I must say *farewell*. I expect each year will be the *last*, but "my Father knows," and, when *His* time is come, I am *quite* ready "to *depart* and be *with Christ*." Blessed be His dear name for giving me such a realizing assurance of this precious truth day by day!—Yours, my beloved friends, in the sweetest bonds,

E. B. M.

December 11th.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN COVENANT UNION,—Your letter was very refreshing to my thirsty soul; and, when I had read it, I spread it before the Lord, thanked Him for it, and asked Him to bless you both abundantly. The account you gave me of your dear wife's uncle I found very precious,—such a proof of our dear Lord's covenant care and faithfulness to His sure Word and promise to His redeemed ones—blessed be His dear name!—

"His promise is Yea and Amen,
And never was forfeited yet."

No, nor ever shall be, dear brother. You and I believe that in our inmost souls!

Your Christian love-tokens, dear brother and sister, linger around me, and often give me much sweet fellowship with you both, and many a precious meal with you, both for soul and body. How good is our dear Lord thus to link hearts in blessed union together, who are unknown in the flesh! but we are no strangers in the Spirit, dear friends, but have one hope, one aim, one heart, one covenant Head, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," and are journeying on to one home of rest and peace, where—

"We shall see His face,
And never, never sin;
But from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

Oh for grace to walk worthy of such a hope, and such a home! . . .

And so, dear sister, you still suffer from those trying spasms. I have not had them so much for the last two years, but have been a great sufferer from them for many years, but I have had other infirmities increase upon me lately, and so the dear Lord in His loving wisdom has in great measure mercifully relieved me from the spasms. Oh, what a wonder-working God He is! "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of His east wind," tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, and lays no more

upon His dear children than *He* will enable us to bear. Come then, sorrow, tribulation, and perplexity, sickness, and even *death itself*—"in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that hath loved us." "Happy is the people that are in such a case; yea, happy are the people whose God is the Lord!"

I am much the same in body, dear friends, as when I wrote last—weak and feeble, and suffering much from rheumatism. But oh! how light these afflictions are when balanced with the *eternal weight of Glory!*" Accept much grateful Christian love, dear brother and sister, from yours affectionately in Jesus,
E. B. M.

As mention is made in the above of my wife's uncle, I think a few words concerning him will be acceptable, and, perhaps, profitable and encouraging to the GOSPEL MAGAZINE family, and will prove the faithfulness of Israel's God to His Word. Our dear uncle is now about eighty-seven years of age, and lives at Northlow, Devon. He has, in his day, "considered the poor and needy;" he has "dealt out his bread to the hungry," and has literally "brought the poor and cast out to his house," and has, in a sense, "covered the naked" (Psalm xlv., Isaiah lviii.), to a greater extent, considering his means, than I have ever heard of by any one else—denying himself, no doubt, to do so. And the Lord has, in a blessed sense, literally fulfilled His promises made to such. He has for some years "strengthened him on his bed of languishing," "made his bed in sickness," "enlightened his darkness," "satisfied his soul," "made fat his bones," and "made his soul like a watered garden;"—so that, though obliged to stay in bed through infirmity, yet the Lord so tempers his body that he feels neither uncomfortably hot in summer nor cold in winter; and, if his bed was not made for a week, his daughter and my wife believe he would scarcely take any notice of it. There he sits up in the day-time, for the most part reading, his lips dropping as the *honeycomb*, often "offering the sacrifice of praise to God,—the fruit of his lips giving thanks to His name." He looks contented and happy—which, indeed, he is—with a brightened, cheerful countenance, so that on looking at him you would be ready to think him young and healthy (Psalm ciii. 5). "waiting, only waiting," to hear His blessed voice saying, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Thus it was with him when my wife saw him about two years since, and we have *reason* to believe it is much the same with him *now*.

I will also add one more *living* testimony to the power and loving kindness of the Lord. My dear wife, who has for the most part of her life been full of activity, so that to sit down an hour or two would be, especially if unemployed, quite a punishment to her, was, through a fall in May last, which much injured her foot and ankle, obliged to stay in bed for some two or three weeks; yet there she stayed for the most part contented and cheerful, and without *weariness*; so that she was a wonder to herself. The moment she fell, her loving, faithful Companion—who, though unseen, is always near—whispered these words into her soul, "Himself hath done it," which so calmed her then and afterward that no murmurings or complainings escaped her lips. "Himself hath done it" has been a sovereign antidote. Her foot and ankle are still weak.

Men of the world, and who, therefore, have no faith in God's Word or knowledge of these things, may sneer at them and think them trifles, but

His children, in and through them, blessed be His name, are taught to "understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

We "foolish (?) " ones believe that Daniel's God could, and most likely did, make the lions as careful over Daniel as a mother over her "*sucking child*."

We believe that the Lord could, and no doubt at times did, give Jeremiah as much rest as regards his body, and as much contentment of mind, when in the low dungeon, as if he had been lying on his sofa in his own house. Yes! beloved John Newton was right when he said:—

"And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there."

He has promised to!

Look at Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Look at the furnace heated "one seven times more than it was wont to be heated." See those servants of the Most High God "bound" (likely "with links of iron") "in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments," by the "most mighty men" in Nebuchadnezzar's army. See them "fall down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace." See those "mighty men" slain by "the *flame* of the fire, the furnace being exceeding hot." Look again: see those servants of the LORD "*walking* in the *midst* of the fire" with *no hurt*. Behold that glorious Being, one "like the Son of God," their Almighty Friend and Companion, visibly walking with them. Where are their bands now? Behold them come forth from "the *midst* of the fire;" stand with "the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors." Look at their bodies so tempered that the fire had "*no power*" over them, "not an *hair* of their head *singed*, neither were their coats changed, nor had the *smell* of fire passed on them" (Daniel iii. 19—27).

Look, again, at Paul and Silas; see them "beaten with *many stripes*, thrust into the inner prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks." Listen to their songs and praises at midnight (Acts xvi. 23—25), and then ask that forcible question, "*Is anything too hard for the Lord?*" And hear millions of voices throughout heaven and earth answer, *No*.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

December 31st.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—I received yours yesterday, and sent off the new year's pieces, as I thought you might want them, but had not time to do more, as I am so very busy just now (the Lord be praised for the mercy!) but writing begins to be a heavy burden for me. I have now sent you, dear brother, all I *think* I may have written since May, 1868. Excuse more, as I am so poorly to-day; hope to write again in a day or two, if better. The dear Lord bless you both, beloved friends!—So prays yours in covenant union, E. B. M.

P.S.—Nineteen years to-day since I lost my precious husband. Oh, what a *Husband* has the *dear Lord* been to the widow! blessed be His dear name.

ANOTHER CHAMPION OF PROTESTANTISM CALLED TO HIS REST.

YESTERDAY, says the *Western Daily Mercury*, of April 29th, the mortal remains of that great enemy of Ultramontane Jesuitism, the Rev. R. J. McGhee, M.A., were borne past our port, for interment in that noble Protestant Cemetery at Harold's Cross, Dublin, near to which he had spent some of the happiest and most useful years of his previous life, and most honoured and useful ministry.

For the last twenty-six years he had been Vicar of Holywell and Needingworth, in Huntingdonshire. He "fell asleep" in Jesus at Hampstead, London, on the 16th of this month, at the age of 85 years. For his removal from amongst us, at this time, all the truly Evangelical may well mourn; in the camp of the Ultramontanes there will, doubtless, be great joy.

As pastor at Harold's Cross he was known and beloved by all the people, and by every child in his large Sunday Schools. These schools, when at home, he always closed himself, putting before the hymn and prayer some questions out of the Holy Scriptures, and giving a brief address. Every teacher was known to him by name, and all looked up to him as a father. As a preacher his eloquence riveted the attention of the crowded congregations which hung upon his words. The arrangements of the discourses were so clear, his expositions so lucid, and his appeals so loving and warm, that to forget a sermon once heard from him would be very difficult. While habitually and heartily hating Romanism, he had a true love for the Roman Catholics; was always ready to serve them; and was very kindly in his addresses to them. His whole conduct in relation to the Romish Controversy was just the natural outgrowth of deep love to Jesus, to Gospel truth, and to souls. Ill-will to individuals he had none. That on account of which he will be longest remembered and oftenest quoted is the startling discovery made, and made known by him, of the "Secret Statutes" of the Romish Province of Leinster, under direction of which, and under the watchful supervision of the Romish Bishops, *Dens* had become the "text book" for the constant study and training of the Romish priests in Ireland; and for their examination at the clerical conferences, regularly held, at which every priest was compelled to be present: and from which all reporters for the public press were excluded. At these conferences the bishops always preside; or, in their absence, the chair is filled by someone appointed by them.

The original documents, including the Romish Testament with notes, appealed to by him, in this discovery, he placed in certain cabinets, in the libraries of the Universities of Cambridge, Dublin, and Oxford. At the request, and upon the requisition of the Lord-Lieutenant, noblemen, and gentlemen of the county of Huntingdon, these documents were carefully examined and verified, and Mr. McGhee's printed "report" on them, ratified by the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and subsequently by eminent authorities in Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin.

From these documents, so verified, Mr. McGhee made it quite clear that while asserting and swearing the very contrary, the Romish bishops were constantly and systematically inculcating upon their priests, and through them, in the Confessional, upon the people, that the "Canon Law" of the Pope was binding upon priests, lay Roman Catholics, and even upon Protestants in Ireland; that the ecclesiastics are free from the

obligation of the "Civil Law;" and that anyone who will prosecute a priest in any of the courts of the nation is, by that fact itself, excommunicated; that "Heretics," who have withdrawn themselves from the jurisdiction of the Romish Church, are, in virtue of their baptism, no matter by whom administered, still subject to the Pope, as "rebels" are to their sovereign, and are to be dealt with according to the Bulls of the Popes, and other laws of the Romish Church; that the religion of Protestants is worse than Paganism or Judaism; that their worship is not to be tolerated; that they are to be compelled, when the state of society will permit this to be done by corporal punishments, to return to the obedience of the Roman pontiff; that, forasmuch as they do not believe everything that the Pope teaches, they are *ipso facto* excommunicated; that they are incapacitated to teach youth, to hold any office, to receive a bequest, or to make a will; that they are to be denied air, earth, fire, water, and all necessities while living, and Christian burial when dead; that no oath to them is binding; that their blood shed by the Inquisition, or in a Holy War, or by a Popish mob or assassin, is not to be regarded as the blood of martyrs, but as the blood of thieves, men-stealers, and other malefactors, for the shedding of which no commonwealth shall answer; that they are to be punished with confiscation of all their lands and goods, exile, imprisonment, torture, and death.

The Roman bishops asserted in vain that these doctrines were not *their* teachings; every fresh defence, set up by them or by O'Connell and others for them, only made the succeeding exposure by Mr. McGhee all the more crushing. At last even Archbishop Murray ceased to write and to deny; and Mr. McGhee lived to see all the Romish denials rendered "lying for nothing," by the clear avowals, that even in England the very worst of those Bulls, which Dr. Murray would on no account acknowledge, as of authority in Ireland, were the highest law binding upon Roman Catholics, and to be by them looked upon only as "inspired," as the divine utterances of the infallible and perpetual Peter. These declarations have been made by the R. Archbishop Manning. Mr. McGhee lived also to see a Romish Cardinal in Ireland enforcing the very worst of them; the Bull in *Cena Domini* against a poor parish priest, O'Keefe; and enforcing it too, to the taking away from that poor priest of his "daily bread," and this with the concurrence and help and sentence of a Board of Poor Law Guardians; constituted, and pretending to act, under the sanction of British law; and he lived to read in the public newspapers the petition for redress of that ill-used priest, addressed "to the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled." If the present race of Romish bishops be more bigoted, they are certainly more honest and outspoken than their predecessors.

But Robert McGhee did not confine himself to the so needful controversy with anti-Christian Rome. His Bible expositions, hymns, and other Gospel publications are most valuable and refreshing; piously exultant in the love of Christ; and meekly submissive to the will of God. His correspondence was most extensive; pleading with the highest on behalf of God's truth; and condescending to the help of the very lowest worker for God. Utter renunciation of self; entire dependence upon Christ; the consciousness of happy undying union with Him; continual looking for and reliance upon the teaching and help of the Holy Spirit; these things characterized himself, his published works, and his private correspondence. The secret of his life was prayer; and the need of that

he never failed to press upon others. Had Robert McGhee devoted his splendid powers to the service of the Romish Church, no position, no honours would have been deemed too great for him. Had he been a worldly, time-serving politician; had he paid court to either of the great parties in the State; had he been made of that material which can dance attendance on statesmen or on the flunkies of the great, he would have been rewarded with a bishopric long since. But, because there was "another spirit in him;" because he was a fearless, vigorous, gracious witness for Jesus; therefore, while rendering services of worth incalculable to the cause of evangelical Protestantism, and to all really "working the work of God," he was permitted to live and die in comparative poverty and obscurity. Of the men who were his co-workers, Dr. Mortimer O'Sullivan died in his little parish; Dr. Charles Fleury was obliged to teach school to the end; Edward Nangle is still a struggling illusionary; Hobart Seymour has no "preferment," and there are others "of whom the world is not worthy." "But great is their reward in heaven." Had the disestablishment of the Irish Church come a quarter of a century earlier, Robert McGhee never would have accepted any "living" in England; and might, for the last twenty years at least, have been a guiding bishop of the Church which he loved. The Church which has honoured God and herself by choosing Maurice Day—that kindly sympathetic good man, emphatic preacher, and painstaking pastor, for her first free-elected bishop—would certainly not for all these years have continued to overlook Robert McGhee. Whatsoever the Romish priests intended in the disestablishment, we rejoice that good men and the Gospel are not likely to suffer by that enactment.

Upon whom will the mantle fall of Robert McGhee? He has laboured so wisely and so well that even children can now use the weapons prepared by him. The Vatican Council and the elevation of Ligouri to the rank of "Doctor of the Church" have, besides, very much simplified the controversy. Mr. McGhee had, out of their own books, to convince Roman Catholics that such and such things were the authorized teachings of their Church. These same things are now declared to be infallible truth; and so declared, not by the archbishop of a province, or by a few bishops, whose decision may be repudiated by other bishops, but by the voice of the infallible General Council, so called; and by the most solemn decree of the Pope, declared to be infallible by that council, and received as infallible by the whole Church. *Dens* is now superseded by *Ligouri*. Constructive loyalty, comparative purity and honesty, have given place to unmitigated falsehood, unmitigated pollution, and downright treason. Henceforth nine-tenths of our ponderous volumes may be dispensed with. Romanism is petrified in Ligouri. God's religion is complete in the Bible. Let us study these two books, and use them.

Then, again, God makes "everything beautiful in its season." "Diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit" of God in all His servants. The sturdy controversialist, Robert Daly, was the right man for his time. Unions are now to be brought about; Methodists and others to be conciliated; schisms to be healed; hearts to be felt for and with. Who better fitted for such work? who more likely to be trusted than Maurice Day? and as in this, so for all other services in the Church, "the residue of the Spirit is with Him," "who has all authority in heaven and on earth."

Desponding on account of the removal of Robert McGhee from amongst us at a time when his counsel seemed so much needed, we opened our little girl's "Birth-day Text Book" at the words, "The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

"Fear not, I am with thee: oh, be not dismayed!
I am thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand."

Anecdotes and Extracts.

OLD JONATHAN AT SCHOOL, AND PUT BACK INTO WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

"AND is it possible?"

"I assure you it is true."

"Why, didn't I hear he had been at school nearly fifty years?"

"It's very little short of it."

"And now in monosyllables?"

"Yes, now only in monosyllables."

"But what an old fool he must be! Do you think he can be quite sane? or that he is simply getting into his dotage?"

"Ah, he's shrewd enough in most things, I assure you; and so you would say, if you were to talk to him."

"Oh, how I should like to do so! Do you think we might have a little chat with him?"

"Well, I can hardly say. He is such a strange creature altogether. Sometimes he is as pleasant and agreeable as possible; then, again, he is so peevish and snappish, that there is no saying a word to him."

"How strange!"

"It's true, I assure you."

"How do you account for it?"

"Well, it's hard to account for it; and yet it's true that the old man has had a good deal of trouble, more or less, all his life-time; and this, perhaps, has soured him somewhat."

"What sort of troubles has he had?"

"Oh, I had nearly said all sorts; troubles in business; troubles in his family; repeated bereavements; and very frequent illnesses."

"Frequent illnesses? Why, he looks the very picture of health. What can ail him?"

"Why, he had repeated attacks of gout, to begin with. I have often heard him say, that, like his old father before him, he never knows what a thorough day's health is."

"But, if he's a gouty subject, that may account for his being at times so cross and fretful."

"No, it's not altogether *that*."

"Do you think, then, that it is on account of his troubles?"

"No, for (strange to say) you never hear him murmur or repine in the least about these. I don't ever recollect hearing him find fault in this

respect. He always says it is needful for him; that it is what he deserves; and no more than he might expect."

"Well, he does puzzle me. What a strange character he must be!"

"I assure you he puzzles *me*. I often think he is the greatest contradiction you can imagine. I have known him to bear positive insult, and even abuse, perfectly calm and unmoved; again, I have seen him take offence at the merest word, where no such thing was intended. At times you will see him doing things that many far beneath him would not think of doing. At other times he would take umbrage at the veriest trifle. Although you might think him among the very humblest of men, if you were to judge of certain acts and doings, yet I have myself heard him say, that 'in some respects not a prouder man walks the streets than OLD JONATHAN.' Just by chance, and without apology, offer him the left hand, or a couple of fingers, and then you'll see how he will writhe under it. Years and years ago, one very high in authority did the latter, and the old man was terribly annoyed. Hence he is such a contradiction. Whilst (if he could do it unobserved) he would lend a helping hand to a poor overladen fellow-creature, if he chanced to see him toiling under his load, he would detect and writhe under the veriest mark of coolness, or a disposition to 'cut him,' on the part of others. As for the 'purse-proud,' he has a perfect horror of them."

"Well, from all you say of him, he must be a singular character."

"He is, you may be assured."

"Do you think it's possible to see and talk with him?"

"We'll try; but, mark, I'll not engage for the mood we may find him in. If in one of his peevish, fretful tempers, I'm sure the shorter the interview the better."

"But there is one question I wish to ask. I understand he is a writer?"

"Yes, certainly; nor do I suppose he has less than from 60 to 70,000 books in circulation, large and small, besides other things. Why, he has been publishing for more than thirty years!"

"And yet now only in words of *one* syllable? If this be not a contradiction, I do not know what is. The only way that I can account for it is, that he is getting softening of the *brain*, through an overstrain upon the system."

"Oh, no, it is not a softening of the *brain*, but it is a softening of the *heart*. In other words, he is such a peculiar character, and so strange, self-willed, and obdurate a scholar, that his Master has to adopt means with him to bring about that state of things of which we read in His Book of books, 'Thou makest my heart soft;' that is, He 'brings down their heart with labour.' In His own special and peculiar, but most effectual way, He subdues their tempers—controls their self-will—and brings their lion-heartedness, rebellion, and ingratitude, down to the gentlest, most lamb-like, teachable, and tractable of tempers. This is just the course He has been adopting with OLD JONATHAN for years and years. Hence the disparity and contradiction. Sometimes you will find him in the one spirit, and sometimes under the other; now like a lion, then like a lamb. At one time as boarish and thankless and cross as a wasp; at others as meek and tender and gentle as a child. At one season perfectly unapproachable; at another as affable as possible."

"Strange! strange! very strange!"

"Not so strange, after all, if you come to consider it, and look at it in

the light of that teaching which is from above; for, after all, 'who teacheth like Him?' The Great Teacher teaches unlike all others—in ways and by means totally distinct from all that is merely human or natural. In fact, we have His own word for it, which plainly declares, 'that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' And, so far from JONATHAN'S seeming slowness and stupidity being perfectly unaccountable, let us not forget the prayer of the Psalmist, notwithstanding the time he had been learning, and the nature and extent of his attainments. As though he were now only just aroused from a death-like slumber, and for the first time awaking to a sight and sense of both his necessities and his privileges, he exclaims: 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' But you wish, if possible, to get a word or two with OLD JONATHAN himself. We will try. Ah, there he is in yonder obscure corner of the school, poring over his lesson, as usual. I wonder what it is. Don't appear to notice him, but I'll try to get a passing glance over his shoulder to see about what he is so deep in thought. Look at the copy before him, written in large red letters. It is, you see, as I said, he is only in the one syllable. He was, I know, advanced to two, but now he is put back to one again. See the word: B—L—O—O—D."

"Oh! we have disturbed him. He's looking up. Hush! Be careful."

"Well, old friend, how d'ye do? Didn't think to see you here."

"No, I dare say not; nor do a good many more. You're not the only one that didn't think to see me here."

"Excuse me for making so free. How is it? Why, a great number that came to this school after you, got on rapidly, and long since have left it."

"That's true; I don't deny it. Hundreds and thousands of them."

"And still you are here?"

"Yes, still I'm here, and a great wonder, too."

"What do you mean, JONATHAN?"

"Ah, I know what I mean; and, if you could peep in here—that is, into my heart—you would wonder, too."

"What d'ye mean, friend?"

"Well, I'm not over-anxious to explain what I mean; but the Master knows all about it: and I must say this, that, whereas I should have been formerly glad to have hidden it from Him, I am thankful that He knows all about it now. Slow and stupid as I am in most things, I am grateful for this progress, anyhow."

"Will you kindly explain yourself, dear friend?"

"You and I are such very different creatures, and our position so unlike, that I fancy it will be little good for me to try to explain. If you had to sit upon this form side by side with me, and had to learn the lessons from time to time set before me, it might be an easier matter to explain then; but it is not so easy otherwise."

"I should, however, be thankful if you would try. What is good for you may likewise be of service to me. We are not always ourselves the best judges in these matters."

"That's true, and I am glad you know it."

"Oh, don't, friend, think that I'm the quick or the retentive learner you might imagine. I know too well what it is to forget, and what it is likewise to learn the same lesson set before me, and to learn over and over again the self-same thing."

"You do? Then I'm very glad to hear it; and I'll tell you why: because it will give a better idea of, and a deeper insight into, the character of my Master. You will know more about His patience and forbearance—His pity and tenderness. I should not have known one thousandth part of the little I do know but for my very slowness and stupidity and self-will. But for the merciful way in which He has thus taught me, I should have been proud and pharisaical and self-satisfied, the same as other folks. He has, however, taken such pains with me, and dealt so tenderly and patiently and forbearingly, that I'm bound to love Him—aye, and in spite of myself and untowardness, to speak well of His dear name, too; for, notwithstanding all, He is both near and dear to me; and I would sooner suffer anything that He might enable me to endure than that I would hear aught said against Him. Fret as this vile heart may about the means He may take to teach me, and the mystifications to flesh and blood to which from time to time He may see fit to subject me, yet, after all, I can but love Him for all that He is in Himself, and all He has been to and for me these many, many years."

"But will you kindly tell me what you are learning now? I see there is a short, but very important, word before you."

"Ah, it is, indeed, an important word; and it is just one of the old lessons placed before me—one that I have had to dive into and pore over thousands upon thousands of times; but there is this peculiarity about it, that, under certain circumstances and in certain states of mind, there is always a freshness and a newness and a sweetness and a power about it; aye, just as much so as if I had never seen nor thought of nor felt it before."

"Really! Is not that strange?"

"Oh, no, it is by no means strange to those who may be led as I am led, and taught as I am taught; that is, to such as are brought to know the meaning of that saying, 'Turn about, O son of man, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these;' or that other declaration, 'And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know [or that thou mayest know] what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldst keep His commandments, or no.'"

"But will you kindly tell me the bearing of the word now before you, upon your present state of mind or passing circumstances? Can you explain that freshness or newness or sweetness of which you just now spoke? I should have thought that that word BLOOD was one of the first words to be learnt and done with."

"Never fully learnt, and never, never—no, never—done with; and, although I am (as indeed I, of all men, ought to be) about one of the last in the world 'to make a man an offender for a word,' yet I always take exception to a word in one of the precious hymns which are so often and so heartily sung in this school.

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be saved to sin no more."

"Now, although I knew what the poet meant, still I always mentally object to that word 'till,' for I contend that that precious, precious blood will never—no, never—lose its power. It will to all eternity, when ages upon ages shall have rolled away, be as fresh and as powerful and as

precious as ever. It will always be a *new* song that the redeemed and the glorified will be singing when they shall as with one heart and one voice exclaim, 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in *His own blood*, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, unto Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.' Moreover, the great and glorious Master, who is now so patiently and forbearingly teaching poor old wayward, weary, weather-beaten JONATHAN, will ever stand, 'as a Lamb as it had been slain,' as though he had only just been offered as a willing and all-sufficient Sacrifice for the sins and iniquities of His redeemed and glorified."

"But I see you are writing something; has it to do with the word thus placed so prominently before you?"

"It has. It is the passage in which the word is so forcibly and blessedly presented—'And the BLOOD shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and, when I see THE BLOOD, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt.'"

"But what bearing has this passage upon you?"

"In the first place, you will observe that, as the word is set before me, as a copy or subject for thought and meditation, it has between each letter its dash, suggesting a pause, or, in other words, time for due reflection and thoughtful study, thus: B—L—O—O—D. Its very form and appearance indicate that it contains much—very much—fore-thought and consideration. Moreover, as brought to bear upon personal knowledge and experience, this fact is ratified and confirmed. As presented in the portion I am now writing, we are reminded of its being proclaimed to Israel long after its people had seen and known much of the will and the ways of the Lord. Hence, as it was an after-revelation, so it was to be a perpetual and ever-present truth. Not only was it to act as a then present preservative to Israel as they stood with their loins girded, their shoes on their feet, and their staff in their hand, ready to depart, both out of their houses and out of Egypt, at the Lord's bidding; but THE BLOOD was perpetually, in various ways, to be shed and applied, so that that great truth should have an ever-constant and never-ceasing bearing, 'And, when I see THE BLOOD, I will pass over you.'"

"Still I am at a loss to know its application to yourself, and why it is that you now feel such a present interest and peculiar power in regard to your now position."

"I can quite comprehend your difficulty; and, as I just now intimated, you must come, and if not actually take my place, sit here by my side, and very carefully consider all the circumstances, in order to know and feel precisely as I do."

(To be continued.)

WHAT PRAYER IS.—Who will pray, must know and understand that prayer is an earnest and familiar talking with God, to whom we declare our miseries, whose support and help we implore and desire in our adversities, and whom we laud and praise for our benefits received. So that prayer containeth the exposition of our troubles, the desire of God's defence, and the praising of His magnificent name, as the Psalms of David clearly do teach.—JOHN KNOX.

Correspondence.

A PLEA FOR THE POSTMAN AND LETTER-CARRIER.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was glad when I read your remark on page 284 of this month's Magazine, viz., "*We cannot see why postal labour on the Sabbath should not be done away with altogether.*"

I do not believe in making men sober, religious, or Sabbath-keepers by Act of Parliament; but I look upon it as a truly solemn—an awfully solemn-matter, that a *large body of men should be COMPELLED TO BE SABBATH-BREAKERS by Act of Parliament!* In the great metropolis of London there is no need for a Sunday delivery of letters, neither is there throughout all Scotland; and, after having lived seven years in Glasgow, I can testify that no person there ever feels inconvenienced because the postman has his Sunday for himself. There is *no necessity* for a Sunday delivery of letters in any part of her Majesty's dominions. We should do all that lies in our power to get for postmen and letter-carriers their Sundays. Let me suggest to your readers who reside in districts where there is a Sunday delivery of letters, that they write, *on a postcard*, to the postmaster at the chief office in their district, requesting him to detain all letters directed to them till the Monday morning, stating that it is their wish that the postman should have the privilege of remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy, as God has commanded. Many persons receive their letters on Sundays, but do not open them till Monday. This is not enough. Let all who prize the inestimable boon of the Lord's Day refuse to receive letters on that day. Let none through thoughtlessness or carelessness in any way sanction a national desecration of the sacred day of rest. "Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it; that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil." "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it" (Isaiah lvi. 2; lviii. 13, 14).

National prosperity is intimately connected with a national observance of "the Sabbath"—"the first day of the week"—"the Lord's Day."—I am, yours truly in new covenant bonds,
Southsea, May 7th, 1872.

T. W. MEDHURST.

ENCOURAGEMENT.—It is certain He that came to seek and to save lost sinners will never reject lost sinners when they come to Him. He that entreateth the weary and heavily laden to come, will not slight them when they *do* come.—SIMPSON.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE American question still remains undecided, and it appears to be the occasion of considerable anxiety to our Government. The position of affairs (at the time at which we write) is simply this:—An additional article of the Treaty has been draughted by our Government, throwing overboard the Indirect Claims. If this should be accepted by the American Government, there will be no difficulty in bringing the matter to a satisfactory conclusion, but if it should be rejected, there appears to be no resource but to drop the Treaty altogether. The additional article has been approved by the American Foreign Committee, and it is now referred to the American Senate, two-thirds of which must approve of it before the President can act conclusively. It is stated that the belief of well-informed Americans continues to hold out the strongest assurance that the Treaty will not be allowed to fail. The Americans themselves seem to feel that it is not for their interest to perpetuate a source of disquietude injurious to their own commercial interests, and calculated to disorganize their plans for paying off their heavy debt.

The Murphy rioters—we might almost call them the Murphy murderers—have been liberated nearly three months before the expiration of their sentence! They were sentenced, on the 20th of last July, to twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for seriously injuring poor Murphy; and now, when their victim is dead, and when, if any alteration were made in their punishment, one would imagine that it ought to be increased, they are, without any good reason, set free. The judge in passing sentence, said, "I do not sentence you to that extremity of punishment which, I cannot help saying, you have merited;" and yet the Home Secretary deliberately remits a fourth part of that punishment! Well may the *Carlisle Patriot* observe—"We cannot hesitate to call it a serious perversion of justice,—a perversion so capricious and irrational, that it must give pain to our judges in their efforts, by careful and full inquiry on the spot, to award to wrong-doers what their misdeeds deserve; and its effect upon the violent classes must be to weaken the salutary dread of the law, when they learn, as they do here, that there is a political power which, without any public or adequate cause, and perhaps from a motive the reverse of creditable, can overrule the most impartial decisions of the judicial power."

A very strong denunciation of Ritualism has just appeared from an unexpected quarter. Monsignor Capel, lecturing at the Roman Catholic Pro-Cathedral, at Kensington, thus spoke of it:—"While he had the greatest affection for some engaged in the movement, he also knew of others who were dishonest, and held men's souls in servitude. Where, he asked, was the authority of these men? Dr. Newman gave back to Oxford the authority it had given him, and that was the first impetus given to the movement called 'Catholic.' But how changed! How marvellous the contrast between the conduct of Newman and of the men who now directed, not the movement, but worked in it, who defied their archbishops and bishops, who defied all authority, and claimed for themselves an authority that no bishop or priest of the Catholic Church dare

claim! For them the voice of the bishop was not the voice of authority. Notwithstanding the Articles of the Church of England, this new body of men loudly declared, on their own authority, that there are seven sacraments, and not two. Notwithstanding the assertions of their own Prayer-book, they permitted the adoration of the body of the Lord, notwithstanding the distinct voices of their own bishops and the distinct expressions of their own prayer-book, they were obliged to contort and pervert the latter so as to give a colouring to their own position. Their prayer-book said that those who were in trouble of conscience should turn to their clergy, and seek from them counsel and comfort; but the practical commentary of the Ritualists upon that was to insist upon all persons going regularly to their confession. They went further, and permitted the use of the statues and images at devotions, and all that Catholics did in their devotion to the blessed Virgin. Where was the smallest ground for their authority to do this? If the Ritualists were asked for their authority, one of their answers was that they followed the practices of the Church of antiquity. That was utterly false, because the rites they had introduced into London, such as the 'Three Hours' Agony,' were unknown to the ancient Church. These were not practices of antiquity, but practices introduced since the Council of Trent. Earnest as these men were, great as were the sacrifices they made, they had not a shred of authority for what they did. If they had any authority it might be summed up in a sentence: They imitated Rome to the fullest possible extent. Was it possible there could be a living power in that body? There was this abyss between the Catholics and the Ritualists: the former had an authority, and submitted to it; they believed in an authority, but the Ritualists believed it not, because they were bound to take authority from themselves." What the design of Monsignor Capel may be in uttering this denunciation we cannot say; but, certainly, his statements are remarkable.

We regret to observe that the Prison Ministers' Bill has passed the second reading of the House of Lords. The *Rock* pronounces it to be an "unconstitutional and dangerous measure," and says, "it virtually proposes a new Popish Establishment. It is a Bill making compulsory the appointment and payment, from public rates, of Romish priests in all gaols where there are ten Romish criminals and upwards. Considering how prolific Rome is in producing criminals, it will not be difficult for her to secure, on such terms, a chaplain in almost every town where there is a gaol in the United Kingdom. The priest, moreover, thus appointed and subsidized, will have ample time to spare for proselytizing in the district. He is—and it is to be remembered he always is a bachelor—to receive a minimum salary of £25, being at the rate of forty-five shillings a-head for each criminal, where there are only ten criminals; but this salary is to increase in proportion to the multiplication of criminals, until, where there are three hundred prisoners, the priest is to get a salary of £200 a year. He is, moreover, to be made one of the officers of the prison, with the right to enter at all times; and the public rates are, besides, to be chargeable with the whole means and appliances necessary for the idolatrous worship of Rome within the walls of each prison. Can any intelligent Protestant look at all this without the greatest alarm?"

Mr. Newdegate has at last succeeded in bringing before Parliament a bill respecting conventual and monastic institutions in Great Britain.

It proposes that "an inquiry should be made into (a) the numbers, at the passing of this Act, and from time to time since the beginning of the present century, and the respective situations and character, of monastic and conventual institutions in Great Britain, whether having, wholly or in part, educational objects or not; (b) the property or income held by or for such institutions, and the conditions on which the same is held, and whether the mode of acquisition and the holding thereof, or the purposes for which the same is held, are in contravention of the principle of the law relating to charities; (c) what regulations are needed with respect to convents; (d) under what circumstances and securities it may be desirable to promote the emigration of women."

The usual annual meetings of the religious societies have been held. In reference to them the *Rock* makes two important suggestions, first, that a shorter abstract from their annual reports should be read; and, secondly, that the chairman should be provided with a hand-bell, which he might sound so soon as a speaker has occupied the attention of the audience for a reasonable time, to be agreed upon previously to the meeting. It would be well if these suggestions could be carried out, for sometimes the meetings and the reading of the reports are prolonged to a most unreasonable length; one meeting this year was continued uninterruptedly for five hours, and the reading of the report at a meeting last year occupied nearly an hour. The account which the societies give of their labours and condition is on the whole most satisfactory and encouraging. The Archbishop of Canterbury, in presiding at the annual meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, mentioned that it has been calculated that a sum of £797,256 is collected annually throughout the United Kingdom for missionary purposes. To this sum the Church of England societies contribute £327,695; Nonconformist societies, £259,951; and the rest is contributed by societies jointly carried on by members of the Church of England and by Nonconformists.

The Church Missionary Society has to regret a falling off in its funds, the income for the past year being £7,455 less than the expenditure. The Bishop of Rupert's Land gave an interesting account of missionary efforts in his diocese. He stated that "fifty years ago the natives of Rupert's Land lived under British rule without anybody caring for their souls. The first baptized Christian is now a native minister with 800 Christians under him." At Yaroba, Lagos, two new churches have been built, the members consisting mainly of native Christians, 2,000 had been confirmed during the year, and four native teachers had been raised to deacon's order. There were nine African clergymen administering in the African mission. At Abbeokuta the church had increased to 1,300, and there were 600 registered communicants. They had five stations at the Niger. The church at Nazareth was opened last October by the Bishop of Jerusalem, two Arabs had been admitted to deacon's orders, and the bishop had under him 1,000 native Protestants in Palestine. At Tavancore there were 14,500 native Christians, being an increase of 1,500 during the year. In China and Japan the work was progressing; also in New Zealand and North-west America. Altogether the statistics showed that the society had, in 1872, no less than 158 stations, 197 European clergymen, 131 native clergymen, 16 European laymen, 10 European female teachers (exclusive of missionaries' wives) and 1,298 native and country-born catechists and teachers.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society reports that the total number of the

members in society in the foreign missions under the care of the British Conference was 72,129, being an increase of 1,661. The number of members under the care of the affiliated Conferences was 96,475, exclusive of the societies in the home work of the Canadian Conference. The ordinary receipts in 1871 were £148,585; the expenditure, £147,891, leaving a balance of £694 towards the payment of the debt. It was hoped that the society would soon be relieved from debt.

The London Missionary Society states that its general income during the past year was £97,773; special funds, £13,744; total, £111,517; expenditure, £114,306, leaving an adverse balance. In reference to the society's work the details respecting Madagascar were prominent. It is evident (the report said) that the great wave of spiritual life which broke upon the central provinces of the island two years ago continues in full force, though it manifests itself chiefly by the steadiness with which it calmly draws new souls within its influence. During last year 63,000 persons joined the Christian Community, including 18,000 members. In three years the total addition has been about 258,000 converts, including 32,000 members. It is frankly allowed that the example of the Queen and the nobles in the capital, the burning of the idols, and the public profession made by multitudes of their fellow-countrymen, have furnished many with a reason for their change of faith. They are extremely ignorant; they have not cast off their heathen vices; and their Christianity is of a very poor type. Nevertheless, the Spirit of God is working powerfully among them.

The British and Foreign Bible Society reports that the issues of Bibles, Testaments, and portions by the society for the year were as follows:—From the depôt at home, 1,384,850; from depôts abroad, 1,199,507. The total issues of the society now amount to 65,884,095 copies. The Earl of Shaftesbury, presiding at the annual meeting, called attention to the fact that, in spite of hindrances put in the way of the progress of the Word of God, the Bible was increasing in its circulation. Mons. Renan's infamous work, *The Life of Jesus*, had excited curiosity, and the Gospel had been purchased to test the account, even by the Jews, who, reading, had ceased to scoff, and had given themselves up to prayer. Wherever he went, he found people ready to listen to the Word of God, and this readiness would become greater as people received the benefits of education. He applauded the efforts of the society in Rome, and contended that, as education advanced in Italy, so would the influence of the Gospel.

The Religious Tract Society published during the year 110 different tracts, besides continuing its serial works, and adding thereto other publications amounting in the whole to 320. The circulation of the year amounted to about 50,000,000 or 580,000,000 of pages. In Italy 20,000 copies of various works had been printed for the society. The total funds of the society during the year had amounted to £121,943, and the total expenditure to £120,004, leaving a balance in hand of £1,938.

The Church Pastoral Aid Society made grants to the number of 713, being somewhat less than the preceding year. These were made to 582 incumbents, whose average population was 7,500 souls, and the average income £280 per annum: 194 were without parsonage houses. To sustain those grants an income of £58,508 was required. Besides the above, the society provided 714 additional public services on the Lord's-day, 505 on the weekday, 787 schoolroom and cottage lectures, and 835 Bible-classes. Its grants had led to the erection, opening, or keeping open of

302 churches or chapels, and in districts at present receiving aid, 282 rooms are licensed for the celebration of Divine Service. Additional and more systematic pastoral visitation is also provided for a population amounting to upwards of *four millions*. There were several urgent cases on the list waiting for aid. The report touched on several points of interest, and closed with a strong appeal for help.

The Irish Church Mission reports a slight falling off in its income, the donations and subscriptions being £735 less than the previous year. It now maintains 47 Sunday-schools, attended by 2,372 children and adults, and 74 week-day schools, with an attendance of 3,114 scholars. The missionary agency numbers 405, which comprises 30 ordained clergymen, 218 trained agents—Scripture-readers, schoolmasters and mistresses—and 157 agents employed in Irish teaching, and teaching texts of Scripture.

The London City Mission employs 408 Missionaries. For their support, the society's receipts had been £40,598 11s. 11d., being an increase on the income of last year of nearly £4,000. Nevertheless, in consequence of the increase in the number of missionaries, the above sum must be further exceeded in the present year by £2,500, if the income is to equal the expenditure. Two gentlemen had during the year given a gratuity of £1 for every child of a missionary under sixteen years of age, which act of generosity had cost them over £800.

The Colonial and Continental Church Society is carrying on a varied and most important work. Testimonies of a very decided kind have been given of the value of its operations in the colonies and on the continent. An interesting incident occurred at the meeting: it being known that the society's income had fallen short of the expenditure by £1,100, Mr. Wright, of Osmeston Manor, an old and valued friend of the society, promised £500 towards this deficiency, and another gentleman promised £250 on the condition that before the meeting closed the subscriptions, including Mr. Wright's £500, amounted to £1,000. £200 were still required, and the meeting was about to close without this sum being raised, when it was announced, amid much cheering, that Mr. Wright would increase his contribution from £500 to £700, which called forth a response from others present of £120 more.

At the meeting of the Naval and Military Bible Society the Marquis of Cholmondeley remarked that it was a blessed thing to be able to state that for nearly a hundred years the society had been labouring to supply the service with Bibles. Years ago he heard of an incident which had occurred during the Peninsula war, when the officer of a regiment desiring to have a Sunday service, not a Bible was to be found in it, and only after much searching could one be obtained elsewhere; now, thanks be to God, every soldier's kit contained a copy of the Holy Scriptures. He found that during the year 4,000 Bibles had been sold to the soldiers and 3,000 to the sailors.

Some fearful events have occurred abroad. The city of Antioch has been almost destroyed by an earthquake; 1,800 persons, it is said, perished in the ruins. A terrible cyclone occurred at Madras, and a hurricane at Zanzibar. By the latter, one hundred and fifty sail of all kinds are reported to be sunk or stranded, and a large portion of the town was destroyed. The estimated damage is said to be about £2,000,000. Mount Vesuvius has broken out again, and occasioned a considerable loss of life and property. The total damage caused by it is estimated at £100,000

sterling, and between 70 and 80 lives were lost. A correspondent states that the heat of the lava was so great as actually to boil the sap in the trees, and to cause them to emit noises of the strangest description, amounting almost to a cry. A moment later and the trees were destroyed.

The following interesting letter was received from Canon Tristram, relative to his explorations in Moab:—"We are now on the eve of our return, and intend (D.V.) to cross the Jordan in four or five days. I must, therefore, take the earliest opportunity of reporting progress to you, who have taken so kindly an interest in our work. I am happy to say that, since I wrote to you last, our progress has been most satisfactory, and I trust that the results will not disappoint those who took so active a part in promoting the exploration. It is true we have found no inscriptions of importance, but our topographical work has well repaid us. After crossing the Arnon, under the guidance of the Sheikh of the Beni Sakk Arabs, we struck eastwards, and then zig-zagged through the whole of the highland plateau of Moab, two days' journey east of Dibon, across the Hadj road, leading to Mecca. We have found many ruined cities, most of them unvisited by any Europeans, and some quite unknown by name. Of all that are named, the positions on the maps are most inaccurately laid down. They generally contain ruins of great temples, and also of Christian churches. We have mapped this part of the country afresh, most carefully, with prismatic compass and sextant. Then we struck down the Zekka Main, or Callirrhoe, which we examined to its mouth. It is a stupendous gorge, and the physical interest, both geologically and botanically, of this district is very great. Thence reascending to the highlands, we examined the watershed and ridge of Moab from Shihan, south of the Arnon to Heshbon, most carefully, noting especially Attarus, the ancient Macharus, now M'Kaur, never before visited, and Nebo and its neighbourhood. To the latter district we have paid minute attention. Finally, descending into the plains of Moab by the Dead Sea, we are carefully examining this *terra incognita*, and find a great deal of rich fertile land, and springs, hot and cold, in a belt of low land almost uninterrupted on the eastern shore, and no distant march north of the Lisan. We have got about 180 successful photographs, and a very fine botanical collection, in which branch Mr. Hayne has been unremittingly laborious. Our materials for laying down the topography of the country north of the Arnon are also, we hope, complete."

An interesting discussion has taken place at the Stoke-on-Trent School Board, respecting the Roman Catholic Schools in that town. The question was, whether such schools, being private ones, were what could be considered public elementary schools within the meaning of the Act; and, more important still, whether the education given at such schools was efficient or inefficient. The subject gave rise to a warm discussion, the Romish Priest protesting against any inquiry being made into the matter, remarking, "We wish to be left alone." He said the schools had been visited and reported efficient by the inspector, but it was decided to write to London and obtain the required information.

God overreaches the devil, and makes him instrumental for good, when he designs hurt and mischief.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDRAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 79,
NEW SERIES. }

JULY 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,279,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

HEART-CRIES UNDER HEART-CARES.

"*Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?*"—Acts ix. 6.

We often admire the simplicity, as well as the earnestness and fervour, of Bible-prayers. They are no mere form—not simply a string of words, powerless and pointless—but they came *hot from the heart*, in humility, with sincerity and holy ardour and importunity. And why? Because such prayers are indited by the Holy Ghost, and come bubbling up from the very depths of a felt necessity—a creature powerlessness—and a consciousness of utter unworthiness. These Bible-prayers are no mere Pharisaism; they embrace naught of the set or systematic; no fine points nor rounded periods; but, as we have said, they come from the very depths of trouble, perplexity, anguish, and distress.

Multitudes regularly, as in childhood, "say their prayers." Few of us (if we know our own hearts, in their deceitfulness and treachery) would like to venture afresh into the world, any day, without commencing that day on our knees. Upon the same principle of creature-distrust, and a felt need of our absolute dependence upon Divine guardianship and care, should we think of retiring to our beds at night, without committing the care of our poor bodies and the protection of our never-dying souls into His blessed hands who neither slumbers nor sleeps. We repeat that few of us, if we know anything of ourselves and some little of the Lord, would venture to neglect this. It is habitual; and, as the formal and abiding acknowledgment of a thorough conviction of our ceaseless and never-varying need of momentary Divine leading and keeping, it is indispensable. But, with the admission of this never-neglected course of duty (so called), depend upon it, dear reader, we seldom *really pray*. We believe it may be rarely said of us as was said of the divinely-arrested and sovereignly-quickenened Saul of Tarsus, "*Behold, he prayeth*;" and why did he pray? Because the Holy Ghost had

arrested him, and the Holy Ghost had quickened him, and then—and not until then—he prayed; and it was *real prayer*, too. It stood in striking and unmistakeable contrast to all his previous Pharisaic, self-sufficient, and creature-contenting formality. Paul had not, in that his former state and condition, learnt the solemn fact, that

“God *abhors* the sacrifice
Where not *the heart* is found.”

It has been well said, that even though certain forms and ceremonies were directed by God to be perpetually observed and established, under the law, yet, when they were *substituted* for Him who is “the end of the law for righteousness,”—in other words, when the *shadow* was put in the place of the *substance*—then it became offensive to God. Mark, dear reader, the solemn language of the Holy Ghost, by the prophet Isaiah, “To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord: I am full of the burnt offerings of rams, and the fat of fed beasts; and I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats. When ye come to appear before me, who hath required this at your hand, to tread my courts? Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you: yea, when ye make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood” (Isaiah i. 11—15); and, in the next two verses (having previously shown our wretchedly lost, helpless, filthy and guilty condition both by nature and practice), the Lord sets before us an impossible task—a perfectly-impracticable matter, as far as our poor fallen flesh is concerned. “Wash you,” says the Lord, “make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.” But “can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?” Then—and not before—shall those “who have been accustomed to do evil, learn to do well.” But, having thus set before His poor, helpless, guilty creatures an impossible task, He altogether changes His tone, and addresses them in terms of loving, gracious, Fatherly exhortation: “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land:” that is, “If ye submit to my plan of saving—if ye fall in with my way of righteousness,” according to another statement by the same prophet, “Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant?” (Isaiah l. 10). Now here is the recognition of Christ—here is the falling in with Christ, as God’s own appointed Daysman and Redeemer, for and on behalf of His Church—here is the clinging to

Him as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. Hence the setting up any type or symbol, the adoption of any form or ceremony, *after* He, the great and glorious Antitype—the vast Substance of all shadows—*has appeared*, is virtually to reject Him, and to go back to Judaism. It is to seek, by the vain and futile strivings of the creature, to patch up and again set in its place the rent veil into the Holy of holies. It is again to build the altar and light the fire which the Lord Himself has put out. In a word, it is virtually to reject the Person, and despise “the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice” of the Lord Jesus Christ, as though He had not already come, and as though that sacrifice were yet, as in Old Testament times, and under Jewish rites and ceremonies, a thing of the *future*, rather than a glorious and thoroughly-accomplished achievement of the *past*.

Oh, reader, if it ever behoved us to read and well to consider St. Paul’s epistles to the Romans, the Galatians, and the Hebrews, it is now, when Judaizing or Ritualistic and Romanizing teachers would fain have us believe that, by prayers and penances—ceremonials and crucifixes—confessions and absolutions, we were perfecting as yet an imperfect work: whereas, by such precepts and such practices, we are substituting *man’s doings* in the place of what *Christ has done*. We are putting the creature where God alone ought to be; and such men are coming under that awful denunciation of the Apostle, “Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law; *ye are fallen from grace*.” What, then, is this but apostacy, and this apostacy how awful!

Speaking of Ritualism, one has well said, “It is a wretched imitation of a splendid ritual that God Himself has abolished.”

But we return again to our subject—*prayer—heart-prayer*. And what is it? Reader, it is naught less than the very breath of God, as coming forth from that new creatureship which He hath formed and implanted in the soul where He has condescendingly and graciously taken up His abode. It is totally distinct from anything appertaining to the old-Adam nature. Prayers—real, heartfelt, truly spiritual supplication and entreaty—are, so to speak, the pulsations of that new, distinctive, and imperishable life in those who are begotten again from the dead by the new-creative power of the Holy Ghost. Prayer is at once the effect and the evidence of that new birth without which Jesus declared none could either see or enter into the kingdom of heaven. How well has MONTGOMERY said—

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.”

But, whilst it is humiliating to know that the natural or unregenerate man cannot really pray—that is, in the true spiritual sense of the word—there is cause for the richest consolation to the believer upon this very ground; for, if by nature *he cannot pray*, and yet, if he really *has prayed*, that prayer, as we have endeavoured to show,

must be a blessed fruit and effect of a distinctive and imperishable life in the soul, of which the Holy Ghost—and the Holy Ghost alone—was the Author, and of which assuredly He will be the Maintainer, for He will never forsake the work of His own hands. That would be unworthy of His high and holy character. Nor, upon the same principle, would He allow either the sin or the helplessness of the creature to frustrate His work. A glorious certainty is connected with all that Jehovah says or does. The wording of the covenant into which the adorable Three has entered on behalf of the redeemed is, "They shall be my people, and I will be their God."

If, reader, you have reason to believe that there were at least times and seasons when you did realize an outgoing of heart and an uplifting of soul, very different from that which almost without exception characterizes your attempts at prayer and your would-be devotion; if you can testify that there were at least certain moments in bygone days and under special circumstances in which you felt that which you never felt before, nor probably since, you have ground for comfort, and, as we before said, reason to believe that those feelings and convictions were the enkindling of the Holy Ghost. The very fact that you cannot reproduce them—the utter failure in your every attempt so to do—go to prove that it was the work of God, and not of the creature.

Now here, we maintain, is a source of real encouragement, as based upon the recognition and the acknowledgment of the total bankruptcy and the utter insolvency of our poor fallen flesh. If there be anything of good, either in inclination, motive, desire, or work, the Lord Himself must be the Author and the Doer of the same. The whole economy of salvation goes to ratify and confirm this. We repeat that it is not in the veriest iota—not in one single feature or phase—of the creature, but all, all of God!

And, dear reader, how blessed it is when, amid all the turmoil of life, and with the numberless surroundings of care, perplexity, difficulty, and doubt, as to what may be the Lord's will or our course, to come before Him with the simple, childlike, earnest, and importunate cry of, "'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' Oh, show me Thy will and Thy way! Make that will and that way very, very plain! Let it not, I pray Thee, in the least wise, be my will or my way, but Thine—absolutely and entirely Thine! Do be mindful of Thy promise, 'I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go: and I will guide thee with mine eye.' 'Thine ears shall hear a voice behind thee saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, or when ye turn to the left.' Lord, be mindful of Thy promise! Lord, 'do as Thou hast said!' Hast Thou not declared, by the mouth of Thy servant, 'Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He shall direct thy paths?' Hast Thou not said, 'I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them?' Now, blessed

Lord, what could be more suitable for a poor short-sighted, ever-erring creature than such words as these? Thou knowest the dangers by which I am surrounded. Thou seest how the adversary and my deceitful, treacherous heart are ever ready to conspire together to entangle and ensnare my feet. Thou art fully cognizant of the crafty and insidious way in which my ever-vigilant foe prepares his baits with which to captivate and allure my poor unsuspecting heart. Oh, fortify me against all these! Stand by me, Lord, and strengthen me, Lord; defend and deliver me, Lord; and let the way Thou wouldst have me take, or the thing Thou wouldst have me to do, be so plain and manifest, that I may be left in no doubt whatever about it!

“‘I would submit to all Thy will,
For Thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
Nor one faint murmur rise.’”

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster.

THE EDITOR.

WORDS FOR THE WEAK AND WEARY.

TO A DEEPLY-TRIED ONE, BIRMINGHAM.

BELoved, there are two rich and distinguishing mercies of which you are the subject, although under present circumstances you fail to recognize the fact: it is that you at once experience the *restraining* and the *sustaining* power of God. 1. You realize His *restraining* power, for such are the dreadful assaults of the great enemy, that he verily would take the little citadel of your poor soul by storm, if so be a Greater than he were not to exercise His *restraining* power, both with respect to him and you. In your case the Lord says, as in Job's case, "Touch not (her) life;" "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further;" "Beyond the limits of thy chain I will not suffer thee to go." Here is *restraint*, and wonderful *restraint*, too; for, if the adversary were allowed to have his will and his way, either in your case or that of any other poor tempted one, he would make very short work of it. In the twinkling of an eye he would effectually secure his prey, rather than run the veriest risk of losing the same. Blessed be God, then, for His *restraining* power with respect to Satan. 2. You are the subject of *restraining* grace and power in respect to yourself. Ah! do you hesitate for a moment in acknowledging that such at times have been—and possibly still are—the attacks made upon your poor soul by that foul fiend, that but for some marvellous and invisible Hand, you must to all intents and purposes be carried away as by a flood; that in yourself and of yourself *resistance* were an actual impossibility; that the assaults have been such as that you have felt as though you were positively taken by storm; that your poor soul was already in the enemy's grasp; that, where you were and what you were, it was impossible for you to tell? In the midst of the dread conflict you were like a soldier on the battle-field, whose comrades were falling all around him, under some desperate charge of the enemy; and, whether he himself had escaped or not, he could not tell; such an one feels dead, although alive; that is, he feels as good as dead; his destruction is to

all appearance a moral certainty. Or, under these powerful onslaughts of Satan, you seem like a sailor in a deadly sea-fight. The contents of a whole broadside come thundering in upon you, under the effects of which your ship reels to and fro as if she must settle down and founder in the deep, deep sea. Amid the wails and the death-throes of your smitten shipmates, the confusion and the smoke, you are perplexed to the utmost, and have scarcely the least hope of escape. Your fate seems sealed. According to your own feelings and apprehensions you are as good as dead! Now, both the *restraining* and the *sustaining* power of God, under all this, is most marked. That He *restrains* from despair and self-destruction, as being a case beyond hope, is wonderful; and that He, at the same time, *sustains* and *upholds*, in the total absence of present peace, comfort, and joy, is equally astonishing. It proves His mighty power; it is an evidence of His gracious interest, and a setting forth of His divine faithfulness. Hence the very circumstances of your case are grounds for the richest comfort and consolation. Not only may you say, "By this I know that Thou favourest me, because mine enemy does not *triumph* over me;" but, amid all your fears, and in the total absence of present peace, comfort, and enjoyment, you have the companionship of Job, when he exclaimed, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him;" of David, when he said, "This is my infirmity; but I will remember the years of the right-hand of the Most High;" of Esther, when she declared, "I will go in unto the King, which is not according to law; and, if I perish, I perish;" of Jonah, when he testified, "I am cast out of Thy sight; yet will I look again toward Thy holy temple." Now, in each and all these cases, there was *sustaining* grace, in the absence of *comforting* grace; and yet was not each and every one safe, and each and all in due time delivered? So likewise is it with you. You are *restrained*—you are *sustained*—and, in the Lord's own good time and way, you shall likewise be *delivered*. Yes, as verily as God is true—and who can gainsay that great and glorious fact?—you shall be one of those of whom it is declared, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." "They that sow in tears shall [there is a covenant "shall" in the promise] reap in joy."

Beloved, cheer up! "It is well."

THE EDITOR.

LOVE-GREETINGS.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, peace, and truth be multiplied to thee and thine, to me and mine, through the certain teaching of the Holy Spirit, "who (as Luther says to Erasmus) is no sceptic, nor does He lead men to uncertainties in matters of faith." No; He makes us as sure of the things He teaches as we are of life itself. All the carnal, learned philosophers living could not persuade an illiterate ploughman to believe that he was not a sinner, when brought to the bar of Jehovah, and convinced by His Spirit of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Since the fall, the light of nature, however embellished by human learning, is gross darkness. The great Apostle of the Gentiles is a proof of this: with all his learning, he frankly confesses before Agrippa, "I verily thought within myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of

Jesus," &c., &c. He had solid reasons for saying, the world by its wisdom knew not God; and the natural man knew not the things of the Spirit; and, what is worse, declares they are foolishness unto him. Paul (as J. Newton says to Scott) knew both sides of the question; he had tried natural religion to its utmost bound, and proved its worthlessness. He was an experimental preacher, spake that he knew, testified of those things he had seen, tasted, felt, and handled, of the Word of Life. All who are thus taught, and sent by God (as he was) into His vineyard, are enabled to speak with authority, and not as a scribe. All real religion is heart-work, and that is God's work, and will stand for ever in spite of all opposition. This religion consists in a revelation from heaven to the souls of men. The heart of this wise, heaven-taught man teaches his mouth, and adds learning to his lips; and was eminently displayed in this land in the persons of those two shining lights, Bunyan and Huntington; and these grand family secrets were admirably set forth by some son of Zion, in the June Number of your Magazine, under the title of "Experimental Preaching." Whoever wrote that piece, he is one after my own heart; one who knows some of the secrets of God. And oh, what a heavenly secret is the teaching of the Holy Spirit! What a family secret is the love of the brethren! for the children of God are to be hated of all men for His namesake. Loved by the world they cannot be. What a secret is communion with God at a throne of grace, to enter into the holiest by the precious blood of Jesus, and realize what that man of God (Mr. Hart) so aptly describes in those words,

"Permits a vile worm of the dust
With God to commune as a friend," &c.

If I remember right, the immortal tinker of Elstow somewhere says, "Oh, it is a lovely thing to go to prayer with Jesus Christ in our arms," and adds, "I hope I know something of this," &c.

There are several excellent pieces in the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, from time to time; G. C., F. F., J. F. P., and E. from Tyldesley, all know what they write about. Thy first piece this month found a sweet response in my heart. Well, my brother, if we poor worms are honoured to write or speak anything to the comfort, establishment, or edification of the children of God, how soul-humbling it is! At least, so I have ever found it to be from the time the Lord first opened my mouth to testify of the Gospel of the grace of God, as He was pleased to reveal it to me, when He put His laws in my inward parts, and wrote them upon my heart by His own finger. And this is agreeable to His never-failing promise, spoken concerning His own people, viz:—"ALL thy children SHALL be taught of the Lord." I should like to know what power can prevent Jehovah from executing His own purposes, and fulfilling His own words of promise? "*They shall all know me.*" What a secret is this, too! "They that journeyed with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid, but (ah, what a but!) *they heard NOT the voice of Him that SPOKE to ME.*"

"Oh, sovereign grace, o'er sin abounding;
Ransom'd souls the tidings swell."

I never yet could answer Ralph Erskine's question, in his precious "Gospel Sonnets," in one of the pieces written on, "*Thy Maker is thine Husband: the Lord of Hosts is His name.*" (I oft wonder what an Unitarian does with a verse like that, and many others besides.) Erskine says,

"Dear soul, when all the human race
Lay weltring in their gore,
Vast numbers in that dismal case
Thy Husband passed o'er."

But, pray, why did He thousands pass, AND SET HIS HEART ON THEE? Oh, wonder of wonders—here I am lost! In vain I seek to solve this mystery, only by saying, with that precious one of old—"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." I thank thee for thy remembrance of me when writing to Mr. H. here. I sometimes say, "Lord, who and what am I that I should be so favoured as to have a place in the hearts of those whom I esteem the excellent of the earth?" As dear Mr. Parks once said, in a letter to me, "I don't ask whether you are a Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, or Independent; but, if I perceive the grace of God in a man's heart, here's my right hand." These have long been my sentiments, and in them I hope to live and die. Never was there a time when all those who are in possession of those family features ought to be more than ever determined to seek for closer union together, and bury (in this respect) party names. What the Lord will permit our poor deluded rulers to bring us to, He alone knows. Jesuitism appears to rule from the throne to the cottage. The press, the pulpit, the platform, are under their baneful, deceptive influence. No arm but that of the Lord's can save us as a nation. May we be led to cry more than ever mightily to Him, in whom alone all our help is found!—I remain, thine truly in the best of bonds and covenant love,

Bishop Wearmouth, Durham.

THORPE SMITH.

GENESIS XVIII. 14.

"IS THERE ANYTHING TOO HARD FOR THE LORD?"

"Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

Faith echoes the question, and meekly replies:

"Whilst I hang on His promise, and trust in His Word,
My soul every danger and conflict defies."

The dark surging billows of sullen despair

May lash the frail soul with temptation abhor'd,
Though dreadful the tempest, even Jesus rides there,
And whispers, "There's nothing too hard for the Lord."

"Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

"Yea," shouts the dread tempter, "your case is extreme;
What comfort to you can that Scripture afford,

Since your faith is a lie, and your hope is a dream?"
Sad lies the soul in the place of the dying

Till Jesus the Master, beloved and ador'd,
Comes o'er the dark mountains, hell's malice defying,
Breathing softly, "There's nothing too hard for the Lord."

"Is there anything too hard for the Lord?"

Can aught the rich streams of His mercy restrain?

Shall fierce tribulation, temptation, or sword,
Dissever His love from the lost sons of men?

Then courage, my soul, 'mid thy doubt and dejection,
Still hang on His promise, still hope in His Word;

Anon thou shalt prove, on the heights of perfection,
There's nothing—nay, nothing—too hard for the Lord.—D. McP.

Wayside Notes.

THE DEVICES OF SATAN.

"We are not ignorant of his devices."—2 Cor. ii. 11.

"I AM as satisfied of my eternal security in Christ as I am of my very existence," said a Christian to us the other day. Well, God forbid that we should wish to doubt the standing of such, or lower his enjoyment. If well grounded, it is an enviable position. "Ah! but is not such a confidence presumption?" might inquire another. No, we think not; at all events, if it is, it is the presumption of the Apostle Paul, who could say with heartfelt gratitude, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day;" and at another time, contemplating his departure, he affirms—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing." This is no presumption; it is a God-honouring assurance, grounded on covenant mercy, love, and blood. Oh, to be brought more and more to such an abiding and peaceful confidence! But our business at this season is with those who have not attained unto this position of security, but are greatly buffeted by the father of lies. May the Lord the Spirit help us to cheer such in their stormy and troubled career! for, brethren, "we are not ignorant of Satan's devices;" and, if we mistake not, those who have great battlings with him, and cannot attain to an abiding assurance, form the major part of the family of God, for *tremblers* may be clustered by thousands while *triumphing* ones can only be counted by units. Dear trembling one, walk with us, then, while we try to hold up the devices of Satan before the sunlight of truth, and show you that you have nothing to fear from him. Thou art safe in the keeping of a covenant God, and Satan has no power to harm you in the least. If the Lord is permitting him to molest you, he cannot go further than the Lord permits, as in the case of the dear afflicted Job. "The Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power"—that is, his earthly things—"only upon himself put not forth thine hand;" "I will not permit you to touch his body till I please, and then only for the strengthening of his faith, and for my glory."

Dear fellow-Christian, we want you to lay hold of this fact—God helping you so to do—the Lord Jesus does not look on as a mere spectator; nay, He is deeply interested in your warfare and welfare—indeed, His own honour is concerned in the result; for, could Satan for a moment triumph, the covenant of grace would be broken, and Jesus dethroned, which never, never, can be. But, to go a little closer into this matter, we shall find that one of the devices of the arch-enemy is—

To allure the child of God into doubts and fears as to the reality of the work of grace in the soul.—And, if thus exercised, beloved, depend upon you are not alone; nay, we venture to assert, from observation, that 't is scarcely a Christian but that after he has realized the revelati

Christ as a sin-pardoning Saviour, and perhaps such realization has been accompanied with the most ecstatic joy, yet, after that, he gets completely knocked down under the fear that it is all a delusion. The sun of Divine revelation has shone so brightly into the soul, and its warm rays have made one feel so happy and joyous, but now clouds intervene, and the poor thing sinks back again within the narrow confines of self. Oh, what a contrast! Where all was bright, now all is gloomy, and doubts and fears take the place of hopes and joys; and now Satan seizes the advantage of the shade and the chill, and distresses and harasses the cast-down one. Well, beloved, be it so; yet still the life is there, which he hath no power to destroy, for it is the life of God in the soul, and it will evidence itself in such outgoings and outpourings as these: "Oh, precious Jesus, come again! I cannot live without Thee. I have felt the softening influence of Thy love melting me into contrition of heart before Thee, and I have clasped Thee in the arms of faith as my Lord and my God, and gained a revelation of Thy mercy and grace. No, it cannot be all a delusion. Thou wouldst not have shown me these things if Thou hadst meant to destroy me. Oh, visit me again with the joys of Thy salvation, and revive Thy work within!" Precious wrestlings! they shall and will prevail with Jacob's God and ours. So, beloved, we are rather glad if you are beginning to question your standing, because we know, if you have been really born again, your religion will bear the test and prove its worth; and, if not, the sooner it comes to nought the better. If the work is of God, hell's battering-rams can make no impression upon it, for you will be shielded by Deity, upheld by grace, and brought to glory in spite of Satan and all the devices he can possibly put forth to hinder thy progress Zionward. But, again—

Satan oft times allures into blasphemous thoughts.—It seems a strong expression to use concerning the child of God, but experience warrants it. Sometimes such thoughts will assume the form of questioning really the truth of the Scriptures. Ah! it does seem astonishing, that after we have drank in the Word with avidity, had such blessed unfoldings of some of its precious portions, so suitable to our souls' need, that we have jumped for joy, and danced with spiritual mirth before the ark of the Lord; yet there comes over us 'an altered feeling, and now with our harp upon the willows we sigh—

"Mine eyes almost fail me in searching Thy Word,
Lord, when wilt Thy Spirit some comfort afford?"

Pages that before sparkled with divine truth now become a dead letter to us, and we find no beauty in them. Well, and is there not a "needs be" for such experience? Is it not permitted by the Lord to show us our entire dependence upon the Spirit of God, to teach us that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life?" And is it not to drive to the throne, even to ask from on high to understand and feel the power of the Word? It is a sacred treasury, and the Lord alone can bring precious things out of it; and, when He openeth, none can shut, and when He shutteth, none can open. But, beloved, beyond this—which we might term, by way of comparison, milder—form of temptation, are there not engendered sometimes even blasphemous thoughts by the father of lies? for it is his vile malice that brings the poor soul into such a condition. Now, while we do not for a moment desire to encourage such evil thoughts as we have referred to, yet it is impossible to read God's Word without

being struck with the fact of how many of the saints of old uttered the most rebellious expressions concerning their kind and gracious God. The children of Israel, after all the goodness of the Lord to them—Jacob, David, Job, Jonah, and especially Jeremiah—were all guilty in his matter, and, as a consequence, were brought into great darkness and deadness of soul. And the Lord often permits this darkness to prevail to try our faith, and make us ever on the alert for the devices of Satan. One thing we may recollect, for our consolation and comfort, His love abates not, whether we are called to walk in darkness, or to enjoy the light; His love is the same, whether we have to encounter the storm or bask in the sunshine; His covenant of grace alters not, whether we are called in felt experience to sigh amidst the thorns of the valley, or sing on the heights of Zion. Dear Bunyan represents Christian at one time as walking midst a valley where he perceived "*the mouth of hell,*" at another time reaching "*the top of a hill called Clear,*" where through a glass he beheld something like a gate, and also some of the glory of the place. Knowest thou not, beloved, what such experience means? Be not discouraged, then, for whatever form of temptation the evil one may present, and try by it to overwhelm you, he shall not—he cannot—prevail.

Then, again, another of Satan's devices is to TEMPT *the child of God* to believe he has committed some mortal sin, and there is no hope for him or her. One dear sister in Christ we know safe enough for glory, but, with a weak and suffering body, was tempted by him in her weakness to believe she had committed "*the sin unto death,*" of which the Apostle John writes; but an examination of the passage will show at once that it is far otherwise. It runs: "If a man see his brother sin a sin which is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death. There is a sin unto death: I do not say he shall pray for it." There are many sins the children of God fall into, through the temptations of Satan, that do not, and cannot, issue in death; and, while the Lord the Spirit brings them into deep contrition of heart on account of them, a brother in Christ has every encouragement to pray for such, that the Spirit will again apply the blood of Jesus which cleanseth from all sin, and afresh quicken to increased life. But, on the other hand, there is a *sin unto death*, that is the sin of the Holy Ghost, when a man ascribes Jesus' power to Satanic influence, and is given over to believe a lie. The Apostle says: "I do not say that you shall pray for it," or as if he would say, "I neither say you should or you should not," for it must be something beyond your prayers that can effect a change in the heart of such; it must be the sovereign grace of God alone: and it is as if God would (where He is pleased to manifest Himself to such) set aside all human instrumentality, and work directly with the blasphemer, as in the case of the Apostle Paul! Now, dear exercised one, to ascribe Jesus' power and working to Satanic influence would be the last thought of your heart, and you know and feel full well that all He has done, and is doing, is a matter of underserved mercy and love. Why, then, suffer the father of lies so to distress you? Throw his vile insinuations to the winds; meet him with the Word of God—

"When beset with various evils,
Wield the Spirit's two-edged sword"—

and he cannot stand his ground. But, a step further—

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Satan allures into sins which do so easily beset the fleshly nature, and the child of God is led, under this device, to feel, "Can it be possible that I can belong to the pure and holy Jesus, and yet have such base desires and evil intentions?—I, who have been brought into contact with my Saviour? It astonishes me to think I can desire to have any contact with unholiness!" Ah, beloved, it is all the old nature. Satan cannot touch the new; it is pure and holy. And this brings out the precious doctrine of *sanctification*—one so little understood and so falsely represented in the present day. The popular conception of sanctification is, that it is either an inherent principle in man, which education can develop into goodness of character; or, when a man becomes converted, a progressive process commences to influence the old nature, which gets thereby better and better, until it fits its recipient for heaven. Both these views are totally opposed to God's Word, and the child of God knows fast enough that, far from the old nature getting better and better, there remains in it every seed of evil which it is the devil's desire to propagate.

No; from the Word of God we gather a totally different idea of sanctification. The Bible tells us that sanctification is attributable to three causes:—

1. To the covenant will of the Father.
2. To the covenant blood of the Saviour.
3. To the covenant work of the Holy Spirit.

It is attributable to the covenant will of the Father, by which He, as a sovereign act, sets His people apart from all eternity. Hence are they called: "Them that are sanctified by God the Father." And again, "Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself;" and this will of the Father was first manifested in sanctifying His only-beloved Son before He sent Him into the world. Hence our Lord said to the Jews: "Say ye of Him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest, because I said, I am the Son of God." Then, again, the children of God's sanctification is attributable to the *covenant blood of the Saviour*. "By the which will (that is, the Father's) we are sanctified through the offering of Christ once for all, and by which offering He is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." And then the Lord's people are sanctified by the covenant work of the Holy Spirit, as it is written, "Chosen unto salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit."

Now, we lay thus before you, beloved, the true sanctification of the Eternal Three to show you how impossible it is for any device of Satan to touch it. This sanctification, we know, will not bring its recipient into a pathway of roses, but into a wilderness of thorns; for it will produce a warfare between the old and new nature. The old nature will thereby be crucified, mortified, and kept under—matters which the children of God know well are not done without a mighty struggle. But the warfare shall end in eternal gain; for, another blessed point in the work is, that sanctification, such as we have described, is that which ends in glorification; for "Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." So, then, beloved, we see how the whole work is of the Lord. If sanctification were our work, we must despair, knowing what we do of the old-Adam nature, and Satan's devices to allure

it into sin; but, when we see that there is a *hidden work he cannot touch*, we may well triumph. Our strength against Satan lies in the triumph of Christ over him. "The devil sinneth from the beginning." "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil;" and, "having spoiled principalities and powers, He made a show of them, openly triumphing over them."

So, beloved, we need not fear; though the enemy plays his part upon our fleshly nature to tempt us to soil our garments, he shall not do it, and the life that we live in Christ he cannot touch; for, when a "strong man armed keepeth his house, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth the spoil." But, to think of another form of device—

Satan allures into a state of ease and apathy concerning divine things.—It is wonderful, after having, in bygone days, had precious upliftings of soul, and goings out after Jesus, we now sink into a state of unconcern, and days and months pass without any sensible enjoyment of His presence. It was in the pleasant arbour on the hill that Christian lost his roll, and Satan detained him there in carnal repose till it was night, and then, advancing without his roll, he soon gets into difficulties. Satan presents a sore temptation at his weak time, and, not having "the Word" to comfort him, he is plunged into deep distress. Oh, how true to spiritual life is this! Lulled into carnal repose by the enemy, a growing indifference creeps over the soul, so that the Word is slighted and neglected, and then the tempter takes advantage of our weakness, and we become benighted and troubled. Yet the Lord is watching. The Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, is on our side, and by our side, and, when we have been sufficiently tested and tried, and shown the folly of our carnal security, He will succour and prove Himself again "mighty to save." Precious Lord! Oh, how cruel and ungrateful it is of me ever to be cold towards Thee! Thou who hast done, and art constantly doing, so much for me! I am ashamed of this wretched self, but Thou art touched with the feelings of our infirmities; Thou knowest what flesh is, for in the flesh Thou hast Thyself been.

Then, again—with regard to the devices of Satan, in connexion with the ease and apathy he tries to draw us into to our soul's hurt—sometimes he attempts a plausible argument with the Christian, and says, "Why should you be so much more troubled than other men about your soul? Why not swim with the tide of church and chapel-going people, and avoid all this struggling against things which everybody believes in? What is your Beloved more than another beloved? Thousands of religious folk are not exercised as you are. You are troubling your head about doctrines that never concern them. You are fighting against the world while they are prudently at peace, making the best of both worlds." So would Satan have us drink of that easy-going religion that dishonours the Lord Jesus Christ, and peoples hell. Was Christ's an easy life? Was His religion the religion of the multitude? Had He no warfare? Blessed be His dear name! He was "the Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief." Let us tell Satan, with all that the world calls good and great, we would rather take our stand by the meek and lowly Jesus. We would rather "suffer affliction with the people of God than dwell in the tents" of the worldly religious. Furthermore—

Satan is permitted to bring us into great straits and difficulties; and some-

times, beloved, they are of a most intricate and trying character, and we are fairly beaten by them, and know not what to do. Is it not so? Hunted down like the Israelites, with the Egyptians behind and the dreadful surging Red Sea before, like them we see no passage across, no way of escape; but the Lord saw the way, and appointed it—a way Godlike, as are all His dealings—and at His command the waters stood up in a heap, and formed, as it were, a wall on each side, and His people passed over to the other side dryshod. So shall it be again and again with us. We see no path out of many a maze in the way, but the Lord does. Our lives are no maze to Him, for He beholds the end from the beginning. How especially this was the case with dear Job! Oh! what must have been his feelings, when he found himself bereft of his dear children, and his house, cattle, and servants all swept away? and, worse than all, his wife, instead of his comforter at such a time, became his tormentor—and all this effected by Satan! It could have been no wonder if, in such augmented distress, he had destroyed himself, preferring death to life. But no, the Lord's eye was upon him all the time; grace enough was given to prevent him acting rashly; the Lord saw the end from the beginning, and Job received at His hands a double reward. And so it is, beloved, in one's personal history—in yours and in mine. There come across our pathway difficulties that act as snares about our feet, and prostrate us to the ground; how to get out of them we know not; they completely entangle us; and Satan's fiery darts at such a time leave us helpless and hopeless in and of ourselves. Yet there is left to us one thing, namely, *to cry!* and that cry reaches the tender heart of Jesus, who will, with His almighty arm, drive the tempter away, and, unravelling the web he has woven about our feet, deliver us in His own gracious way, and bid us press on to the city of rest. That is a very blessed proverb concerning the Christian's falling into temptation—"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL *see* THEIR FALL" (Prov. xxix. 16). Ah, yes, it shall concern them; they cannot fall with impunity like the wicked. No; sinning is a deep sorrow to them, and they hate themselves in consequence of it. But, to another device—

Satan allures into a spirit of impatience as to the time of our departure from this troublesome world.—"I do not want to live any longer in this wretched barren wilderness. 'O! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.'" But is there not rebellion mixed with these desires? Is it not rather the result of a querulous temper stirred up by Satan? Is it not one of his devices to cause the Christian to run before the Lord, and consequently plunge him into misery and discontent? Now, in this matter it is well for us to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men. It is not the Lord's will to take me home before the appointed hour; I have to glorify His name here by my life and conversation. Abortive fruit is fit for nothing; when ripe, I shall be gathered by the Lord. May my will blend with His concerning the time and the means by which He unloosens this body which He Himself hath compacted together." But, beyond all this, is there not sometimes engendered a more subtle device of Satan than this impatience to be taken home—a device which takes the form of persuading the child of God to DROWN ALL HIS SORROWS IN SELF-DESTRUCTION?

We know we are treading upon tender ground here, and some might think, "Surely a Christian is never exercised in this way?" We wish we

found it so, but experience thrusts upon us the observation, that it is not at all an uncommon exercise of soul, even with the most godly. No, the tempter suggests, "It is a rapid way of getting to glory. Your cares are more than you can endure; why not relieve yourself once and for all by a plunge into the river, or by some other means?" Now, child of God, there must be a decided stand taken against the enemy when he presents this vile device to you. Meet him here again most positively with the Word, and tell him—"No, Satan; it is written, 'He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.'" But you will need much grace and help from above to withstand this bitter form of temptation; yet the Lord will preserve you, He will not suffer one of His weak ones to perish, or be brought to an untimely end. Oh! then, dear child of sorrow, left by the waves of care upon the rock that appears barren of all joys to thee, fear not; remember the Lord's own promise, wherever you are, "I am with you always, even unto the end." Lastly—

Satan keeps one in a state of bondage through the fear of death.—Oh! how many are harassed by him upon this point, even though they are as safe for glory as the Eternal Three can make them. Satan engenders distressing fears as to their personal struggles with the last enemy; he raises a mist before faith's gaze on the sunny coast, and stirs up the flesh's dread of the horrors of the valley between.

Now, meet him, dear one; not with the flesh, for he will beat you there, but meet him with the *faith* of God's elect; and for this purpose let the special cry at the throne of grace be, "*Lord, increase my faith;*"—and when we say, meet him with the faith of God's elect, we mean, argue with him upon the blood of Jesus, and the power of the Holy Spirit. It has been truly said, "Satan trembles at the blood." Say to him, then, "Satan, Jesus' blood was shed for me. He hath redeemed my life from destruction, and, therefore, why should I not trust Him as much in the depths of Jordan as in any other depth I have been called to pass through? I have, too, the power of the Holy Spirit to hold me up, as He hath done amidst many billows. Away with thee, then, thou father of lies! Yea, though I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, why should I fear it when the staff of Jesus will support, and when He is mine in death as well as in life?" Beloved, may you thus be delivered from the fear of death, and see it as the climax of blessings to your soul!

Thus have we drawn your attention, beloved, to some of the devices of Satan, and seen how he allures the children of God into doubts and fears as to the reality of the work of grace in the soul; into blasphemous thoughts concerning God; into tempting us to believe that we have committed some mortal sin; into snares that especially touch the poor weak fleshly nature; into a state of apathy and indifference concerning divine things; into straits and difficulties by the way, which greatly discourage us; into the spirit of impatience as to the time of our departure; into unrighteous thoughts concerning self-destruction; and into a state of bondage for fear of death. Verily, "we are not ignorant of his devices;" and, putting all these things together, we shall find that, with regard to the temptations of Satan, that whereas the ungodly shall be (the Word declares) "blinded by them," "deceived by them," and "ensnared by them," the saints of God shall only be afflicted by them as He permits, tempted by them as He allows, and sifted by them that they may come out purified.

"He shall, by means like these,
Thy stubborn temper break;
Softens thy heart by due degrees,
And make thy spirit meek."

The mere professor passes on without any conflicts with Satan; not so the real possessor, he has to fight every inch of the way to glory. Still, in all these things, "we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

God is above the devil, and Christ has triumphed over him. Many are waiting for your halting, glad enough to blab out to the world the least trip you make, exclaiming, "Aha! Aha! So would we have it." Nevertheless, there is One high above them all, who, with the arm of His strength, will uphold and bring you through all. Oh! see what it is to be in the hands of a covenant God!

May the Lord bless you, beloved! Believe me, that all these temptations you are the subjects of are permitted to try your faith: nay, believe the Word of God by His servant Peter:—"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

The warfare ended, the crown shall be given.

"Here let my faith unshaken dwell,
Immoveable the promise stands;
Nor all the powers of earth and hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands."

Wanstead.

G. C.

JESUS ONLY.

WHEN my comforts smile around me,
When no cares or griefs befall,
Health and hope and friends surround me,
Joys stand ready at my call;
Jesus only
Sheds the sunshine on them all.

When my comforts fade and languish,
When bereaved of what was dear,
When the body faints with anguish,
And my bright hopes disappear;
Jesus only
Can my spirit soothe and cheer.

When I walk thro' darkness fearful,
Where no glimpse of light is seen,
Trembling, terrified, and tearful,
Wond'ring what such gloom may mean;
Jesus only
Is the Friend on whom I lean.

When the thoughts of past transgression
Rush in terror o'er my mind,

Mingling with the sad confession,
Sin within me still I find;
Jesus only
Can my broken spirit bind.

When I view my holiest feelings,
What impurity I see!
By Thy Spirit's clear revealings,
Lord, I find no good in me;
Jesus only
Is my hope of peace with Thee.

When the vale of death I'm treading,
Never to return again,
When its shades around me spreading,
Hide me from the help of men;
Jesus only
Shall be with me there and then.

When in heaven I bow before Him,
Trace His love's continued stream,
And in perfect songs adore Him,
Where His unveiled glories beam;
Jesus only
Shall be my eternal theme.

Pilgrim Papers.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS; OR, THE CHILD'S LESSON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—For the soul-humbling of His children the Lord oftentimes sends them to school to the ox and to the ass; and, by these dumb creatures, He mortifies our proud humility. Then, to learn heavenly lessons of diligence, we are sent to the ants, who are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer; then to the conies, who are a feeble folk, yet they make their house in the rock; then to the locust, who, notwithstanding they have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands; then to the spider, who taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces. Then the Lord may put us to school to a little child, that we might learn not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith. And, if it is the Lord's pleasure, that child by whom we are taught may be our own child; and this may be done by that child piercing us to the very quick, as will be seen by the subsequent anecdote:—

Calling upon a dear friend, with whom I had enjoyed many sweet moments in heavenly communion, I found him sitting in his arm-chair, and his son Thomas standing between his knees. I saw the boy was looking unusually pitiful, and the father was weeping bitterly. When I first saw how he was weeping, I judged that something painful had befallen the family; but, when I had inquired, I was answered in the negative. After waiting a few minutes, my friend wiped away his tears, and said, "It is this little boy that makes me weep; he has pierced me through and through." That little boy, being a great favourite of mine, I began to chide him for his disobedience, but my friend held up his hand as a signal for me to cease chiding; therefore I became silent. In a little time, after my friend was in a measure composed, he said, "I am not weeping so much because of my son's disobedience towards me—O, no, no,—but of my untoward carriage towards the Lord. Ah, my stubbornness; when the Lord has rebuked me for my follies, how I have fretted, murmured, and complained. O, how I have robbed Him of that honour which is His due, because of His long-suffering, by my unthankfulness, mistrust, heart-backslidings, ingratitude, and complainings." "Ah," said he, "my son has done a thing which he knew he ought not to have done, and that he would greatly displease me, because I have cautioned him and reproved him many times because of that thing; yet he broke through all my warnings and threats; therefore, I was compelled to let him see, and make him feel, that my threats were not empty vapourings, but immutable truths; therefore, I took my cane and chastised him for what he had done, according to my promise. After I had laid upon him many stripes, and had again taken my seat, my son came to me, and stood as you now see him standing between my knees, and, taking hold of the cane, began to weep and to kiss the cane. He then took hold of my hand which held the cane, and he kissed that also. Oh," said the dear father, "this was too much for my feelings—it made

my heart bleed. I said, 'O Lord, what a base wretch I am, and it is through my own child I am made to feel myself a very wretch, and with shame must confess that "We have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? The fathers of our flesh chastened us after their own pleasure, but the Father of spirits for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness." What the father of our flesh does in correcting us, cumulates in His own pleasure, but what the Father of spirits does in the matter of correcting us, this cumulates upon us for our profit, and not for our transient, but eternal, profit, called "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Ah, my dear friend, I am more deeply taught day by day that I need the Holy Ghost to dwell in me as the Spirit of wisdom, understanding, consideration, reception, and retention, that I may not forget the exhortation which speaketh unto us as unto children: 'My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord;' but, alas, I do despise it; 'nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him'; but here, again, I do faint under His rebukes, 'for whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth'; but I in my haste reverse the covenant order of things, and judge that chastening. Instead of this being a mark of the Lord's love, it is a mark of His hatred, and His scourging a declarative proof that I am not a son, to be received, but a bastard, to be rejected and cast away."

"Ah, my dear friend, you and I do not, as your son has done, kiss the rod and the Lord's hand that holds the rod; rather we despise, murmur, repine, and complain. We often think and say that the Lord deals hardly with us. Under the yoke of chastening, our flesh—because it is flesh—rebels, for it is fainting, rebellious flesh, continually lusting, contrary to the new man—called spirit! You and I would not be able to distinguish that in us, which is of the flesh, from that in us, which is of the Spirit, was it not for chastenings. Ah, my dear friend, the rod is a new covenant gift, by which flesh and spirit are distinguished, and spiritual wisdom is acquired, as it is written: 'The rod and reproof give wisdom.'"

No thought can fully estimate what a favour it is for God the Spirit to lodge in our souls a reconciling revelation that the bitterest cup which may fall to our lot to drink is for our greatest good, and that we should miss the good if we had not drunk that bitter cup. This will tune our hearts to sing:

"How harsh soe'er the way,
Dear Saviour, still lead on;
Nor leave us till we say,
Father, Thy will be done:
At most, we do but taste the cup,
For Thou, alone, hast drunk it up.
"Shall guilty man complain?
Shall sinful dust repine?
And what is all our pain?
How light compared with Thine!
Finish, dear Lord, what is begun;
Choose Thou the way, but still lead on!"

The diversity of the Lord's dealings with us, not only the sweet and pleasant, but also the bitter and painful, are all ordained in the wisdom of love by Him for our good and His own glory. Therefore, when we

sit in judgment upon those dealings, it behoves us to appeal to Him with—"O, Lord, pity and pardon me if I come to any unrighteous conclusions respecting Thy dealings, for Thou knowest that I am nothing but a fool, but Thou art the God of infinite wisdom." Ah, the blackness of sin and self sets off the brightness of grace; adversity sets out the beauty of prosperity; straits and difficulties make enlargements to redound so much the more to the glory of God!

There are things to be remembered and conversed about on the other side of the flood, and the Holy Ghost has told us what those things are: "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart;" not only for us to know what was and is in our own hearts, but also that we might know what was and is in the Lord's heart. Never could we have known or believed what a mint of evils, deceit, hypocrisy, and desperate wickedness there is in our own hearts, nor the unspendable treasures of compassion there are in the Lord's heart, had we not been led by the Lord in the way of tribulation in which we have been and must be led. It will be with us, because of this warfare by the way, when we come to our journey's end, as dear Watts hath said, there

"Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joy recount the labours of our feet."

Then will it be known why the way has been so rough, for "here we only know in part, but there we shall know as we are known!"

To suppose that we shall be cut off from, shut out, forget, and lose sight of the way, and the things by the way, in which the Lord hath led us in our pilgrimage below, is to cut us off from those things wherein the Lord has shown Himself in such a diversity of forms and ways so wonderfully glorious; wherein, also, we have seen, handled, and tasted how good and gracious He is. Oh, no, what the Lord hath been to us, wrought for us, brought us through, and up out of, while in the kingdom of providence and grace, will never be forgotten in the kingdom of glory; rather the tribulations through which we have been led will make the glory to shine so much the more gloriously.

One part of the employ in the kingdom of heaven will be living over again in sweet remembrance, without a let, check, or misconception upon the goodness which the Lord has made to pass before us while below. The promise to typical Israel of old was that, when they came to the land of promise, they should remember the good things the Lord had bestowed upon them on their way there; and, if so, and if this is typical, then much more when landed in the kingdom of heaven shall the redeemed remember all the dealings of the Lord with them on their way there. Indeed, I will say with confidence, that in heaven there will be a drawing out of this treasure, things new and old, as Jesus has told us every scribe which is instructed *unto* the kingdom of heaven will do. This will be the source from which fresh matter shall be drawn for the endless song of "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

THE OLD PILGRIM.

THOUGHTS ON GENESIS.—MELCHIZEDEK.

"And Melchizedek king of Salem brought forth bread and wine: and he was the priest of the Most High God," &c.—GEN. xiv. 18—20.

IN what respects was Melchizedek a type of Christ?

We should know little or nothing of the importance of Melchizedek as a type of Christ, if it were not for the New Testament, and the 110th Psalm, in which David, speaking prophetically, says, "The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek." His very name includes a type of Christ, being, as St. Paul informs us, "first by interpretation king of righteousness, and after that also king of Salem, which is king of peace." Here, then, were the kingly attributes of Christ set forth—righteousness and peace, as it is said in Isaiah xxxii. 1: "Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness." Again, in Jeremiah xxxiii. 5, 6, we find it said, "Behold, the days are come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper; and this is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." Zechariah, also prophesying of this Branch (vi. 13), says, "Even He shall build the temple of the Lord; and He shall bear the glory, and shall sit and rule upon His throne; and He shall be a Priest upon His throne: and the counsel of peace shall be between them both" (God and Christ). This passage brings out very beautifully our glorious Melchizedek, both as a Ruler and a Priest upon His throne, being, as it is elsewhere said, "The Prince of peace." "Of the increase of His government and *peace* there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon His kingdom, to order it, and to establish it" (Isaiah ix. 7). But our text informs us that Melchizedek "was the *priest* of the Most High God;" and St. Paul, in the 7th of Hebrews, enlarges upon it thus:—"Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life; but made like unto the Son of God; abideth a priest continually." Therefore, as we have no record of the antecedents of Melchizedek, neither any information respecting his end, he was a veritable type of the Lord Jesus Christ, who in His godhead was from everlasting to everlasting, "having neither beginning of days, nor end of life, but abideth a priest continually."

His manhood is also, I think, very clearly typified in the bread and wine which Melchizedek brought to Abraham; for, have we not here the broken body and shed blood of our great High Priest? And its being brought to Abraham for his nourishment, after his battle with the kings, shadows forth to us the spiritual sustenance we derive from an application of the atoning blood of Christ, after the terrible conflicts we are called to pass through in our journey through this world, which may very aptly be described as "the King's dale."

There being no mention of the death of Melchizedek, he was also in this respect a type of Christ. "But this Man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood." If He was liable to change, He could not save to the uttermost; but, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession, He is able to save all who come unto God by Him. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Again, Melchizedek *blessed* Abraham, "and (as Paul says), without all contradiction, the less is blessed of the better." Herein we have a further type of Christ as our High Priest, through whom we are blessed by the Father with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places.

He was also a type of Christ, inasmuch as he was of a different order of

priesthood, requiring neither rites nor ceremonies to render it acceptable to God. "For it is evident our Lord sprang out of Juda; of which tribe Moses spake nothing concerning priesthood," (Heb. vii. 14). A tribe "of which no man gave attendance at the altar." A priest "who is made, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life." Melchizedek was the priest of God's appointment, set apart by God Himself, and so was the Antitype. He was made Priest by the oath of Him who cannot lie, and by which He is consecrated for evermore.

Again, Abraham gave Melchizedek tithes of all, thus reversing the order of things which obtained under the Levitical priesthood; *there* the seed of Abraham received tithes; but He whose descent or pedigree is not counted from them "received tithes of him that had the promises." This shadows forth, I think, the offerings which it is our privilege and duty to render unto Christ, as our great High Priest, and through Him to the Father. "By *Him*, therefore, let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name. But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. xiii. 15, 16). These two verses seem to embrace all the tithes we can bring unto God, and these only by *Him*—Christ—spoken of in the first of the verses. Melchizedek was not only a type of Christ as a King, and a Priest, but may we not fairly deduce from our text that he was likewise a type of Him as a *Prophet*? otherwise, how did he know that Abraham was blessed of God? We do not find that they either saw or heard of each other before this time, and yet he says, "Blessed be Abram of the Most High God," as if it was revealed unto him that Abraham was, and should be, blessed. He also blesses God for delivering the enemies of Abraham into his hand; and will not Christ rejoice when all His enemies, and those of His dear people, are subdued under Him? and when He shall deliver up the kingdom unto God and His Father, and He shall be all in all?

This appears to be the first instance of tithes mentioned in the Word of God; and it is not a little remarkable that they should be paid by him from whom the receivers of tithes descended, to him who is the type of a better priesthood, thus sanctifying the custom of paying tithes to God, or rendering back some thank-offering for mercies received. W.

PSALM CIII. 5.

(BY THE LATE MR. T. HUGHES.)

"Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things," &c.

WHEN our Lord said to the Church of old, in Rev. iii. 15, 16, "I would thou wert cold or hot," He meant the altar of the heart—the state of spiritual vigour. There can be no medium state; we must be either cold or hot in serving Him; and I would rather your heart, O Christian, were cut in pieces with the most severe process than that you should lose your spiritual relish for the dispensation of the Word. There is a great difference between a "spiritual consumption" and losing the relish and appetite. If the fire be kindled, a great care is necessary to keep it up, lest it go out; look, then, to the state of your soul. Oh, may you feel a continual restlessness of soul upon this matter!

After some indirect observations in reference to some unimportant things, he said, "Pass on now to the recognition of the first feature of the testimony."

- 1st. The renewed spiritual state.
- 2nd. The means by which the vigour returns.
- 3rd. The satisfaction afforded.

That the man of grace soon loses, by leaving the means of grace. His spiritual strength and vigour fails when the things of the world take the place of the things of God. Oh, Christian, thou art loosing thy hold! Grasp the promise again, and plead it at His footstool. The appropriating grace of Jesus Christ will do, and nothing short of *this*, to meet thy low and languishing condition. He wills the witness of the Spirit, and this witness of the Spirit He gives, in the *longing, hungering, desiring* of the soul. *This is a description* "of the *renewing* act of the Spirit." The Lord bruises and He heals; He brings *low* and *lifts* up again, that the heart may be prepared for the reception of the "*appropriate grace*," and realize the provision made by Jesus Christ. A ministry is either the greatest blessing, or the greatest curse, (I repeat it in other words,) it is either a savour of life or a savour of death to every soul that hears the sound of the Gospel, *in the receiving or in the rejecting*.

You must *live* near to Jesus Christ, as He said to His disciples, "Abide in me." "There is such a thing as grieving the Spirit." Be careful, then, and watch against a *lukewarm* state of soul. You may grieve Him *so* as to depart and withdraw from you the sensible enjoyment of His favour and presence, and the inward witness of His Spirit; be careful of a sickly state; and, should there be any sad indications of this, apply, without delay, to the Great Physician for the healing balm.

The text implies consciousness: "if you *have tasted* that the Lord is gracious," ask, then, your own heart, Have I *tasted* the sweetness of these things?

THE TRINITY IN A TYPE.

(Concluded from page 321.)

We now come to speak of Jacob as a type of God the Holy Ghost. This type we find chiefly in the meaning of his name, and in those actions of his which corresponded with his name. Jacob means the "Supplanter," and Esau said to him in the bitterness of his soul, "Art thou not rightly called Jacob? for thou hast supplanted me these two times." And is not the Holy Ghost the true Supplanter? Is it not He that takes away the heart of stone and gives the heart of flesh? It is He that must "root out" and "plant" (Jer. i. 10). It is the Holy Spirit in the hearts of God's people that makes them aspire to the birthright and the blessing, and obtains for them that which He has caused them to desire. As Jacob supplanted Esau, so the new nature supplants the old nature, and the new nature is the Spirit of God. It might seem indeed that Jacob would have had but a very poor chance of supplanting Esau. Esau not only was the first-born, but he was so much stronger, both morally and physically; his *natural* disposition appears to have been more noble and generous—in the human acceptance of those words—than Jacob's. He also had the vantage-ground of being deeply rooted in the natural affections of his father.

All these things combined might seem to exclude the possibility of Jacob's obtaining the pre-eminence; and yet these advantages, many and great as they were, are only faint emblems of the apparent advantages which the old nature has in resisting the efforts of the new. The old nature, like Esau, is the first-born: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "Howbeit that is not

first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and *afterward* that which is spiritual." As Esau, fond of hardy exercises, grew in strength and stature, so the old nature gains strength with our years and habits; the whole tendency of our associations in this world is to cause the old earthly Esau nature to develop itself. It is the favourite with the world. Why is it that there is a tendency, even in the very young, to glory in their shame? Is it not because the world praises those very things which God condemns? The fruit of the Spirit is "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Against such there is no law," *except the law of fashion*. The child in the nursery, the boy at school, the young man entering life, all find that the fruits of the Spirit are despised in the world, and that the manifesting them only brings upon them the reproach of wanting spirit. So opposed are the spirit of the world and the Spirit of God, that to possess the one is to incur the reproach of being deficient in the other; yet the old nature is the favourite of the world around—aye, and of our own hearts within. Even in the regenerate there often is discovered a lurking admiration for the old nature—for those qualities which the world admires, but which the Gospel condemns.

But what of all impediments when the Holy Ghost, the Divine Jacob, the Almighty Supplanter, begins to root up and to plant? Nature *seems* a millionfold stronger than grace, but grace is really stronger than nature,—simply by *infinity*. The Holy Ghost roots up indifference about eternal things, and plants in its place a cry which nothing can stifle: "What must I do to be saved?" The Holy Ghost roots up that reckless braving of God's judgment, which is the characteristic of all the unregenerate, and supplants it by a fear and trembling at His word. The Holy Ghost roots up the disregard of God's written Word, and makes men read it, as those who feel that life eternal and death eternal depend on their reading it aright. The Holy Ghost uproots that despising of Christ, which makes men see no beauty in Him that they should desire Him, and plants in their hearts a conviction that He must save or they perish; and, learning to believe in Him as their Saviour, instead of despising Him, He becomes their "All in all," as the Apostle says, "To you who believe He is precious." The Holy Ghost uproots man's infatuated notions of his own righteousness, and brings him as a bankrupt beggar to Christ for a free-grace salvation. The Holy Ghost shakes and loosens the roots of the most inveterate habits, and implants a hatred to sin where love to sin grew before; and, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, then, though not before, will the same Holy Spirit tear up the last fibrous roots of sin which are entwined in our fallen nature, and utterly annihilate them. The Holy Ghost takes away the natural antipathy which we have to the people of God as such, and implants a love for their society and conversation, so that, as the Apostle says, "By this we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." Well, then, may the Holy Ghost be prefigured by one who bore the name of Jacob, the Supplanter? So complete is the supplanting, that he who is the object of it is described as a new creature or new creation; and although, as we said, the old nature, like Esau, seems to have everything in its favour, yet it can no more stand before the new than Haman could before Mordecai, or than Esau could before Jacob, and this because God's decree has gone forth, "The elder shall serve the younger,"—in other words, nature shall serve grace. The old nature shall be brought into slavery by the new. The natural Esau must succumb to the spiritual Jacob.

Thus, if Abraham was a type of God the Father, and Isaac of God the Son, surely we may equally see in Jacob a striking type of God the Holy Ghost. It may be objected, however, that Abraham was the father of other nations, and not of the chosen people only; also that from Isaac were descended Edomites as well as Israelites, and that Isaac had a blessing for Esau and his descendants as well as for Jacob and his. These points, however, only serve to make the type more complete and exact; for God the Father, as the Creator, Preserver and Provisioner of the whole creation, acts in these respects as the Universal Father. The whole universe owes Him the respect due to Him as such; wherefore, He appeals to those who despised His authority, saying, "If I be a Father, where is mine honour?"

Again, the fact that Isaac had a blessing for Esau, as well as for Jacob, only helps to complete the parallel between him and Jesus. Isaac's blessing for Esau was only an inferior and secondary one, and referred exclusively to temporal blessings. The Lord Jesus Christ in like manner has a blessing; only a secondary and inferior one, it is true, and referring exclusively to temporal matters, but still a blessing even for the ungodly, the sun shining on the evil and the good. All earthly prosperity, every moment's respite from God's judgments against sin, were purchased for the world by the death of Christ. He purchased eternal life for His people, and a respite for the unbelievers. He bought the field for the sake of hid treasures, and the field benefits by His proprietorship. Christ laid down His life for the sheep, but many benefits of His death are extended to the world at large for the elect's sake, who are the salt of the earth; and thus Jesus is "the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe."

But *all* the children of Jacob were really Israelites. This teaches us the great truth, that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God *they* are the sons of God"—"Except a man be born of the *Spirit* he cannot see the Kingdom of God"—all who have felt the operations of the Holy Ghost—the Divine Jacob—these, and only these, are really spiritual Israelites; and thus, the more we examine this type, the more exact it becomes. Of course it will not stand true in every particular; it would cease to partake of the nature of a type if it did. The types were all imperfect; they were earthly shadows of heavenly realities, and earth's imperfections cannot fitly foreshadow heaven's perfections. The Epistle to the Hebrews is conclusive on the point, that all the Old Testament types, however suitable, came short of their antitypes. Taking this into consideration, we may say that the typical Trinity is as complete in its resemblance as any of the Old Testament shadows. It must be remembered, too, that the foregoing remarks are far from being exhaustive, and are only intended to be suggestive on a subject which would repay a much fuller examination; but they may be useful in drawing attention to the wonderful harmony there is in God's Word, and thus may help to give a deeper-rooted faith in its complete inspiration, and encourage the children of God to place a more confiding trust in a covenant God, a Trinity in Unity, a three-fold cord that sin, Satan and hell cannot break, bound together to secure for the sons of God all that is needful for them for time and for eternity.

Tansley Rectory, Matlock.

H. H. A. S.

[ERRATUM.—In last month's number, p. 331, omit from "Universal Father" (line 5) to "Holy Ghost" (line 27).—A page of the MS., having got misplaced, was inserted here by mistake.]

LABOURERS, ARTISANS, AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF THE BIBLE.

Jacob's sons—at least eleven of them, as may be inferred from Scripture history—were keepers of sheep, like their father. In Gen. xxxvii. 2, 3, we read, “Joseph, being seventeen years old, was feeding the flock with his brethren; and the lad was with the sons of Bilhah, and with the sons of Zilpah, his father's wives: and Joseph brought unto his father their evil report. Now Israel loved Joseph *more than all his children*, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.” Let us go back one generation, and solemn is the warning to parents, as Holy Writ furnishes us of two instances in which a sinful and unjust partiality on the part of the parents resulted in sin and distress and trouble, as the expression of God's righteous displeasure. Turn we, then, to one little verse in Gen. xxv., “And Isaac loved Esau.” Why? “Because he did eat of his venison;” pleased, doubtless, with the loving, dutiful care with which the elder son sought to tempt the old man's failing appetite; but—oh that *but*! showing, as it were, one parent set against another, instead of the perfect oneness there ought to be between father and mother in all that concerns their children—“*but* Rebekah loved Jacob.” So here, in our present narrative, Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children. Why?—self again!—because “he was the child of his old age,” and, as a natural consequence, the same sad results followed in both cases. In Gen. xvii. we read of a sinning and deceiving mother and younger son, who, moreover, lied to his dying parent—of the old man trembling with a great trembling (marg.), and of the supplanted brother crying with an exceeding bitter cry, hating Jacob, and “*comforting* himself, purposing to kill him.” In the case of Jacob and his family, the much-made-of Joseph appears in no amiable form before us. As a tale-bearer and a favourite, he was hated of his brethren; and here, too, followed a sad tissue of sin and craftiness, and cruelty and anguish. The father's darling sent with a tender message to his brethren—a message proving that, if unwisely partial, Israel was, after all, a loving parent, and affectionate to all his children. The messenger is seized, threatened with death, sold as a slave; with exquisite cruelty the father's gift-coat, dipped in blood, in order to carry conviction to the old man's anguished heart, that his beloved “Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces, an evil beast having devoured him,” and vain indeed was the effort made by his sons and daughters to comfort him: “for,” said he, “I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Thus his father wept for him.” After Joseph was sold to the Midianites, and by them to Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh's, his brethren continued to follow their trade of shepherds; but after a time there was a grievous famine, the pastures failed, and, no longer able to endure their distress, “Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt.” The envied and hated Joseph relieved their necessities, after a time made himself know to them, sent for his aged father, and, after introducing the whole family to Pharaoh, settled them in the land of Goshen, where they continued to pursue their calling, for “every shepherd is an abomination to the Egyptians.” “And Pharaoh spake unto Joseph, saying: If thou knowest any man of activity among thy brethren, then make them rulers over my cattle.”

Joseph, the youngest of the patriarchal shepherds, was in many particulars a striking type of the Lord Jesus Christ.

1. He was the beloved of his father. At our Lord's baptism, "the heavens were opened, and a voice was heard, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

2. Joseph was sent by his father with a message of peace to his brethren; but, when they saw him, they conspired against him to slay him. Of Jesus we read: "He came to His own, and His own received Him not;" and again: "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and killed the Prince of life."

3. Joseph was sold by his brethren for twenty pieces of silver. Jesus was sold by a disciple—by one who had ate of His bread—for thirty pieces of silver.

4. Joseph's coat was dipped in blood (representing his own), and presented by his brethren to his father, by whom it was fully recognized as that of his son. So the Apostle speaks very fully, all through Heb. ix., of the accepted blood—the blood of atonement—of "the blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit, offered Himself without spot to God;" also quoting Moses, who took the representative "blood, and sprinkled both the book and all the people, saying, This is the blood of the testament, which God hath enjoined unto you." As also, at the first institution of the Passover, God recognized this blood—"When I see the blood."

5. Joseph could not be the saviour of his brethren without leaving his father's house and going into a far country. "I came forth," said Jesus, "from the Father, and am come into the world."

6. Joseph, though the beloved son of his father, became a servant; so the Apostle writes of the Lord Jesus Christ, who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant.

7. Joseph was sorely tempted to sin, yet resisted the tempter (Gen. xxxix.). St. Matt. records: "Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," is the testimony of an inspired apostle.

8. Gen. xliii. 30: We read that Joseph's bowels yearned upon his youngest brother, and he sought where to weep. At the grave of Lazarus, "Jesus wept," and those around Him bore this testimony to the loving "Elder Brother," "Behold, how He loved him;" and the Apostle speaks in his Epistle to the Ephesians, of "the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

9. Only in their felt need, and when confessing they were ready to perish, did Joseph succour his brethren. Jesus "came to seek and to save the *lost*." "I came not," said Jesus, "to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

10. Joseph's charge to his brethren—"See that ye fall not out by the way"—furnishes a parallel to our Lord's "new commandment" to His disciples, that they should "love one another."

11. "Joseph settled his brethren in Goshen as the king's shepherds," (Gen. xlvii. 4—6). Jesus gave a charge to Peter, and through him to His other disciples, to "feed His sheep;" and in Eph. iv. 11, we read, as regards Christ's Church, that "He gave some pastors," a paralleled word, being frequently thus used in the prophets, e.g. Jer. xxiii. 2.

12. Joseph's mission was, first, one of humiliation, then one of glorious triumph. Of Jesus the Apostle speaks in Heb. x. 12: "This Man, after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting, till His enemies be made His footstool." "When the seventh angel sounded, there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

"All hail the power of Jesu's name!

Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
There join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!"

Bath.

M. C. C.

THE SAVIOUR'S ASSURANCE AND PLEDGE.

"All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN VI. 37.

Jesus uttered these words of eternal truth in the hearing of a promiscuous multitude. His disciples were there, who had seen a manifestation of His Godhead the previous night in His stilling the storm. The Jews were there, who used to question Him, to cavil, and to murmur at Him. The common people were there in great numbers, who used to hear Him gladly, but who, notwithstanding, followed Him for the loaves and fishes, so as to merit the rebuke: "Ye seek me, not because ye saw the miracles, but because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled."

The effect produced in the minds of the envious Pharisees, by such multitudes following Him, called forth on one occasion the remark:—"Perceive ye how ye prevail nothing? Behold, the world is gone after Him." Yet it is plain that few of those great multitudes savingly believed on Him; few among them could say with the Spirit-given assurance of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Few of them could say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Indeed, for the most part, "they laboured for the bread which perisheth" (ver. 27). They were free-willers, and supposed they could "work the works of God" (ver. 28). They professed to want spiritual blessings (ver. 34), but desired them evidently with the sluggard's desire (ver. 36): "For the soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing."

They saw His person with the bodily eye; they witnessed His miracles; they were fed by His bounteous hand, as all men are to this day; and they heard His doctrine direct from His own lips; yet all these privileges did not produce in them saving faith: so neither will Gospel privileges now, unless God invest His Word with divine power, and carry it thus home to the heart.

Concerning the work given Him to do, God the Father thus speaks in ancient prophecy to Christ: "Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified;" in answer to which He replies, doubtless with reference to the multitudes that followed Him, and the few that were saved, "Then I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength

for nought, and in vain: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God. And now, saith the Lord that formed me from the womb to be His servant, to bring Jacob again to Him (Jacob here representing the entire election of grace), Though Israel (the professing multitude) be not gathered, yet shall I be glorious in the eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my strength" (Isaiah xlix. 3—5). Why? Because "all that the Father giveth me shall come to me," and "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

In this text we have a declaration and an assurance:—

I. Now, observe, the declaration is not "*All mankind shall come to me,*" neither is it, "*All hearers of the Gospel shall come to me,*" but "*All that the Father giveth me shall come to me.*"

Dr. Gill justly remarks on this text: "Though Christ here expresses this act of His Father's in the present tense, 'All that the Father giveth me,'—perhaps to express the continuance and unchangeableness of it—he expresses it in verse 39: "*hath given me,*" as an act of God antecedent to coming to Christ, which entirely corresponds with the words used by Him in His last intercessory prayer on earth, on behalf of the same persons (John xvii. 2), and the text in Acts: "For as many as were ordained unto eternal life believed" (Acts xiii. 48).

These "given ones" were chosen of God in Christ before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4), and gathered to Him in time out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation. Ages have now run their course since God—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—loved them and put their names in the Book of Life. He had loved them with an everlasting love ere He came forth to create the "smallest part of the dust of the earth;" and the fruit and proof of that love was the incarnation, life, death, and ascension of God the Son. Elect sinners of mankind were given to Christ to constitute His Church, which is His bride, His portion, and His delight—the object of His supremest joy in heaven, and His constant care on earth.

Among them are sinners from all parts of the habitable earth—sinners saved at the eleventh hour, and sinners who are but infants of days. Among them are Jews and Gentiles, rich and poor, bond and free. Among them are sinners who, when in a state of nature, were bloody Manassehs, persecuting Sauls, money-loving Zacheases, infidel John Newtons, and cursing John Bunyans; who, when grace delivered them, and the reigning power of sin was broken in their hearts, followed Christ in their day and generation as washed, justified, and sanctified persons; who, for Christ's sake, cut off right hands, plucked out right eyes, and took up their cross daily as His faithful followers. Of each and all of those "given ones" it is emphatically declared that they "shall come to Christ." There is no doubt about the matter, no peradventure, but absolute certainty: "*They shall come to me.*" Is it, think you, because the difficulties in the way of *their* coming to Christ are less, or more easily overcome by their individual power and creature effort, that the Saviour's assertion, "*They shall come to me,*" is so emphatic? Are these difficulties less to them than to others who never come to Christ? Are they not, while in a state of nature, as carnally secure as others? Are they not as much wedded to their sins? Are they not as firmly in the power of Satan, and are their hearts not filled with the same enmity to God as others—their fellow sinners who never come to Christ? In that state, do they not equally with others feel independent of Christ and

despise His work? Are they not included among mankind of whom the Saviour says, "No man can come to me except the Father, who hath sent me, draw him," so completely has the fall ruined mankind? Certainly they are! Certainly they are as degraded, as spiritually dead, and as far off from God as the rest of their brethren of mankind! (Eph. ii. 1—3).

If, then, we cannot find in the creature anything helpful or meritorious to save, where are we to look for the ground of the Saviour's assurance? We must look for it altogether beyond man, and we find it in the grace of God. Paul speaks of it often. In his Epistle to Timothy he says, God "hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9). The grace which was given the Church in Christ in the eternity that is past, was awakening grace (Acts xvi. 30); quickening grace (Acts xvi. 14); drawing grace (1 Sam. iii. 3, 9); pardoning grace (Matt. ix. 2); enlightening grace (Matt. xvi. 17); restoring grace (Ps. xxiii. 3); strengthening grace (Acts xxvii. 23, 24); persevering grace (Job xiii. 15); triumphing grace (1 Cor. xv. 55). Rejoicing, therefore, in the power of this glorious grace, the Saviour could assert and declare, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me."

But the given ones shall come to Him because of the eternal efficacy of the blood of Christ. That blood has sufficient merit to secure and procure their deliverance from sin and complete salvation; hence it is said, "As for Thee also, by the blood of Thy covenant, I have sent forth Thy prisoners out of the pit wheroin is no water" (Zech. ix. 11).

Their coming is further secured by His life on their behalf: "He ever liveth to make intercession for them." His intercession secures their coming. "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life" (Rom. v. 10). Moreover, the Father's promise secures it—"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power" (Ps. cx. 3). "For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord. I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people" (Heb. viii. 10). And, in a word, by the Holy Spirit's work in the heart, convincing, enlightening, and drawing, their coming to Christ is infallibly secured.

Oh, how blessedly certain is all this! Sin may allure—Satan may rage and distract the mind—men may vex and perplex the soul—but the Gospel shall, nevertheless, be unto them the power of God; and, wherever they are, this Gospel of God's grace shall find them out. This is the joy and comfort of all the Lord's sent servants. Should God be pleased in His sovereignty to make them instrumental in bringing any sinners to Christ, how willingly shall they give Him the glory, and bless His holy name.

God will perfectly adapt the exigencies of the Gospel to the times in which He has a people to be gathered unto Him. As Toplady says, "When He has but few people in one age to gather, but few ministers shall be raised up; and, when He has, too, many to gather, many shall be sent forth." From the East and from the West, from the North and from the South, shall the Lord's people come to find in Christ a satisfying portion to their souls.

II. The pledge or assurance: "*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*"

The Cities of Refuge were in some respects typical of Christ; we read concerning them, that, "When he that doth flee unto one of those cities shall stand at the entering of the gate of the city, and shall declare His cause in the ears of the elders of that city, they shall take him into the city unto them, and give him a place, that he may dwell among them. And if the avenger of blood pursue after him, then they *shall not* deliver the slayer up into his hand" (Josh. xx. 4, 5). Now, shall those elders be more merciful than precious Christ? Shall they receive the manslayer and give him ample security from the avenger of blood? and shall not Christ receive the law-pursued sinner, who, weary and heavy laden, presents himself before Him, and commits his cause into His hands? How infinitely dishonouring to Christ were the thought! It shall never be said that a sin-sick soul came to the Great Physician and was turned away.

Notwithstanding all the dishonour such may have done to the law of God, or the indifference with which they may have regarded His blessed Gospel—notwithstanding all they may be themselves in respect to having a wicked heart and a depraved nature, Jesus pledges Himself, that, when they come to Him, He will in no wise cast them out.

Oh, what great grace to needy sinners shines forth in this assurance! How divinely suited it is to the case of one who has been awakened to flee from the wrath to come, and who has every discouragement that an unbelieving heart and a tempting devil can suggest to contend with; who, after it may be, vainly seeking a warrant in self to come to Christ, at last finds this to be a sufficient warrant, as indeed it is! Many thousands of Christ's dear people have found these words such to them—a sure foundation, on which they have built their hopes for eternity from day to day. It has been a word whereon their souls were made to hope, and the beginning of eternal consolation to their hearts.

Immanuel, the faithful and true Witness, will never break His own pledged word. Blessed be God! Not one of all whom the Father gave Him shall ever be cast out after they have come to Him; and equally true it is that none of the rest who are blinded shall ever come to Him. And why? Because they see no beauty in Him that they should desire Him.

Have you ever seen Him so as to desire Him? Do you desire Him not for one trait of His character only, but for every trait? Can you adore His Sovereignty when He says, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them to babes," equally as you can admire His grace when He says, "*Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out?*"

If you are not a partaker of the new birth, and so have never known what it is truly to desire Christ, be sure of this, that the enmity of your heart to God and the things of God has never been removed, and, dying in this state, you must be shut out from all participation in the joys of Christ's people, which are yet to be revealed. Who can tell the issues of that blessed transaction in which the coming sinner is met by Christ on the very threshold of grace with this pledge of constant love?

The saved thief came to Christ in these words, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom;" and the answer, "To-day shalt

thou be with me in Paradise," was in effect the same as the words, "I will in no wise cast out."

Rahab was assured by the spies of her safety when Israel would destroy her city. She hoped in the truth of their word, and her faith was well rewarded at last.

The Israelites were assured by Moses that when the angel of death should smite the first-born of all the land of Egypt, the Lord would see the blood and pass them by. They hoped in the word, and they were not put to shame. So neither will any of the Lord's people who have made this or a similar word of His the ground of their hope.

But the peculiar lustre of grace that shines forth from these words can only be seen and appreciated by one who has been long in the school of Christ, who has long felt the plague of his heart, who has dealt treacherously in the way of the Lord; whose neck has been an iron sinew, and his brow brass; who, for the iniquity of his covetousness, has endured fatherly chastisement, and has sighed because of the leanness of his soul. These gracious words carried again with power to the soul of such an one will cause him to sing as in the days of his youth, and he will rejoice to know that the Lord "hateth putting away;" that He will rest in His love, and rejoice over His people with singing.

Might the glorified Church not say, "Not the smallest part of our deep spiritual joy arises from the glorious fact that we were chosen to salvation, but we also joy and bless the faithfulness of our dear Redeemer, who, notwithstanding all our waywardness and wanderings, did not cast us out?"

Dundee.

G. A.

MEDITATIONS ON JOB XVI. 4.

"If your soul were in my soul's stead, I could heap up words against you, and shake mine head at you."

AFTER all the learning, eloquence, zeal, and industry in preaching, it amounts to nothing unless it is experimental matter; "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul" (Psalm lxxvi. 16). Here is an invitation to hear experimental preaching of what God had done. Job was brought into a deeper experience than his three friends could understand, hence their rash judgments in their own spirit; and, although God suffered Satan to tempt Job to say many naughty things, yet Job boldly declares, "The root of the matter is in me." So the poor soul, under afflictive providences, and in great temptations, says and does many naughty things, and the untried, like Job's friends, say, "Trust God," and the like—quite Scriptural, but not experimental, for the tried soul knows that trust and every grace is the gift of God. Now, if Job's three friends had been through his trials, what experimental sons of consolation they would have been to Job in his affliction, instead of the tantalizers they were; so that it seems absolutely necessary for God's ministers to experience great and varied trials, that they may be sons of consolation to the afflicted children of God.

It matters not how a state of grace may be in a minister, or how great his learning to set it forth may be; his acceptance will be in proportion to his experience. Many learned, gracious men, for want of depth in experience, preach much in the letter of the word, often saying to the tried,

"Nothing is plainer than God's word of promise; take Him at His word, for He tells you to cast your care on Him," &c. All quite true, yet "there is a path which no soul knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen," and that is the path of God's appointment in a soul's experience, that neither the devil or his angels know, and out of which no letter exhortations can deliver. No! no! notwithstanding all the promises, you cannot trust to His delivering time. "My times are in Thy hand" (Ps. xxxi. 15). When a poor tried, tempted, doubting soul is lashed, by a comparatively untried preacher, with the letter of the word and promises enforced, it creeps away wounded to mourn; but, if God sends a tried minister, and he opens up the matter by showing that God's promises are for us to plead, but for Him to fulfil in His own time and manner, "My times are in Thy hand," the little one begins to look up; and, when assured that these trials are ordained of God to work a purpose for our good, and that it is ours to pray for the Spirit's graces (to endure this hardness), faith, patience, resignation, &c., &c, then what a blessing an experimental ministry is felt to be, and thankful praises arise to God.

There is a deal of unhealthy affectation by many good Christians, a sort of undefinable fear of man; one never murmurs, another casts his care upon God, another does this or that: but, as for me, I find too often I can do nothing—no, not sit still. When God puts His children into the furnace, He means them to endure its heat. Friends may exhort them to lay hold on this or that promise; 'tis all unavailing, till the time of deliverance come—till "the set time to favour Zion come." J. E. S.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE RED HEIFER.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY THE REV. J. A. WALLINGER, LATE OF BRIGHTON.

(PART III., *continued from page 321*).

"And the priest shall take cedar wood, and hyssop, and scarlet, and cast it into the midst of the burning of the heifer."—NUM. xix. 6.

NEXT we will consider another ingredient. Hyssop signifies sweetness, and, perhaps, herein lies the power. To get the sweetness is to sink at once under the power; to realize sweetness is to be able "to count all things but loss, dross, and dung for the excellency of Christ Jesus the Lord." Hyssop was a bitter-sweet, aptly representing the source of all the Church's mercies—the bitter, yet sweet, sufferings of Christ: bitter, for He had to endure the flame of the fiery furnace of God's wrath; yet sweet, for it was to win His Bride. And so it is with the Church: the cross is a bitter-sweet, for, while we reap the blessedness of it, yet will the believer mourn to think of the grief, and pain, and bitter anguish of Jesus as He sustained the wrath and curse due for sin. Yea, ye shall look upon Him whom you have pierced and mourn; and remember, too, when He hung upon the cross, it was thy sins nailed Him there; so, when the Prophet asks, "What are these wounds in Thy hands?" Jesus can look at thee and say, "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my

friends." So thou wilt be led to the cross and see what thy sins have done, and feel the bitter, even while thou partakeest of the sweet. I hope some here have tasted both; and those of you who never have, I do not wonder you are in and of the world, I do not wonder your heart is filled with it. But what will draw you out of it? Not the terrors of hell—not a sight of the torments of the damned—but love can do it. Aye, that is the sweet power which nothing can resist. "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Thirdly. Let us view the next ingredient as *duration* or continuance. Cedar is the most durable of all woods, and we read, the "work of the Lord shall endure for ever," and salvation is the effect of His mercy. The Psalmist, you know, was so full of it that one entire Psalm is taken up with extolling it, every verse concluding thus: "For His mercy endureth for ever;" though, I dare say, many here have read it, and never considered what kind of mercy it is—not a universal, but a special mercy, a limited mercy. He destroyed the enemies, the ungodly, "because His mercy endureth for ever." Special, particular, covenant mercy, was engaged on the side of Israel, Jehovah's peculiar people, and so all the rest must be destroyed. Here, then, we have the extent of His mercy, and the Lord will teach all His dear children to know their interest in this mercy. Here, then, is endurance, continuance, which was set forth by the cedar. No doubt it is a question that often recurs to a child of God under temptation, tribulation, and trial: "Shall I endure? Can nothing quench the love that I have tasted? Will not these floods drown it?" No; it is *for ever*. "He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." Such as He was when you received Christ, such He will be even to the end; "for whom He loves in this world, He loves unto the end." "They that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." They shall come off victors at the last.

Now, all that you see within that produces doubts and fears, and makes you surmise you are a hypocrite, that shall one day be cast into hell, you make a very wrong use of. God makes use of them to stir you up to prayer that you may get a fresh blessing from Him. Another token of His love, who says, "Knock, and it shall be opened." God is a Refuge for us, but the difficulty is, that, when temptation comes, usually prayer is restrained and shut out. "Oh," say you, at such times, "if I could but go to the Lord in prayer! if I could but pour out my soul before Him!" Ah, if you could, it would all be well! Then you should soon put your feet upon the necks of your enemies. But, when you cannot go to the Lord *with* prayer, go to Him *for* prayer; and, if this be unavailing, where are you to get your help and your shelter? Why, in Jehovah's continuance—His faithfulness—the same for ever. There, believer, there is your Hiding-place; when every other prop is taken away, every other refuge fails, this will abide; it stands for ever. He cannot break His promise, but will confirm it to the end. Now, all the Lord's children must be brought, by these painful experiences, to know their standing-place. These extremities belong to a wilderness-state, and they realize many precious experiences thereby.

So, you see, these three things represent very important truths to God's children; and, if they are not precious to you, it is because you are not renewed in the spirit of your minds.

The next thing I would notice to you is the contamination to the priest, arising from having to do with this sacrifice, as at ver. 7. The

high priest must wash his clothes, and be unclean until the evening, because he touched this dead animal; and, if he had touched the dead body of a man instead of a beast, he would have been unclean seven days, thereby intimating man to be sevenfold worse than a beast. There is the true description of man as he is—seven times worse than a beast. But it is very remarkable that this ceremony, which was in itself instituted for purification, should have a contaminating effect upon the priest; and this was an ordinance of heaven, be it remembered. Now, one thought that presents itself to me upon this is, that it was to show how actually and really sin, in all its multitudinous and aggregate character, is transferred to the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This animal became a mass of sin, so impure, so defiled, so abominable, that the priest who touched it became unclean from contamination: and why? Because it was a sacrifice for sin, and sin was, by transfer and imputation, on it. Here we see Jesus a sacrifice for sin; and not only so, but sin imputed and transferred to Him, so that He became a mass of sin, a receptacle for sin, whereon sin was laid; so that He became defiled by it, rendered unclean, and, like the leper, must be turned out of the camp. He suffered without the gate as the worst of malefactors. Oh, how blessed to have a precious view of the reality and personality of this transfer of sin, and so, by virtue of His dying and doing, know that sin is separated from us! for, remember this, if one single sin rests on thy head, and death overtakes thee, thou art lost! lost for ever! But this is the blessedness of God's elect—"I have blotted out, as a cloud, thy transgressions." No exception—all or none! Oh, what a precious, glorious Christ is this! You who feel yourself to be a mass of sin, defiled, polluted, abominable; sin in your mind, affections, conscience, will; is not such a Saviour just suited to you? Yea, "blessed is the man to whom the Lord *imputeth* no sin;" and, observe that it is not, "hath *done* no sin," but "imputeth not sin;" and why? Because God "made Him to be sin for us, that we might be made righteous in Him" (1 Cor. i. 30). What an exchange is here! Well might the Apostle call it, "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God" (1 Tim. i. 11), fresh from the courts of heaven. Aye, and the Lord's saints must realize it too. And now I speak to those who *have* realized it. When it came to you first, how fresh, how blessed, how precious was it to your heart! What a spring-time, what a summer-time was that to your soul, when you heard the voice of the turtle—when the vine of grace began to bud, and the Sun of Righteousness shone forth—when pardon and peace were whispered into your heart!

But now we must consider the question that arises, how the same animal could contaminate and purify? and a most important truth is here. Turn to Isa. viii. 14, &c.: "He shall be for a sanctuary." But is that all? No. "He shall be also for a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence." "What, for both?" say you? Yes; for salvation and perdition! Thus we read of the wrath of the Lamb, as well as the love of the Lamb; for many shall stumble and fall, and roll into hell over this stone. Our Lord, in the days of His flesh, said (Matt. xxi. 44): "Whosoever shall fall on this Stone shall be broken." What stone? Why, Christ, "the Stone the builders rejected," but made "the head of the corner" by the Lord, who builds upon it His spiritual temple, while sinners stumble at it, reject it, drop into hell, and are lost. But our Lord, speaking of this, says, "Whosoever shall fall upon this Stone shall be broken." Now, He makes a difference between those who fall upon this

Stone and those upon whom this Stone falls. "Whosoever shall fall upon this Stone shall be broken." A fracture is made. Many stumble at this Stone, and are broken thereby—stumble at the doctrines of God, at the dealings of God, at the truth of God, and are broken. They get a fracture somewhere. They are like a man with a broken limb—not a whole man, not a sound man. They stumble at some truth, and so they are broken—fractured by this Stone. This is the state of many of God's dear people, and so they go with broken bones—they stumble and fall. But it is the Lord's work to set these bones. What a mercy if your bones have been healed—if He have made "your broken bones to rejoice!" But—suppose you drop out of time into eternity without this healing—oh, the awful result is, this Stone "shall fall upon you, and grind you to powder!"

Thus, then, we have seen the twofold use of Christ Jesus—for salvation and perdition, for a sanctuary and a stumbling-stone, even as one said of old, "This Child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel"—for the final fall of the finally wicked, and for the rising again of God's elect to that place He saw them in before all worlds. Thus, then, we come to see how the ashes of this animal represented Christ Jesus for contamination and purification. Now, I ask, What think ye of Christ? What is He to you? Are you under all the rubbish and ignorance and blindness of the fall? in the original and actual sin you have contracted in your birth, and by your practice? If so, you are a stranger to the covenant of promise, an enemy to God, and have no testimony that you belong to Him. But oh, how blessed the state of those in whom God has put a difference—a difference that He will keep up and maintain for ever; an eternal separation, so that we have the ashes of this heifer in use *now*! "It is an ordinance of God for ever." Then they were used typically, now actually; then externally, now spiritually. For, what did this ceremony signify but the sprinkling of the heart and conscience with the atoning blood of Jesus? to realize His truth, to taste pardoning mercy, and to live upon fresh experiences of His grace-love? This is the spiritual use of the ashes of the anti-typical Heifer. "Ah, but," say you, "'woe is me, for I am unclean!'" If you felt otherwise, you would have no need of this cleansing. "But," you are ready to say, "are all the Lord's people thus?" Yes; "they groan, being burdened," and so find daily use for this water of purification, and say continually, "I shall be satisfied when I awake up with Thy likeness; never till then!—when I am taken home, and leave the body of sin behind, and am brought to be with Jesus for ever."

One more point and I have done. "This was to be a statute for ever." The Church is to make everlasting use of the Christ of God. Christ in His character and offices shall form the peace, blessedness, and glory of the Church through all ages in time, and throughout eternity. To be with Him, to contemplate His work, to see Him as the Lamb slain, and rejoice in Him for ever, will form the bliss of the Church triumphant above. Now, if you have had a revelation of Christ to your soul, if you have received these blessings into your heart, and realized the peace of them by faith, in yet a little while thou shalt enjoy them by sight—"it is a statute for ever," and, in the confidence of faith thou mayest say now: "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but to all that love His appearing." The Lord bless His Word!

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

ANOTHER GLOBIFIED ONE, IN THE PERSON OF MR. JOHN BUDGEN, LATE OF CRAWLEY, SUSSEX.

At page 630 (Dec. No., 1871), reference is made to Mr. Budgen, who for very many years had been a plain but sound and savoury preacher of the Gospel at Crawley, in Sussex. After that number appeared, we had a long letter from him, touching upon the case of the dear young disciple alluded to in the article aforementioned. The first part of that letter we shall subjoin, in which the tender loving spirit of the man of God will be seen. He possessed a meekness and simplicity which greatly commended itself to our heart. From the time we first met him (nearly thirty years ago), we felt united to him in the bonds of Christian brotherhood.

Pressure of work and continuous occupation prevented our immediately replying to him, according to his wishes. For the reason we shall presently give, we greatly regret this now. Two other letters followed. In one under date March 9, 1872, he says: "We live in a dying world. They are dying all around us at Crawley; and, as you inform us, they are so at Bristol. My ironmonger, who calls upon me twice a year (a strong and healthy man) I expected to-day; but, behold, another man came in his place. On inquiring after him, I was told that, in his rounds for orders, he dropped down dead! How many there are called out of this world in the same way! What a blessing to the Christian! Sudden death will be sudden glory to him."

He then repeats his request that we would write a line or two to him. For the reason just named we delayed this, and we found the dear man was grieved, for he wrote another note, quoting the Scripture, "And He answered her not a word." How deeply we regret having thus wounded this dear servant of God, by our almost unavoidable silence,* we cannot express, for the next we hear of him is, that *he was found dead!* Thus what he had so recently declared, he was personally so soon to realize—"sudden death, sudden glory!"

Well, much as we regret our not writing a private line, we can only add, that the facts give greater interest and additional power to his own closing testimony. We trust we may hear some further particulars concerning the termination of his labours. We believe, if ever a man served the Lord his God in his day and generation, with simplicity, sincerity, and truth, it was the late humble minister of Bethel Chapel, Crawley, Sussex. Although so many years have passed since we were there, we perfectly remember the countenance of the ostler to whom he refers. We never recollect meeting with a more striking instance of the softening, mellowing power of Divine grace, as brought to bear upon one of the naturally most repulsive, forbidding countenances we ever met. We recollect, too, the old disciple to whom our departed brother likewise refers.

Dear servant of the Most High! thy troubles are now for ever at an end.

* [Perhaps it is due to ourselves to state that he wished a long MS., which he sent us, published in pamphlet form. This needed revision, and we really had not time then to revise it. Hence the delay in writing to him.—ED.]

"All thy sorrows left below,
And earth exchang'd for heav'n."

Just as we heard of thy speedy and happy translation, we had personally been pondering upon the words of the poet—

"Finds every day new straits attend,
And wonders where the scene will end."

Ah, dear brother, that "wonder" has now ceased with thee. Thou speakest of "one heavy trial for five-and-thirty years, and of Divine goodness giving great easement in this trial." Ah, whatever that trial may have been, it is at an end now!

Brother! we rejoice on thy behalf! We magnify the riches of Divine grace, and adore the Person and acknowledge the gracious acts of our covenant Lord, in that He sustained thee, supported thee, and finally brought thee off more than conqueror, to testify of Him and with Him in the upper and better world. We are left on pilgrimage—"cumbered about much serving"—called indeed to "bear the burden and heat of the day;" and, to our sorrow, are compelled to admit, "often (as were Israel of old) discouraged on account of the way;" but (blessed be God!) one precious portion comes to our relief: "And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect" (Heb. xi. 39, 40).

Bethel Chapel, Crawley, Dec. 25th, 1871.

DEARLY-BELOVED EDITOR,—I do remember my faults this day, in the long delay in not writing to inform you how we have got on concerning the debt of our chapel. I have often thought, in my troubles, of one little word, yet a very great one, in a letter to me by that dear man, A. TRIGGS. "Do not think it strange if the love of many wax cold. Keep your secrets to yourself, that is, from men, as you know where to go with all your needs, and it ever stands the same: 'My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' The Lord give thee a holy familiarity with Himself, who saith, 'I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye.'" I have never forgotten this word: "You know where to go with all your need."

"Oh, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!"

What easement it gives the soul that is full of trouble, to let out, or pour out, his soul's troubles to the Lord, and, through Divine grace, enabled to cast all his cares and burdens on the Lord, who careth for His people with a parental love, a Fatherly and motherly care, and because they are His own redeemed property and portion for ever!

We are still moving onward and homeward in Him in whom we live and move, and all our springs are in Him. "JOSEPH"* is yet alive; not only alive, but very lively in spiritual things. He is often seen at our right hand, reading and expounding the Word at our prayer-meetings, to the profit and benefit of souls; and another spiritual friend at our left hand, that I think that I am favoured, like Moses, when his hand was stayed up by Aaron and Hur. I feel much encouraged and comforted in my old age, which will be 73, if I should be spared to see

* A mutual dear friend of many years' standing.—ED.

another birthday. The Lord is very kind to me at certain times in the pulpit, that I am so strengthened within, that I feel quite as strong as when I was but 30 years old. O for the continuation of the Spirit's strengthening might within! Thus we live to prove the Lord's faithfulness and goodness, notwithstanding all the waywardness and sin which he is the subject of. It oftentimes brings to mind the text the dear man, J. KERSHAW, preached from at our Thanksgiving service, "The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us;" so that we can set to our seal that God is true.

"Thus far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known;
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs."

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation!" Time is too short to "utter the memory of His great goodness."

I hope, when you come to London, that you will be able to make it convenient to come down to Crawley, for I very much want to see you again before we pass the River Jordan; then I will take you up to this chapel, and show you, at the further end of the yard, another manifestation of Divine goodness, in the rich display of His grace, love, and mercy to my daughter, next to the youngest, who departed this life February 21st, 1861, aged 23 years. On her grave-stone you will see engraved—

"They sleep in Jesus and are blessed,
How sweet their slumbers are!
From suffering and from sin released,
And freed from every snare;"

and then I will inform you why we had this verse put on her stone, and the merciful kindness of the Lord in her safe preservation and deliverance in times of great trouble. One time she went out on the pier at Brighton, with the full intention to drown herself in the sea; she felt as though some one spoke to her, "Go back! go back!" Through Divine grace, she left behind a very bright and happy evidence of the work of God's grace in her soul, by the fruit manifested in her short life, and on her dying bed, to all that were present as eye-witnesses to behold her happy departure. If I am spared to see you, I will give a full account of all her trials and deliverances. No one but those who have been favoured with the same blessing can fully enter into the peace and comfort it gave me, which constrained the soul to bless the Lord for His goodness. It is sweet, under a feeling sense of His great goodness, to "Remember all the way He hath mercifully led us these many years in the wilderness," to humble and lay us low at His feet like a helpless little child.

My youngest daughter is now living in Australia, sixteen thousand miles distance. In her letter she gives me a little hope that there is something more than nature, when she expresses herself thus:—"My past life makes me feel so unworthy of God's love, that 'He will have mercy on whom He will have mercy,' for I am sure I was not deserving it." Time will make it manifest, if the Lord hath begun the work in the soul. How anxious are believing parents, who have children in foreign lands, or at a long distance in their own land, when they receive a letter from them, to see if there is any more of God's grace commenced in their souls.

I see, from this month's number, that you have not forgotten us; but

do call to remembrance the time when you were with us, and the pleasure in visiting the young woman—that is, ELIZA PICKETT—on the texts you spoke from at our place; I well remember them: “Him hath God exalted, and the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation.” I have heard her describe the way the Lord delivered her out of temptation by the path of tribulation and affliction, and many things which she wrote down when upon her dying bed, which I have by me. Her sister, SALOME PICKETT, then was about two years old; she was taken ill, and in a very short time removed by death. Last July she went to Guildford for the benefit of her health, hoping that a change of air would do her good. I was called to go there to supply on the Lord’s day, August 13th, 1871, and in the evening she returned home with me to Crawley; and, having taken fresh cold while at Guildford, she continued to get worse, weaker and weaker, till 22nd November, 1871, when she departed this life, aged 27 years. I have called to see her at different times; she complained of much darkness of soul, and doubts and fears. One time these words came to her comfort, “Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.” From that time she was much comforted and strengthened by different verses of hymns and God’s faithful promises—

“Not as the world the Saviour gives,
He is no fickle friend;
Whom once He loves He never leaves,
But loves them to the end.”

The last time that she was at chapel was a few weeks before her death, when I was speaking from these words:—“O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted.” After service, she said, “The precious promises were very sweet to me a few days ago. ‘For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer;’” and it was observed that these promises belonged to the comfortless ones, and the tempest-tossed ones, for their comfort, being made heirs of them through Christ, who was appointed Heir of all things, and they as joint heirs with Him. When she got home, these words came to her with sweet power,—“Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” She was, through Divine grace, prepared for the kingdom, made meet to be the happy partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. At another time these words dropped in her soul with sweetness—

“I know, O Lord, Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
A blood-bought crown, a free reward,
A golden harp for me.”

As she drew nearer to her end, her hopes became more bright, that she longed to be with Christ, and expressed the feeling and breathing of her soul in the words of the poet—

“Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, see me free,
And to Thy glory take me in,
For there I long to be.”

This was the happy state of her mind. In the evening, a female friend

bid her good night, saying, "I will come and see you again to-morrow." With a smile on her countenance and heaven in her soul, her answer was, "I hope to be with Jesus before then;" and so it was, for she calmly breathed her last breath about 3 o'clock in the morning, and fell asleep in Jesus.

Your calling to remembrance the goodness of the Lord leads me to do the same, when we were led about from place to place. In two years we occupied six different houses, with every way and door seemed shut up, and we were minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow, internal and external, till a little opening in this dark town, as to spiritual light, and I was a stranger in the place; but there was an old pilgrim found there, and we soon got acquainted with each other, by reading a little book which he carried about in his pocket, written by GEORGE FRANÇOIS. I have no doubt but that you will remember the old pilgrim with the wig; he did not lose any time in seeking and searching a place for me and family, and soon found one very suitable for me. Then we had another move, and came with nine in family, that is with our two selves, and have now occupied it more than 30 years; and, as there was no chapel in the place, we opened our hired house, and I began to speak a little every Lord's-day, and was much encouraged by seeing the good hand of God with us. One Lord's-day there came in two ostlers. One of them I had often noticed, in his going to and fro to his work, for his ill-disposed looks; and as his looks, so he was. The Word of Life entered into his soul, and he became a living and spiritual man; the ill-looks were removed, and he became like a little child. He noticed what you said at our place concerning the little child in its longing to say "Father," and he desired the same. In a short time he was removed by Providence nine miles distant; there he joined a Baptist Church. He writes to me thus in a letter which I have enclosed:—

Cuckfield, December 23rd, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—May the dear Lord abundantly bless you with His love and mercy and peace, for I have cause to bless the Lord, in making you the instrument, in His hands, of turning my feet out of the broad road of destruction into the narrow road of everlasting life, and giving me a desire after the Lord Jesus Christ, as my only Saviour, as I testified at the Baptist Church here, about three months ago, and have joined with them, because I trust we are a part of that Church that shall sing the praises of God and the Lamb through eternity and everlastingly; and I hope and pray the Lord will still enable you to go on and preach the Gospel to the poor, and bind up the broken-hearted, and clothe His Word with Almighty power, and quicken many hardened sinners, and then to submit themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ, whose name is above every name. My kind love to you, Mrs. Budgen, and all that love the Lord.

H. L.

Our friends soon hired a school-room, which we occupied fourteen years. We entered our new chapel in the year 1858:—"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the lovingkindness of the Lord." I have laboured under one heavy trial for 35 years;*

* We know one who has laboured under the self-same trial for seven-and-thirty years. There are times when he sees it is an indispensable trial—that it is absolutely necessary for his spiritual well-being and that of others. Hence there are seasons when he almost

but Divine goodness is now giving great easement in the trial. The Lord is infinite in wisdom; He knows exactly what ballast or weight is necessary for every vessel of mercy, and the length of time to labour under it. He knows how to cleanse from idols, and to make one sick of them out of Himself. What have I any more to do with idols? "We had fainted and given up all hopes, unless we had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living," and feel His sustaining and strengthening power beneath the everlasting arms; to bring up again Jonah, like that he is constrained to ascribe all his salvation, both temporal and spiritual, unto the Lord; bitter and sweet, light and darkness, casting-down, and gracious lifting-up,—this hath been the pathway in passing through this wilderness world, 35 years we have had.

(To be continued.)

Protestant Beacon.

THE BENNETT JUDGMENT.—WHAT WILL THE EVANGELICALS DO? SECEDE OR NOT?

SIR,—Much has been said in reference to the recent judgment upon the "Bennett heresy," and the question is asked, "What will the Evangelical party in the Church of England do? Will they continue in an Establishment where such anti-Scriptural dogmas are countenanced?" Our reply to these inquiries may be summed up as follows:—

1. With regard to the decision itself, it is characterized by that "*EXPEDIENCY*" which has long been a leading feature of our times. The consequences of a decision which would involve an immediate and widespread secession from the Church was foreseen; and, therefore, in that craftiness which has of late so characterized the conduct of our rulers, men were placed upon the Privy Council who could be relied upon as not likely to give an extreme or adverse judgment. Just upon the principle that, when the Irish Church was to be dis-established, such a construction was put upon the coronation-oath as, as it were, to *force* or to *justify* Her Majesty in foregoing its sacred obligations, so now with regard to the recent judgment. To say the least, it has been a tampering with plain, solid, avowed principles. In order to screen the offender, and, as we just now said, prevent an open rupture in the Church, the end of which none could fully realize, an evasive conclusion has been arrived at, and a most partial judgment declared, placing the Protestant Church of England in an anomalous position, as far as diversity of opinion is concerned. But such a decision is readily accounted for, if we consider, first, that "*expediency*" which has been so prominent a feature of our times; secondly,

dreads its removal, lest it should be followed by even a keener trial or a weightier cross. Now and then there is reconciliation—a degree of contentment under the trial; but, if there springs up with this a kind of self-satisfaction—a species of Pharisaic submission and acquiescence, so that pride raises its intrusive head upon the ground of the very acquiescence—there is sure to follow renewed resistance to the trial, and a fretful antagonism to a Father's discipline. Reader! do you know anything of it?

that apathetic selfish solace, which leads men to exclaim, "I shall have peace in my days, come what may after I am gone;" thirdly, the growing influence of the Popish tenet and teaching, that "the end sanctifies the means."

2. It behoves every impartial person well to consider the fact, that, although a certain construction has been put upon certain language, or rather that a man has not been dealt with as he ought to have been, on account of how *he* chose to think and act with regard to such language, that still the language itself is in nowise altered. It remains precisely as it has stood since the Reformation, and under the direct teaching and influence of which men of sound Protestant Scriptural principles have been taught, and in turn sought to teach their fellow-men. Hence this adverse decision, or rather this evasive judgment, is a practical and an altogether unworthy reflection upon those men, who long honourably lived, and as honourably—and correspondingly successfully—laboured, within the pale of the Reformed Church of England. We repeat that it behoves men of impartial and unprejudiced minds well to consider this; for it is assuredly a matter involving the character and principles of men whose praise is in all the Churches, and whose writings will be handed down to the end of time. If the construction which Mr. Bennett has chosen to attach to certain language in our Church-ritual, and in regard to which construction *some* members of the Privy Council—we would lay special stress upon this—be verily the only right and plain common-sense construction which can be placed thereupon, then such men as *ROMAINE, TOLLADY, VENN, NEWTON, BERRIDGE, HERVEY, HAWKER*—to say nothing of the Reformers themselves, have either been lacking in common sense, or wanting in principle. To one or other of these conclusions we must come, if Mr. Bennett or his sympathizers be right. But we are greatly mistaken if there is a single individual who, upon principle, admires the character and teachings of such men as wrote "Meditations among the Tombs;" "The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith;" "The Cardiphonia;" "Morning and Evening Portions;" "Rock of Ages," and kindred hymns, who would declare the writers thereof to be wanting either in common sense or true spirituality. They were men who, rather than sacrifice one iota of the great and glorious truths which were their very life-blood, would have cheerfully gone to the stake, and sealed their testimony with their blood. Hence to charge these men with either weakness, ignorance, or want of true Scriptural principles, is to libel their sacred memories, and to cast a base reflection upon the God in whose fear they walked, and by whose love they were actuated.

3. Whilst touching upon this, we may remark, that there have been men of truth, about whose thorough scriptural knowledge and principles there could not be a doubt, who have been induced to withdraw from the ministry of the Church of England; and such men have had the credit of being actuated, wholly and solely, by a single eye to God's glory. It has been supposed that there has not been in any wise the veriest admixture of self or the creature in regard to the course they have thought fit to adopt. Whereas, viewed in another light, a great deal of self and the creature may have actuated them, whilst they at the same time were scarcely—if at all—aware of the fact. Objectionable localities, hostility to the truth, lack of sympathy, want of Christian intercourse, little prospect of advancement, and it may be a desire to *marry*, which the holding of a fellowship, for example, would prevent,

may prove to be a most powerful incentive to a withdrawal from the Church. Again, how many have regretted the step; how many, having taken it, turn aside to their varied and ever-changing views and practices; and how few real men of truth, who have thus seceded, have urged other men of truth to follow their example! How many, moreover, have been grievously disappointed in regard to that bed of roses, or, in other words, to that true peace, brotherly love, and sweet and heavenly concord and unanimity, which they had anticipated as a blessed result and consequence of their changed condition and circumstances!

Fourth, and lastly, comes the question, What are men of truth to do? Are they to remain in the Establishment, or to withdraw? Our answer is emphatic, namely, that whilst our creed and our articles remain as they are, untouched, standing out as they do in all their plain, clear, and easily-perceptible teaching; and that whilst we are permitted, as indeed we are permitted, uninterruptedly and fearlessly and faithfully, to give utterance to what we believe to be God's truth as set forth in His blessed Word, taught by the Holy Ghost, and proved and ratified by heart-felt experience, *it behoves us to remain where we are*. Should the time come—and, we are free to admit, we know not how soon that time may come—that an embargo is laid upon us, or that we are to teach this, or not to teach that, which we at the same time, according to the light given us, believe to be the truth, and in perfect agreement with the revealed mind and will of God, as laid down in His holy Word, and supported hitherto by our Book of Common Prayer, we say then—but not until then—*Adieu to the Church of England!*

St. Luke's, Westminster, June 15, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

OUR POPISH TIMES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—I think you will agree with me, that the signs of the times in which we live are very ominous; that the nation is on the eve of a great crisis; that, should the Lord permit another Parliament to be returned like the present, at the next general election, the days of England's Protestant supremacy will be numbered. Looking at the amazing progress that Popery has made in England, especially during the last few years—that upwards of £400,000 of the public money is annually spent in supporting Popish priests and Popish schools; that the House of Lords, hitherto considered the great safeguard of our Protestant constitution, should introduce and pass by a large majority, such an iniquitous measure as the Prison Ministers' Bill, compelling Protestant magistrates to appoint Popish priests to every gaol in the land in which ten Papist prisoners are confined; and, although the proportion of Papists to Protestants in England is only one in twenty, yet so prolific is Popery in crime, that it would be a wonder indeed to find a gaol containing *less than ten* Papists: when we consider that the present Premier of the House of Commons is a disguised Papist, or rather a member of the Greek Church, which is much the same (for proof, see "Anti-Papal League Magazine," No. 5), that the Government is favouring Popery in every possible way; added to all this, the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Rome, and having a prolonged interview with

the "man of sin;" and so pleased were both sides with each other, that the Prince was made to promise the "man of sin" another visit before leaving Rome, which promise no doubt was religiously performed: looking at all these things, we are brought to the conclusion that the death of our sovereign the Queen will, in all probability, be the death of our Protestant supremacy, *unless the Lord, in HIS GREAT MERCY, is pleased to arouse the nation to a sense of its great danger.*

In this truly alarming state of things we have only one remedy left us, and that is PRAYER. Looking at things by sense and reason, we have not the least hope of being saved from Popish ascendancy. Like Jehoshaphat, when "the children of Moab, and the children of Ammon, and with them other beside the Ammonites, came against him to battle" (2 Chron. xx. 1), "he feared, and set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah. And Judah gathered themselves together to ASK HELP OF THE LORD: even out of all the cities of Judah they came to SEEK THE LORD" (ver. 3, 4). "O our God," said he, in his noble prayer, "wilt Thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us, NEITHER KNOW WE WHAT TO DO: BUT OUR EYES ARE UPON THEE" (ver. 12). That prayer ranged God on his side; made the battle not theirs, but God's: and thus it must be with us. We must range God on our side, and make the battle not ours, but His; and victory will as certainly follow us as it did them. And for this end and purpose I would humbly suggest, as the GOSPEL MAGAZINE represents the Church of God in the Established Church of England, including many others outside her pale, that every Monday evening be specially set apart for the gathering together of those who fear the Lord, to ask help of Him against Popery, with all its detestable enormities; against the enemies of God and His truth; against the enemies of our beloved country, our civil and religious liberties, &c. Let these be the objects of earnest prayer to God in our prayer-meetings, in our families, and in our closets. May the Spirit of grace and of supplications be so poured out upon us, that wrestling Jacob may become prevailing Israel, and thus may we prove that "*the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much*" (James v. 16). But there must be no half-heartedness, no halting between two opinions; the time for such folly is past. "If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal (the Pope), then follow him" (1 Kings xviii. 21).

As Parliament, the boast of free-born Englishmen, has been the guilty channel for the establishment of Popish idolatry in the land, so Parliament must be the channel for its removal. At the next general election, I trust there will not be found a man amongst us willing to give his vote to any candidate who will not pledge himself to vote in Parliament—1, for the total repeal of the fatal Act of 1829; 2, the stoppage of all public grants for the support of Popish priests and Popish schools; 3, the suppression of all monasteries and nunneries in the land; and, 4—last, but not least—the expulsion of every member of that great and dangerous secret society, the Society of Jesuits, who are continually plotting the overthrow of this Protestant country. Thus God will be honoured and glorified, and saviours raised up to stand in the gap, to turn away His wrath and indignation from us. Thus will England again become great, glorious, and free; a blessing to the world, diffusing God's most precious Word to every nation under heaven, in its own language, till "the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea" (Hab. ii. 14).

Say you, "This will be sure to cause a revolution?" Let us never mind the consequences of doing that which is right and pleasing in the sight of God. "*England expects every man to do his duty.*" Better, infinitely better, will it be for us to have a revolution, with the Lord of hosts on our side, than by our supineness letting Popery prevail, and thus, as it were, having Him against us. It is almost impossible to over-estimate the tremendous issues of the next general election. What a vast difference it would have made with Jehoshaphat and his people, had they, by their supineness, allowed their enemies to prevail over them, BEFORE they sought help of the Lord. O, yes, now is the time for action. *The battle must be fought and the victory won BY US upon our knees at a throne of grace, before it is won at the hustings and in Parliament.* Lord, help us to seek Thy face, for Thy name and mercies' sake!

Not only should *we* be prepared to vote as I have mentioned, but our influence should be exerted to the utmost amongst our friends and acquaintances to get them to vote with us; and may the Lord be graciously pleased to incline the heart of the nation generally to do the same thing! Dear friends, it is a glorious enterprise in which I desire to engage you. What so noble as to be instruments in God's hands of saving our beloved country out of the hands of that wicked, cruel despotism—Popery, "drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus?" (Rev. xvii. 6.)

"Brethren, suffer the word of exhortation" (Heb. xiii. 22) from
Yours faithfully to serve in the Lord,

Liverpool.

W. L.

P.S.—May I take the liberty of asking you to insert the above in your next issue? It is a subject of vast importance to the whole nation, especially the Church of God, upon whom the issue of events rests; FOR NOTHING CAN BY ANY POSSIBILITY WITHSTAND THE UNITED PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH OF GOD, THE LIVING GOD. (See Matt. xvii. 20, 21; Acts xii. 5—20.)

Anecdotes and Extracts.

OLD JONATHAN AT SCHOOL, AND PUT BACK INTO WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.

(Continued from page 337.)

"MAY I ask you once again to explain yourself, and may I, at the same time, beg you to bear with my inaptness?"

"I am sure I may well do that, seeing the vast amount of patience and forbearance my loved and loving Master has to exercise over me: in fact, it is my very fretfulness and impatience, in regard to others, that is one means of giving me such an insight into the tenderness and long-suffering of my Lord and Master; and oftentimes it reminds me of the lines:—

"'Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears from us?'

as you so press me with respect to the personal application of this passage, I will endeavour to show you, in as few words as possible, how it operates. You are aware that there are times and seasons when the Master is pleased to send forth some of His scholars upon errands of love, with messages of mercy; and, strange as it may seem, and marvellous as he himself has oftentimes thought it, even poor old stammering JONATHAN is occasionally sent out as well as the rest. Sometimes he is sent here, sometimes there; but, if he knows his own heart, notwithstanding its deceitfulness and treachery, there is an uppermost desire, which is to speak well of his Master, and gratefully of His words and works. Hence he will occasionally go forth with his heart full, even to overflowing, and hope for great and good success on behalf of his Master. But, when he is foiled, and his mission (according to his own feelings and apprehensions) appears to be a failure, ah! it is then that the badness and the blackness of JONATHAN's old heart begins to work up and develope itself. There is no doubt that it is one of the many ways in which the pride of his heart manifests itself. Be this as it may, it is sure to bring a cloud between him and his Master. The old fool is as sulky as possible, and stubborn as an ox. Nothing can please, much less satisfy him. That self-willed saying of the prophet best suits him, 'I said, I will speak no more in His name,' and that, 'I do well to be angry, even unto death.' JONATHAN knows it's wrong—very wrong, and he is angry with himself for it. In this state and under these circumstances he is upon the look out for the rod. He expects some severe chastisement, if not actual judgment. There is, somehow or other, such a pressure upon him, that he can't quit the school, or play the truant; he is wretched enough *in* school, but he would be still more miserable *out* of it. As to going forth upon another errand, he has the greatest dread of that, lest there should be a repetition of his feelings of untowardness, self-will, and rebellion. Then again he trembles at the idea of being passed over altogether, and others being sent in his stead. He feels that whatever may be laid upon him, in a way of rebuke or chastisement, he has justly merited; at the same time he trembles at the ordeal which may await him, upon the principle that 'a burnt child dreads the fire.' It is under these circumstances, when he is either called up, or the Master passes round, that JONATHAN's heart flutters and palpitates from very fear of what is coming; and then, when the book is placed in his hands, and he is told to turn back into words of one syllable, he is humbled and mortified. Or, when they all stand round in class; and the Master, so shrewd and so keen-sighted, says aloud, 'JONATHAN, spell the word "*blood*,"' he well knows what the Master means; and it seems then (hard as his heart was a moment before, and stubborn and rebellious as he had felt) as if it would burst now; and he tries again and again to speak, but he can't. Again and again he makes the effort to spell 'B-L-O-O-D,' but he fails. He drops his head, and is almost overwhelmed with emotion. He would give anything if he could at the moment slip away unobserved, and 'weep to the praise of the mercy he's found.' Meanwhile the Master stands, calmness and tenderness itself, JONATHAN at the same time not daring—yea, perfectly unable—to look up. And then, as if in very love and pity for him, and quite breaking through the prescribed routine of the school, the Master will give out, and request all to join in singing, the well-known hymn,—

"No, no, I am sure we could not; no, not one millionth part of it. But,

"There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood

Loose all their guilty stains.

"The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

"Ere since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save;
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

"Lord, I believe Thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

"'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but Thine."

"But there is one among the number utterly unable to join—not as far as the heart and mind are concerned—but with the lips.

"It is under these circumstances, and when each pupil has returned to his seat, that the Master with His own tender hand laid gently on JONATHAN's drooping head, in His own sweet, soothing, fear-assuaging, re-assuring, loving, tender way, whispers into JONATHAN's ear—aye, and into his but-too-often cold heart, too—'Write this, my loved one, "And when I see THE BLOOD, I will pass over you." Oh, let anyone dare venture to speak against the Master then, it would be a sorry thing for him, as far as poor OLD JONATHAN's courage and strength were concerned. Why, at such a season, and with such emotions, he would gladly *die* in defence of his Master's glorious name and gracious cause.

"'Tis love that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble, too,
But Satan cannot love."

* * * * *

"Well, and you have had your wish; you have seen and heard OLD JONATHAN: and now what do you think of him?"

"It's quite true what you said: he's a complete contradiction."

"Ah, and I tell you what conclusion I am disposed to come to, and that is, all instructed in the same school *are* contradictions. The fact is, they have two distinct natures, and they are under two distinct influences or teachings."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what the Great Teacher meant when He said to Nicodemus, in the 3rd chapter of St. John's Gospel, 'Verily, verily I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.' Again He said, in the same memorable conversation—'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.'"

"This, then, explains what has always seemed so strange and contradictory to me, when, in the 7th chapter of the epistle to the Romans, the Apostle Paul says, 'With the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin.'"

"Precisely so: this distinctly sets forth the two natures, or the first and second Adam in Paul. You have a similar testimony in his epistle

to the Galatians, where he says: 'I am crucified with Christ : nevertheless I live ; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me : and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me ;' and again, 'For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh : and these are contrary the one to the other : so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.'"

"I must confess that I never saw things in this light ; and this makes plain to my mind what was so dark and mysterious before. I see now how it is that there is so much that is contradictory in those who are deemed Christian men and women. I thought that, according to their principles and professions, they ought to be above all those weaknesses and sins and infirmities which belong to our common humanity—in fact, that they ought to be faultless."

"Oh, that would be to make *angels* of them at once ; and that they will never be here, whatever they may be hereafter. Moreover, such would be sorry beings for us to have to do with, considering what we are as ever-erring creatures. Now, one great reason why I'm glad to talk to OLD JONATHAN is that *he* can enter into *my* state, and perfectly understand what I, from time to time, feel and fear."

"How do you account for this ?"

"Simply because *he* has passed through the same kind of thing. Hence we read, 'As in water face answereth to face, so doth the heart of man to man ;' and this is why I like to meet with anyone who has 'tasted and handled and felt' the things they talk about ; or, in other words, have tested and proved for themselves. We have, then, not mere theory, or guess-work, or that which is borrowed from other men, but the effects and results of actual test and positive experience. There is all the difference, you know, between the testimony of one man, who has heard that Dr. So-and-So is a clever man, and very skilful in regard to certain maladies, and another who, suffering under the same, has *proved* his ability, in that he was the means of restoring him to perfect health."

"There is a wide distinction, certainly."

"And it is precisely that which exists between men who have merely *read* or *heard*, and others who have really *tested* and *proved* for themselves ; and this is just what OLD JONATHAN has done."

"I was struck with his feeling and earnestness and energy."

"Well, this has all to be traced up to the self-same cause—that of experience, or test and proof."

"No doubt."

"And this, in turn, begets sympathy or fellow-feeling for others who may be called to traverse similar paths."

"I thought much about what he said respecting *the blood*."

"Ah, that's a favourite theme with him ; and I begin to see more clearly than I ever saw before the force of what he sought to convey to us, namely, that, not simply at first, but that each fresh wound must be healed by the re-application of *the blood* ; that all newly-accumulated guilt must be removed *by blood* ; that every sin, whether of thought or word or deed, must be taken away *by blood* ; that follies and frailties, of whatever form or to whatever extent or degree, must be covered *by blood*. Nought of sin or deformity or shortcomings can be met by any act of the creature, whether by promise, penance, or payment, but simply and exclusively and absolutely *by blood*. This is what I understood JONATHAN to feel and rejoice in, when that notable passage was set before him—

so that he might keep it prominently and perpetually in view, as an antidote and a remedy for all his failings and fears—his sins and his sorrows—'When I see *the blood*, I will pass over you.'

"You thought it bespoke a something already *done*."

"Precisely so: a completed, finished work, from which nothing can be taken, and to which nothing can be added."

"And is not this exactly what the Lord Jesus Christ has accomplished for and on the behalf of poor sinners?"

"Exactly so. Hence His dying exultation: 'It is finished!' and, when He had so said, 'He gave up the ghost;' and, by His resurrection, He triumphed over all the powers of darkness—death, hell, and the grave; and, by His ascension to heaven, proved His right to return thither, having finished the work the Father had given Him to do."

"And what remains for us to do?"

"What! why, nothing whatever, except this—and even this, too, wholly and solely by the Holy Ghost, the Revealer of Jesus, the Remembrancer, the Comforter whom Jesus declared He would send, upon His going away—'And this is the work of God, that ye *believe* on Him whom He hath sent.' Now, in proof that this very *faith*, or this power to *believe*, is of God, and of God only, we read, 'By *grace* are ye saved [that is, of God's free and unmerited favour and good-will] through *faith*, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast.'"

"It seems to make the salvation of poor sinners very easy."

"Easy! so it is, when God makes it so; and when the Holy Ghost gives a poor creature to discover that the work of Christ is verily a finished work; and that the terms of the Gospel are 'without money and without price.' This is what makes the Gospel what it is—'good news.'"

"Well, I really wish I could realize this for myself. I assure you, I am anything but happy or satisfied with my present condition. I can't feel that all is right. I'm not at peace. Yet, if I fancy something has to be done, and I set about doing it, I only seem wider of the mark than ever."

"You remind me of the words I've often heard JONATHAN quote:—

"The more I strove against sin's power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the Way."

"Ah, that's just what I want; but, somehow or other, I can't get at it. I do indeed envy those that can."

"Well, I believe, after all, if we would have true peace and God-wrought comfort, it can only be in the old, old way by which JONATHAN gets it, and for which he contends, and that is by *THE BLOOD*."

"You remind me of that Scripture, 'Without the shedding of *blood*, there is no remission.'"

"Yes, and that brings to my mind another portion, 'If the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh: how much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?'"

"I think, then, from all that has passed, we cannot do better than think

of, pray over, and plead for a personal interest in the self-same promise as that set before OLD JONATHAN, 'And when I see THE BLOOD, I will pass over you.' God, in mercy, grant us that happy and merciful escape from all the sad effects and direful consequences of sin!"

"Amen and amen!"

Correspondence.

OFFERS AND INVITATIONS.

Nice, May, 1872.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND FELLOW-LABOURER IN THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST, though, I should say, quondam fellow-labourer, for I am now, and have been for two years, painfully laid on the shelf, through age and infirmities.

I wish it was true, as your Correspondent of this month's Magazine, Mr. Johnson, of Bacup, has said, that there are none to be found to take up "An Old Reader's" side on the above subject. Why, if they have not entered the lists, their number, nevertheless, is "legion."

The "Old Reader's" views, and Mr. Johnstone's, are the spirit of the day—a yea-and-nay Gospel, under the garb of Calvinism—creature work, creature power, creature doing. It is a pity they should so play into the spirit of the world. The world would all be on their side. In what would fit in with the world, we might justly suspect something to be wrong.

We do not deny there are offers and invitations in the Word of God, but we say, with one of your correspondents, that they are to *character*, and not to persons indiscriminately. When our Lord stood up to preach the glad tidings, the Gospel, in Isaiah lxi. and Luke iv., to whom did He proclaim glad tidings? To the meek, the broken-hearted, the captive, the bonded, the mourners. The Gospel is glad tidings to no others. I wish, said one of old, the Gospel were always called by its right name—"Glad tidings;" then we should know what we are talking about. Gospel is the Saxon word. The Gospel is no glad tidings to the generality. They are too much engaged with their worldly occupations, schemes, and pleasures. A dear old friend of mine, long since gone to his rest, used to say the Gospel may be likened to a town-crier, who should say, "Ho, this is to give notice, that a ship is arrived in port, laden with all manner of clothing, and stores of provisions of all kinds for the poor and destitute, to be had without money and without price." Says the man who is riding in his carriage, who is "rich and increased with goods, and hath need of nothing," "That is not for me," and goes on his way; but the poor and needy, the ragged and the starving, flock to the ship's side, and their every need is supplied. This is the Gospel proclamation—"The great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish;" fit to be damned, and fear they shall be lost. The farmer does not sow his seed on a common; if he does, the birds of the air will have it all. But he puts in the ploughshare to turn up the sods, and then the harrow to bring the weeds to light. This is the work of the law. "The law is good if it be used lawfully." Luther used to say it is the most difficult thing in the world to separate between law and

Gospel—grace and works. “If it be of grace, it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace. If it be of works, then it is no more grace, otherwise work is no more work.” Do make it one or the other. Do not mix them.

Peter, that he may preach repentance and faith, said the people must be “pricked in their heart, and made to cry, Men and brethren, what shall we do?” (Acts ii.)

Paul, that he may say to the jailor, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;” the jailor must be made to cry out, “Sirs, what must I do to be saved?” (Acts xvi.)

John Baptist, who was sent to clear the way for Christ, cries out to the people, “Oh, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?” and then tells them “they can secure nothing except it be given them from above.”

Dr. Ryland, to turn into ridicule the calling upon dead sinners to do the work of living saints, has these remarkable sarcastic lines—

“Arise, ye dead, Arminicus cries,
Arise, ye dead in sin,
Unstop your ears, unclose your eyes,
And a new life begin.

“Why will ye die, ye wicked souls?
Ye dead, why will ye die?
Quicken and make your spirits whole
To life eternal fly.”

And then, addressing the preacher, says—

“Deluded seer, but man will lie
As senseless as a stone,
While you yourself stand *fooling* by,
Till both are quite undone.”

I have examined all the passages quoted by Mr. Johnson, and they are almost all directions, instructions, or exhortations under the law, and do not serve his purpose at all. I have neither time nor space to go into them all. But let him, and those who agree with him, go on with their offers and invitations, and when their hearers, all with one consent, make excuse, and their offers vanish into thin air, then, under God, will I show unto them a more excellent way. Thus saith the Lord, “Show unto my people their sins, and Israel their transgressions.”

The painter lays his picture upon a dark ground. The Lord, when He purposes a work of grace in the soul, sends His Holy Spirit, and “when He is come, He convinces of sin:” shows the sinner his lost and ruined condition, and makes him see and feel himself under the curse of the law; and this to make way for a revelation of that justifying righteousness which Jesus having wrought out, went back again to His Father, and left behind for the poor sinner, as his garment of salvation, and to tell him he has nothing now to fear from the “prince of this world,” who is judged, despoiled of all his weapons: John xvi. 8 to 11. What is the reason there is so much light and pleasing profession, with plenty of religion on the tongue, but no likeness, no spirituality? There is something wrong at the foundation. The fountain of the great deep has never been broken up. No wonder the minister is disappointed in his supposed converts. “There,” said a friend to Whitfield, “look at that man lying drunk in the gutter, there is one of your converts.” “Yes,” says Whitfield, “one of my converts, not the Lord’s convert.” He had

been one superficially healed. The builder had not dug deep enough, and then daubed him with untempered mortar. What a deal of this daubing is going on. It is what the people love. "Preach to us smooth things, prophecy deceits." Show us that all the offers and invitations belong to us, and we have only to consent. I fear I have exceeded in length.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

J. A. WALLINGER.

INVITATIONS TO THE UNCONVERTED.

DEAR EDITOR,—As you have admitted in the pages of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE a letter from one clergyman, in favour of inviting the unconverted to come to Christ, perhaps you will kindly admit one from another minister in holy things, who "has not so learned Christ." For my own part, I never address a people without feeling an earnest yearning for the salvation of poor sinners; but, having experienced personally that the whole work is of the Lord, my wrestling is with Him, that He would produce that wondrous life that a dead sinner can never give himself; and my growing conviction is that the wisest course is to tell the dead sinner of his entire helplessness in the work of salvation; and, preaching to him of the riches of God's grace and mercy in Christ, leave it to the Lord the Spirit to apply His own truth to the quickening of the soul; a work which all the invitations in the world will never perform.

May the Lord unfold to us His will and mind on this as well as every other matter connected with our salvation, so that Jesus may have all the glory.

Believe me, ever your faithful helpmeet,

G. C.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

WERE it not for the appearance of my being silenced by contradiction, I should not have replied to that which is mere evasion; but as "W. Johnson," in the May number of this Magazine, in his remarks upon what I have written in March, brings forward twenty-two scriptures to prove what I never denied, I think some explanation of the subject is necessary.

The premises assumed by "Josiah" (adverse to "An Old Reader") were, that there is not one passage of Scripture, from Genesis to Revelation, where an invitation is given without the characters being described or implied (in proof of life being already imparted).

"W. J." replies to this, "There are many"—and after giving what he considers some cogent examples, asks, "Are these exhortations addressed to living souls?"

This is altogether shifting the position: it was not *exhortations*, but *invitations*, about which I was speaking. To invite is one thing, to exhort another; even "An Old Reader" makes a distinction here; for in the February number, page 110, he says: "In whatsoever house ye enter, preach, give the invitation, speak the promises and use the exhortations." But "W. J." confounds these diverse things, as he does also Law and Gospel, the two Covenants, and the nature and grace state of man."

But, if I understand aright, the ordinary method of God's dealing with His creatures, either directly by his Spirit and Word, or through the medium of a preached Gospel, it runs somewhat thus: In His wrath and

indignation against sin and sinners, He threatens and warns; by His judgments and punishments, He reproves and rebukes; in His "patience" and "long suffering," He exhorts; and then, wherever the Word is received with power, and a change of heart takes place, He, in His love and mercy, graciously invites to all the privileges and blessings of the Gospel of Peace. And "Wisdom" is justified of all her children in the sovereign exercise of these varied phases of Divine and Spiritual diplomacy. Neither does "Josiah" need the quotation of twenty-two texts to prove that which God hath already written in his heart. Full well he knows that the Scriptures abound with merciful and gracious exhortations to persons of all classes, and in every condition of life. Indeed it was part of the Apostles' mission to "reprove, rebuke, and exhort"—but not to indiscriminately *invite*—and, in the work of the ministry, Paul says, "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man"—but not inviting every man; and, therefore, until it can be clearly shown that it is Scriptural and consistent for general invitations to be given to sinners—"dead in themselves"—to arise and perform acts belonging only to the spiritually living, I must still consider that Gospel invitations are limited to particular and specified characters.

Chelmsford.

JOSIAH.

[In bringing this discussion to a close—for we cannot deviate from our fixed rule of not allowing these pages to be made a medium of vexed and angry controversy—we will just add to what has already been said upon the subject of Exhortations, that we believe the indiscriminate and undefined appeals and invitations to those who are really dead in trespasses and sins, are calculated greatly to mislead. They foster the idea that there is a certain latent power in men to repent and believe. With such, Satan does not attempt to dispute or deny the necessity of repentance and faith; but he merely suggests postponement, and the exercise of this latent power and ability, "at a more convenient season," and after there has been a little more enjoyment of the world. Now we feel assured that there are myriads upon myriads at this moment in the bottomless pit, with whom the crafty adversary has thus dealt, and who have, in consequence, made shipwreck upon this rock of procrastination.

Whereas, on the contrary, if man's real condition of heathenism, helplessness, and hopelessness be scripturally declared, although for a time it may rouse the natural enmity and antagonism of the human heart, inasmuch as the Holy Ghost honours His own truth, it will lead in His own time, and with His own quickened ones, to searching and inquiring into the Word for themselves, as to whether these things are so or not.

If we may venture to speak personally, we would add, that our own mode of address or exhortation to the unregenerate has uniformly been thus: "May the Lord show you this!" or, "May the Lord cause you to feel that" "May the Lord put a cry into your heart for mercy!" or, "May the Lord lead you to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness!" Now, we contend that, whilst such appeals are quite as warm and ardent and affectionate as the entreating sinners to do this, or the beseeching them to believe the other, a greater and a more permanent and abiding blessing attends them: first, as we have said, because the Holy Ghost applies and commends His own truth; and, secondly, because the very spirit and mode of appeal, in the hands of the Spirit, rouses to thought, concern, and inquiry.

Men, in general, are too apt to forget that invitations and exhortations are addressed to *character*, and not indiscriminately to *persons*. When, too, they address at random the dead in trespasses and sins, they overlook the solemn testimony of Hannah, in her memorable song (1 Sam. ii. 8, 7), "The Lord killeth, and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; He bringeth low, and lifteth up." Herein we see the Lord's *preparatory* work, or that process through and by which He leadeth His people, in order the more manifestly and graciously to bestow His still richer and more precious gifts. The fact is, men (it may be unconsciously) seek to be wiser than God, or to do that which the Almighty reserves to His own time and pleasure the doing. If man, in his unregenerate state, is hopelessly helpless, men say, "Then where is the *justice* of his condemnation for a state of things he cannot remedy?" Now, the mistake is, in attempting, upon the part of poor puny, short-sighted man, to answer this question. If the Apostle Paul, in the 9th of the Romans, did not attempt it, it ill becomes any man whatever, in these days, to try to do so. "Thou wilt say then unto me," exclaims the Apostle, "Why doth He yet find fault? For who hath resisted His will? Nay but, O man," adds Paul, "who art thou that repliest against God? [margin, answerest again; or disputest against God.] Shall the thing formed say to Him that formed it, Why hast Thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

In a day much earlier than that of the Apostle, after a succession of sore trials and a time of painful (yet profitable) Fatherly discipline, Job (brought at length to a better judgment) exclaims, "Who is he that hideth counsel without knowledge? therefore have I uttered that I understood not; things too wonderful for me, which I knew not."

Hence God's dear people are called here to live and walk by *faith*. They can neither *see* nor *understand* (much less are they able to *explain*) the Lord's leadings and dealings, either with respect to themselves or in the cases of their fellow-men. At the same time by means and in the exercise of this precious *faith*, they rest and they rejoice in the fullest confidence, that Jehovah will, in His own time, vindicate His own truth and establish His own character, as a holy, just and righteous Being: at the same time putting it absolutely out of the power either of Satan himself, or any of the lost, to charge the Lord with injustice. We repeat, we attempt not to *explain how* this is to be done, but, in the confidence of faith, we declare fearlessly and unhesitatingly, that Jehovah will defend His own truth and vindicate His own high and holy character in His own time and way.

Here, as already intimated, this subject must end. We have allowed each side to express their opinions. Prolonged discussion would only lead to that bitterness and strife which for two-and-thirty years we have anxiously sought to prevent having any place whatever in these pages.—Ed.]

GRACIOUS WORDS.

"THE words of the wise," said the preacher, "are gracious words." Such surely were the following, as quoted by one of God's ministers not long ago from his pulpit:—"I am," said a dying saint, "like a parcel ready to be sent off by the train—covered, addressed, labelled, and paid for; the whistle has already sounded, and soon the train will stop at the platform." Who would not wish their last end to be like this?—M. C. C.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE American question seems more than ever involved in difficulties. The Supplemental Treaty was not confirmed in time for the meeting of the Arbitrators at Geneva, and consequently the Indirect Claims will come before that meeting for adjudication. Seeing that this would be the case, Earl Granville proposed to the American Government that there should be an adjournment of the Arbitration for eight months, but this proposal has been rejected. Meanwhile the American Senate has adjourned for the recess, and soon the Presidential election will take place. The conduct of our Government has been severely censured in both Houses of Parliament. From an official document recently published, it appears that the amount of the Direct Claims included in the American case is in round numbers £3,550,000; but the Board of Trade Commissioners report that they would be amply met by £1,600,000. The claims for expenses incurred by the United States navy in pursuing the Confederate cruisers are put down at £1,400,000, but the Commissioners of the Admiralty report that the greater part of them are inadmissible, and that, admitting our liability for the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, the *Georgia*, and the *Shenandoah*, the amount could not exceed £300,000, of which £280,000 would be on account of the *Alabama*.

A very important Ecclesiastical case has just been decided, that of the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, of Frome. Mr. Bennett has evidently taught doctrines, and indulged in practices, which are utterly repugnant to the authorized teaching and practice of the Church to which he has the misfortune to belong; but, perhaps, it is not easy to prove in a mixed court of law that this is the case, consequently we are not surprised that the case has broken down, after a trial which has lasted three years, and cost thousands of pounds. The charges alleged against Mr. Bennett were, that he taught the real presence of the true body of Christ in the elements at the Lord's Supper, that he adored those elements, kneeling before the Communion table, and that he taught that the Lord's Supper is a sacrifice. The decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is, that these charges are "Not Proven," therefore Mr. Bennett is acquitted; the doctrines and practices with which he is charged are contrary to the teaching and practice of the Church of England. Consequently, so far as Mr. Bennett himself is concerned, the result of the trial is a triumph for him, and for the party to which he belongs; but, so far as the Church of England is concerned, the result is a vindication of the Protestant and Evangelical character of that Church. But, after all, we cannot but think that it is a very poor vindication. There is no doubt that if the Church of England is a Protestant Church, Mr. Bennett ought to have no place within her, for his teaching and practice seem to be as nearly allied to the teaching and practice of Rome as they well can be. The verdict, therefore, we believe, is another instance of the compromising shuffling spirit of the day, which would cast aside all distinctions between truth and error, and admit within the National Church all sorts of teaching. The results, in our opinion, must be disastrous. The opinion of the *Record* is: "The conviction which many hours of calm thought have only served to confirm is that Mr. Bennett's

victory may yet prove one of the most serious blows which the sacerdotal party has received, and the defeat of the Church Association one of the greatest triumphs for the cause of the Protestant and Evangelical character of the Church of England which has been gained since the Reformation. All depends upon the point of view from which the Judgment is considered. If the object of the appeal was to secure the punishment of Mr. Bennett, it has most signally and entirely failed, and in one respect we are not at all disposed to underrate the importance of the failure. But, if the object of the appeal made to the Judicial Committee be not the punishment of an individual, but the vindication of the doctrine of the Church, the effort has almost as signally succeeded." The *Rock* says: "The judgment obtained reminds us of the famous Welsh verdict, 'Not guilty, *but don't do it again.*' The members of the Judicial Committee have declared, as plainly as they could, that they did not like Mr. Bennett's teaching, and that they wholly disapproved of Sir R. Phillimore's justification of him; but then—the majority desiring to let Mr. Bennett off—they end their judgment after a halting fashion. 'Mr. Bennett's language goes perilously near to heresy,' but possibly his meaning may be better than his words. Must we deprive him of his living? No! we will 'give him the benefit of the doubt.' What will be the effect of the judgment on the prospects of the Church of England? Will it be wholly disastrous, or will it be of a mixed character? We incline to the latter view."

An attempt has been made in the House of Commons to pass a Bill of a most objectionable character, but happily it has not succeeded. The Bill proposed to transfer the church of a district in the town of Cardiff from the Church of England to the Church of Rome. This church was built by the late Marchioness of Bute, and now her young son, having become a pervert to Romanism, wishes to regain possession of it, in order to hand it over to Rome. Had this been allowed, it might have become a most dangerous precedent, but the Bill was thrown out by a majority of nineteen.

The Prison Ministers' Bill (of which we spoke last month) has passed the House of Lords, and now is before the House of Commons as a "Government" measure. Another sop to the Romanists! In all probability, a strenuous effort will now be made by its supporters to push it through the House of Commons at the very end of the session, when many Protestant members have left town.

A remarkable judgment has been given by Judge Keogh, in reference to the Galway election. Although he is a Roman Catholic, he has unseated the Roman Catholic Priests' candidate, and has in the strongest terms expressed his disapproval of their conduct at the election. The popular fury has in consequence become so excited against Judge Keogh, that his friends and the authorities have become seriously alarmed for his safety. Almost every night since the Galway election judgment was delivered, he has been burned in effigy in the most public parts of Dublin. He was grossly insulted in the street by some cabmen, and it is stated that some ruffian sent Mrs. Keogh a widow's cap. The avenues of the Court of Common Pleas are daily occupied by detectives; but the judge is universally believed to be a man who knows not fear.

We should work for God in faith—water all with much prayer in its beginning, continuing, and ending.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."
"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE"
"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

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The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. I. 4.

SATURDAY-TRAVAIL; OR, MEETINGS AND GREETINGS; BEING LESSONS BY THE WAY.—"MY FATHER."

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."—MAL. iii. 16, 17.

It was Saturday morning, and we had, as usual, carefully read the Lessons and Psalms, the Epistle and Gospel, for the coming day, in hope of finding a text. We had gone to the pulpit the previous Thursday evening with much sinking of heart, feeling used up, and as though we had nothing left to say, when the Lord, notwithstanding, vouchsafed to us a most privileged season, so that, according to feeling, we should like to have stood talking till midnight upon that precious portion, "I will cry unto God Most High; unto God that performeth all things for me" (Psalm lvii. 2). Still, as we have numberless times found before, after the sweetest seasons in the pulpit, there comes the greatest blank. No sooner has one ceased to speak—sat down in the pulpit, or retired to the vestry—than the load of trial, or care, or anxiety, re-appears, and is taken up afresh, so that the poor flesh cringes under the burden. On this particular Saturday morning, the aforementioned state of mind very greatly prevailed. Bowed down—much oppressed—feeling the weight of the coming day—it was in very deed the "burden of the Word of the Lord." The remembrance of such recent mercies would not suffice. It must be a *fresh communication*. Moreover, the ensuing day was both the seventh and the thirty-first anniversary of two of life's dearest companions and earthly props being taken away. Hence there was additional material for thought and care, and, in a certain sense, sadness.

Under these circumstances we can rarely *sit*; we must *walk*; and, whilst we are *walking*, we love, if possible, to *muse*; and, strange as it may appear, we can generally best do so in the crowded thoroughfare. We have no idea of shut-up, monastic retirement. We have too commonly found that, in thus attempting to shut out *man*, we have shut in *Satan and our own base hearts*; and these, getting together, have made sad havoc. We do not say that this is always the case. No (blessed be God!), we have known, personally, so much of the sweets of retirement, as to love it at times and seasons. Nevertheless, we must, as it were, revel in real life; we must come in contact with our fellow-men, in order to sympathize, to weep with them, and to rejoice with them; and, in so doing, we very frequently get a crumb for our own poor hungry soul; and there is such virtue and fulness and strengthening sustaining power in the bread of life, that *even a crumb satisfies!* It serves for the soul to masticate and feed upon, and from which to derive nourishment for hours or days together.

But, before we walk, we are glad, if we can, to get this crumb from the word of life, so that we may masticate as we walk; or, in other words, we are thankful to get a portion from the Word, upon which to meditate as we walk. Hence the reading of the various portions for the coming day just now referred to; but, although one sweet passage touching the Fatherhood of God occurred in these readings, yet we could not decide upon it as a text. It lacked as yet *present power—actual life—spirit and soul—heart and home application*. Ah, this is what we love in regard to a text.

Well, in this state of indecision we went forth, with, as we said, the "burden of the Word of the Lord" on our heart, not in the least-wise *presuming* upon the morrow. No, we never dare do that. Indulged us, as the Lord has done hundreds, if not thousands, of times, we can never be reckless, or carelessly exclaim, "Well, we always have had something to say, and no doubt we shall again; hence we need not be anxious." No, that is a kind of spirit, and that is language, in which, we repeat, we dare not indulge. Notwithstanding the numberless times in which the Lord has appeared, we want afresh the *seal*, the *power*, of which we just now spake; the loved "Fear not"—the heart-whisper, "I am with thee." Then, as dear Hart says—

"Confirm'd by one soft secret word,
I venture all on Him."

As we walked we met two in particular whom we knew to be deeply tried. Both had been recently bereaved of their earthly companions, and both had had the most significant of lessons set before them, in various ways. To each of these we sought to speak words in season, and to give the results of *test and experience*. We hope that in neither instance they were lost words. Meanwhile, however, we had no seal for the morrow—no crumb for ourselves—naught as yet to carry to and break up among the people. This, however

(thanks to our God!), was in reserve; and a little incident led to it.

We called at a house of business, one of the principals of which kindly asked us to accompany him home for the afternoon. We respectfully declined, saying, we had the morrow before us. "And aren't you prepared for it?" was the reply. "No," said we, "but are obliged to come out in this way, to seek for something. It is in contact with my fellow-men, or with real life, I obtain what I want." The subject, then, of "father" came up, and he told a touching fact about *his* "father." Within a few minutes, another gentleman having entered, he busied himself in packing up a small parcel, which, having done, he said, to one of the principals aforementioned, "I was about to ask you kindly to take this to my child."

We never remember the words, "*my child*," ever to have fallen upon the ear and into the heart with greater force or power; so that we could not help giving utterance to the thought which was instantly suggested: "How often our Father above says to one of His celestial attendants, '*Take this or that to my child!*'" Oh, what a field of thought immediately opened—what a host of ideas burst in upon the mind—in connexion with this near and dear relationship, "*Father*" and "*child!*"

The line of thought became the more real and vivid, because we happened to know that "*the child*" alluded to had been long and painfully afflicted. Hence the tender sympathies and the more intense solicitude of the father were the more ardently awakened. How beautifully, therefore, stood out, in lively and blessed prominence, the gracious sympathies, boundless love, and divine compassion of the "Everlasting Father," the Brother born for adversity, that kind and tender and loving Sympathizer who, as our Great High Priest, can in very deed be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities, He having been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin!"

An occurrence, ten to eleven years gone by, directly came to our recollection. Our dear son (then a student at college) was most reluctant from time to time to draw upon our already over-taxed limited means. Knowing this reluctance, we were most anxious to save him the unpleasant ordeal of *asking* further help, by *anticipating* his wishes in regard to that help; but, by some means, we were prevented. Hence, ere we were aware, as we were walking upon a certain spot—ever since identified in our mind with the circumstance—he modestly said, "he should want some money to take him through the course that awaited him." We shall never forget the self-reproach of which we instantly became the subject, through not having acted more promptly, and saved our dear one the pain of asking for further help. But, oh, the light that this simple circumstance threw upon certain passages of the Word was unspeakably precious: "And it shall come to pass, that *before they call*, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear;" "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things *before ye ask Him*;" "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your

children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

And, if the reader be one taught of God, and familiar with the chequered course of the wilderness, has he not again and again proved how the Lord has repeatedly been *beforehand* with him, in His kind and gracious provision? Many times, ere he was aware that such and such thing would presently be necessary—yea, absolutely indispensable—the Lord has had them *in waiting*. So that, when the need has really come, he has been compelled to see and acknowledge the Lord's hand in the provision; and, in that so timely provision, had so sweet a proof of the Lord's Fatherly care and tender, loving interest. Yes, such merciful *anticipation* of our needs have so sweetly illustrated the Saviour's precious assurance just now quoted, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things, *before ye ask Him*."

Dear reader, the incident aforementioned may seem trifling and insignificant in your estimation, but it taught us a lesson we shall never forget. It gave us an insight into the loving, tender, considerate heart of our Father-God, that has stood by us to the present moment. "Oh," thought we, "if this be *our* feelings, poor, sinful, and polluted as we are—yea, virtually all sin and abomination—what must be the tenderness, the compassion, the boundless love of Him who was the Author and Infuser of these tender emotions?" Who can conceive of the depth and height, the length and breadth of *His* love, of whom it is declared, "that, like as a father *pitieth* his children, so the Lord *pities* them who fear Him; He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust?" "Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child? for, since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still. *My bowels are troubled for him*. I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord."

Ah, reader, there are circumstances and positions in which those who are parents are placed, which serve to illustrate, and to open up in a wonderful way, both the character and the dealings of our God, which it seems to us none but parents can fully understand. In other respects or in other persons, it appears to us to be speculation or mere guess-work—not absolute feeling, not positive realization, not actual experience. Hence the insight which these parental feelings and emotions afford us as to the love, the tenderness, the gracious dealings of our God, may well help to reconcile us to the responsibilities and the weight and the care more or less inseparable from our position as parents. What a key, we repeat, does it again and again give us to the very heart of our God! How readily does it furnish us, in these repeated lessons of every-day and all-the-day life, with thoughts and feelings—views and convictions—of divine leadings and teachings, guardianship and guidance, which naught of anything else, of an earthly kind, could afford!

* * * * *

The foregoing had been pencilled down in our memorandum-book

for some weeks, when the recollection that it was again Saturday morning led us to take it up, and we did so with very similar feelings to those already expressed: dark, fearful, perplexed, and harassed. Sunday before us, but no word to light upon us with mellowness, dew, unction. *This* text had already been spoken from, and *that*, and *the other*. Where was there something fresh, new, of interest to the people? Surely they would weary with "the old, old story."

Thirty years ago, when immersed in a large and anxious business, we were bowed down beneath the weight of this and that monetary engagement which had to be met. Money's worth in stock or on the ledger is one thing; but money at the bank or in the cash-box quite another. Hence there would be specially *the Saturday's travail* for the means wherewith to wind up the anxious week, and that one might have a little cessation of business-care, and a measure of relaxation from trading life and perplexity, during the sacred hours of the Sabbath.

Ah, where there is a tender conscience, and where a becoming sense of right and wrong, what dear child of God placed in the midst of a godless world, but feels the difficulty of his position? He knows full well that he is not a match for those whose sole end and aim are the attainment of their own selfish objects, at any price, and with an utter disregard to principle or truth; those who have "no fear of God before their eyes," and of whom Solomon speaks, when he says, "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he has gone his way he boasteth." We repeat, that the daily contact with such wounds the child of God to the quick, and causes him to cry mightily to the Lord for succour and deliverance. Oh, the anguish of his heart, the sinking of his soul, as, during the Sabbath-hours, or roused from his restless slumbers, he in the night-watches anticipates the renewal of his commercial conflict and trade turmoil and travail.

Moreover, there is a far greater amount of this anguish of heart and burden of business-care and responsibility in these times, than formerly, because of the departure from the plainness and simplicity which characterized bygone days. It is because there is so little real "coming out from the world," in its habits and observances, pursuits and practices, "and being separate, and touching not the unclean thing," upon the part of the people of God, that additional weight and care and anxiety fall to their portion. If they seek to shun the cross by the avoidance of what would seem to be marked or special, or, as some would term it, "straight-laced," they are only called to meet it in another way—that is, in the opinions of men. "Oh, if *I* were to fail—should *I* come short—if circumstances went against *me*, then what would So and So, and So and So say?" Hence, if we seek to *please* man in one way, we become the subjects of the *fear* of man in another way. So that it would be far better, had we grace to come out boldly and fearlessly and truthfully, utterly regardless of what men might think or say: at the same time, taking

shelter under that gracious declaration, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man can do unto me."

Ah, dear reader, we speak feelingly when we say that we believe, could we really analyze our trials, and closely examine our exercises, we should see that by far the larger proportion arose from the *fear of man*, rather than the *fear of God*. Although we are well aware that God knows all about us, that "all things stand naked and open unto Him with whom we have to do," yet (fools that we are!) we are in fear and bondage about *man's* thoughts and opinions—poor, puny, and utterly powerless and insignificant as we know him to be. It is a characteristic of poor fallen nature. We see it in Bible-days as well as in our own. Scripture characters were infected with it, as well as ourselves. It does not alter the fact, nevertheless. It is lamentable that we should be more afraid of *man*, "whose breath is in his nostrils," than we are of *God*, who could crush this vast universe in the twinkling of an eye, with as great ease as we a moth between our thumb and finger.

Whilst, however, we thus speak, we must keep in view another fact, that, in seeking to avoid a prominence or responsibility to which, it may be, the Lord, in His all-wise and unerring Providence, has already called us, we may, by shrinking from that prominence or responsibility, dishonour God by our *distrust* and *cowardice*. The all-important point is, Did *the Lord* place us in the position? Did the footsteps of His Providence evidently put us where we are, and as we are, or was it self-sought? If, then, we have plain proof that the Lord Himself has been our Guide, it is at once our province and our privilege to look to Him, to stand by us and to strengthen us for all the weight and care and responsibility inseparable from our position.

Were there no men to occupy a leading post, or the foreranks in the battle—were there none to *command*, as well as some to *obey*—none to *lead*, as well as others to *follow*, what would become of the world at large? Moreover, of what lack of evidence should we be deprived if the all-sufficiency of Divine wisdom, grace, and strength as made perfect in weakness, if so be the Lord had not enlisted into His service a meek Moses, a hesitating Gideon, a stripling David, a rebellious Jonah! In these characters, as well as in numberless others, is brought out so vividly and blessedly that God-honouring truth, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Oh, how sweet it is to see the battles of the Lord fought by the weakest of men and the most unlikely of means, in order that all the praise and the glory may redound unto Him to whom alone it is due! And we do well to remember, dear reader, that these examples of the wisdom and power and all-sufficiency of our God are given in immediate connexion with positions of prominence and responsibility; hence, as we have endeavoured to show, it would be to call in question that all-sufficiency for any or every line of service to which the Lord may be pleased to call His children, and to play the coward in shrink-

ing therefrom or refusing to yield thereto. Be it ours to beware of this, reader!

But we had not thought to have indulged in this strain. We must return to what we had intended to state by way of proof of the Lord's children being so dependent upon one another, and that no one member of the mystic body should ever be able to another member of the self-same body to say, "I have no need of thee." Moreover, we quote these personal experiences, dear reader, in order to prompt and encourage you ever to be upon the watch for the Lord's own time and the Lord's own way to teach and instruct—to comfort and strengthen.

Going forth, as we have already stated, with a view to muse and meditate, even amid the busy throng, we came in contact with an old attendant at our church. Having removed from the neighbourhood, it was long since we had seen him. The past, with its subsequent many changes, was almost, as a matter of course, commented upon. When we spoke of our little household being dispersed, and some of its members at the very ends of the earth, he remarked that as yet *all* his were at home! We turned away and walked on with perhaps an almost imperceptible murmur, and felt, it may be, disposed to ask, Was this state of things really necessary? Within a few minutes we stood waiting to cross the street, which was at the moment occupied by sundry wild-beast caravans, some of which were drawn by several elephants. As we glanced at them, an elderly man—a perfect stranger—whom we had not previously observed standing by our side, whispered into our ear, "The works of His hands are verity and judgment;" and "All His commandments are sure," we added. He then went on to comment upon His wonderful works, "but," said he, "what will it be to see Him as He is, face to face? Oh, I long for *that*; but will He stand by me when heart and flesh shall fail?" he asked. "Ah, sir," he continued, "I was sixty-three last birthday, but" (with his heart full to overflowing and pained to the utmost), he added, "I was never cursed in all my life as I was last night *by my own son*;" and it was all in consequence of a very trifling circumstance—a matter of two or three pence in some article he had sold.

Oh, the rebuke, dear reader, with which this fact came to our poor faithless, repining heart! An aged Christian father, cursed to his face by his own son! Had *we* ever been called to such a trial as *that*? Never!

The dear old pilgrim went on to say, "Ah, sir, you don't know me; but I know you. I heard you some years ago at Mary-le-port church; and, when speaking of the children of Israel passing through the Red Sea, you said, 'Are there any masons here [we presume he referred to a sermon preached at the said church to a congregation of working men]; *what do you think of building a wall of water*?' " Again he said, "I heard you at St. Luke's church, and your text was, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; and I will deliver thee, and

thou shalt glorify me.' 'Call upon Me! call upon Me!' you exclaimed, bidding them *look up!*"

The Lord alone knows the timeliness of this meeting; and, could we tell the reader the exact particulars of our then position, he would, we doubt not, admit that no testimony could have been more exactly what was at that special moment needed. Suffice it, it was a time of deep anxiety and very great perplexity, in which we were at a perfect loss to know how to act, when the word from this strange and altogether-unlooked-for source came, "Call upon Me—call upon Me, in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee; and thou shalt glorify Me." The dear old pilgrim added sundry sayings; among them this: "I have been a singer at a church, and have played upon an instrument; and sometimes I have thought, if the prophet Isaiah and Handel had met, the one would say, 'Well, I will write:' 'Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder;' the other would have said, 'Well, you write the words, and I'll set them to music.'"

Reader, think again of the timeliness of the words, "And the government shall be upon His shoulder." The dear old stranger had not the veriest idea of what we were at the moment passing through, when (judging from the general aspect of matters) it would seem as though the Lord had relinquished all care, responsibility, leading, and guidance.

We often appeal to Him—especially in the sleepless hours of the night-season—beseeching Him to take to Himself His great power, and not to let it appear as though He had no care about either His Church or the world, when wicked men seem to be getting everything their own way. But, oh, how seasonable the testimony, "And the government shall be upon His shoulder!" Moreover, how timely the rebuke to our fears and unbelief, the assurance in connexion, "Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end!"

Reader, will you not acknowledge, after this "meeting and greeting by the way," there is no room whatever for one member saying to another member, "I have no need of thee?"

The venerable stranger again and again apologized for his freedom and boldness, as he called it; but, whilst we assured him it was no liberty, much less offence, we felt that he little knew how much and in what a timely way he was ministering to us, in return for any little comfort we had aforetime been instrumental in imparting to him. Our personal regret since has been that we did not, at the moment, secure the name and address of the dear old pilgrim, whom probably we shall never meet again until that blessed and long-looked-for time shall arrive, when, we trust, both he and we shall "enter into peace."

*St. Luke's, Bedfordminster,
July, 1872.*

THE EDITOR.

Wayside Notes.

DEITY AND DUST.

"God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."—MATT. iii. 9.

BELOVED, we fear that we are not half mindful enough of the power of Jehovah. "Nothing is too hard for the Lord;" and as John the Baptist stood on the banks of Jordan, confronting the subtle Pharisees and Sadducees, he raised his voice to proclaim the greatness and power of Him whose shoe-latchets he was not worthy to unloose, exclaiming, with holy vehemence of soul, "O ye generation of vipers, think not to say within yourselves, *We* have Abraham to our father: for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham;" and, although he may have been pointing literally to the stones that were strewn upon the banks of the flowing river, yet he pointed spiritually to a higher truth, namely, that the Lord could melt stony hearts by divine grace, which should result in a new life whereby children should be raised unto Himself. And how peculiarly is the fact of the power of the Deity seen in the salvation of the soul; and never does the creature appear so puny and helpless as when brought to the test upon this point—ah! as helpless as the stones John pointed to, and as dead too, and would remain so but for the mighty working of the great God. True, he does not think so; and to be told that in this new creation he is as entirely passive as he was in the first creation greatly offends him, because it humbles his pride. Nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that God must and will begin with the sinner; and, unless He does so, he will ever remain "*dead* in trespasses and in sins." Away, then, with the prevalent idea of "the dignity of man as a spiritual being," and of the great things he can do! It is a myth—it is a mistake—it is a deception of the father of lies; and the Holy Ghost has taken special care to set forth human nature in such figures as shall fully show us its nothingness and lowliness. Hence the creature is compared to "the moth," so easily crushed; to "the worm that dieth;" to the flower of the field so lowly, to the fading leaf, and to the "dust of the earth;" and the Spirit of God also argues to demonstration: "Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit? Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Can a clean thing come out of an unclean?" Certainly not, any more than can a corrupt sinner bring forth fruit unto God, a black soul make itself white and pure, or an unrighteous, unclean man cleanse his own heart. It is the Lord who alone can work in this matter, and He is "mighty to save." The recent death of the late "James Wells" has brought to my mind an incident of my early life which will illustrate our point. A little group met around a dinner-table; there were two or three gentlemen, the same number of ladies, an Arminian preacher of some note, James Wells of free grace excellence, and the writer, then a youth of about fourteen years of age. An animated conversation upon religious subjects was carried on between the free-willer and "James Wells," when, as if to clench the argument and produce an effect upon the company, the free-willer said, "Well, I sum up my religion in those words of Scripture:

'Work out your salvation with fear and trembling.' " James Wells responded, "And so do I, with this blessed addition: 'For it is God that worketh in you to will and to do of His own good pleasure.' " Never shall I forget this declaration of God upon my soul; the truth seemed to flash before me of how completely God must work in us before anything can be worked out; and upwards of five-and-thirty years' experience of Divine things since that time has confirmed me in the truth of the position taken by that now-glorified man of God, and the fallacy of the teaching of the Arminian preacher. And there is another point in the passage referred to which we have since thought important, namely, it is said, "Work out your own salvation." Now, if your own, it is yours already, and how you have become possessed of it is evident from the statement: "God, who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved)." So, then, being in possession of salvation through the manifold grace and mercy of God, now testify by life, walk, and conduct outwardly of the reality of that which has been worked by the mighty power of God inwardly, and so helpless will you soon find yourself, even in this *outward walking*, that the need will be felt for constantly appealing to the Lord, "O Lord, undertake for me!"

We see, then, that it must be the power of Jehovah which can alone effect anything that is lasting and real in the heart of man. "I will put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord." Can anything be more plain? And, ah! beloved, when He does work thus, we do know it; we know that it never came of flesh and blood, or of any creature effort. The work is so significant, we cannot mistake it; it is altogether so different a thing to anything that has been before experienced, that we exclaim, "It is the Lord." True, Satan tries to rob us of our confidence, and intimates that we are deceived; but a life has been given, and a birth effected, which he has not power to destroy, for the Mighty One which gave it will preserve it, though hell rage and earth oppose: and we may well join dear Toplady in his assurance—

"My name from the palms of His hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impressed on His heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, I to the end shall endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy, but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven."

And, perhaps, we shall see, further, the secure standing of the Spirit-living soul wrought by the power of Jehovah, if we notice another precious fact, namely:—

Deity and dust married.—Do you startle, reader, at the expression? We have not used it unguardedly, but will prove its truth by God's Word. The Spirit says, concerning this wondrous union, "Thy Maker is thine Husband; the Lord of hosts is His name" (Isaiah liv. 5); and again, "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you: and I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion" (Jeremiah iii. 14). Now, if words mean anything, here is a union that heaven has declared and cemented—and who shall dare to gainsay it?—and that the Lord should declare that He

had married "backsliding children" seems still more wonderful and gracious; and, in worldly language, we should call it "*an ill match*;" but yet it is not, for Jesus the Husband has sanctified, purified, and perfected His bride, so that she is comely through the comeliness He hath put upon her. He has made her meet to be partaker with Him of His sorrows and joys, and He is making her meet for the inheritance above with Him. Oh, marvellous union! "I have chosen you out of the world," is His own declaration! "Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have loved thee. 'I will betroth thee unto me for ever; yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord'" (Hosea ii. 19, 20). And to all this the Church, the Lamb's bride, is able to respond, in the sweet assurance of faith, "I am my Beloved's, and His desire is towards me." Nor is this a mere nominal union; it is a living, acting compact; hence all our debts are transferred to Him; all our concerns are His, and every injury done to the least He views as done unto Himself; and He bids us cast ALL our care upon Him, for He careth for us. So the Church is one with Him in life, one with Him in death, buried with Him, risen with Him, and glorified with Him—this is what we mean by Deity and dust together. Oh, one is overwhelmed at the thought of this wondrous union, and led to say, "Can it be possible that the Lord Jesus Christ can take into vital union with Himself such a poor worthless worm as me? Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! that to ME, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given! to think that Omnipotence and Love

"Have stooped to take a worm like ME
Up to His throne above!"

"Oh, Thou precious Husband of my soul! bring me into felt union and communion with Thyself, that I may hang upon Thine almighty strength, and feel the sweetness of living and abiding in safety by Thy side!" But, beloved, lest we should be exalted above measure in the consideration of this wondrous union, it may be well for us to think, further, of

Deity and dust together in a wilderness of trial; for, joyous and comforting as the foregoing views of the marriage union between Christ and His bride is (and God forbid that we should rob one little one of an iota of such comfort!), yet we are forcibly reminded that we traverse still a wilderness-world, thickly strewn with thorns and briers, cares and crosses. Well, be it so; there need be no discouraging thoughts arise because of this: Deity and dust are together in all. Deity has passed through all before us—has trodden this very earth of ours—has entered into life's cares—hungered, thirsted, wearied, and wept, as we do, and is, therefore, well able to succour and support in every time of need. Is thy trial specially severe, beloved? Is it a cross heavy to bear, a crook EXCEEDINGLY CROOKED? Well, recollect our passage: "God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." His strength is supernatural, and in all thy trials the same omnipotent power holds good. It is Deity and dust together in the valley—the Stronger supporting the weaker—otherwise the words would not be true: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" "I am with thee alway, even unto the end." Oh! well may we, when we get uneasy and unhinged, stop ourselves in the midst of the multitude of anxious thoughts that will work up in an active sensitive

mind, and ask ourselves: "Does not Jesus live? Is He not near? Are not His promises the same? Has He changed in His character? Is He not my Husband still? Am I not verily ungrateful not to trust fully in Him, and roll my care upon Him, leaving Him to perform what it is impossible for me to do?" Beloved, we for one can testify that there have been times in our experience when matters have become so entangled, that we have seen no way of escape. Crushed we have thought we must be, and give up all in despair; and yet the Lord has worked for us in such a way that we have felt His power to be quite equal to that which He would exercise if He "of stones raised up children unto Abraham;" and, as Manoah and his wife looked on while the angel of the Lord "did wondrously," so have we become astonished at the merciful and gracious and loving way Jehovah has exercised His mighty power for His poor dust. Oh! trust Him, and be not afraid!

"Why should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.

"Though all the flocks and herds were dead,
My soul a famine need not dread,
For Jesus is my living Bread.

"Against me earth and hell combine,
But on my side is POWER DIVINE;
Jesus is all, and He is mine."

Oh, this precious *power divine*! It is this that has broken my heart, and brought me as a poor penitent to my Saviour's feet; it is this that has supported me thus far in my pilgrimage, with all its varied trials and changes; and it is "power divine" that will carry me home to the blest abode of the redeemed: and, in order to see how the Lord is effecting this, we might note, further,—

Deity bringing dust to the dust.—As years increase, forcibly, day by day, are we reminded that this is not our rest—that the body, so wonderfully compacted together by the great God, is being gradually taken to pieces—that the seeds of decay and death are within. The other day we watched the uprearing of a new tent; the canvass looked so clean and bright, the poles so firm and erect, the ropes so strong and taut, and all was surmounted with a brilliant flag, which gracefully spread out its folds before the breeze. We visited that spot again some time after. During the interval it had been exceedingly stormy weather; how different was the appearance of the tent! Part of it had been levelled to the ground; the poles were jagged and splintered; the ropes were sodden with wet; the canvass flabby, and in some places torn; and the flag, once so bright, was rolled up and put aside. Oh! we thought, what a true picture of this earthly tabernacle, once so firm and erect, and full of the bright hopes of young life; but wintry cares, and stormy anxieties, and time's unceasing march have told upon this frame, and it becomes bent to the earth, looks battered and wrinkled; the pins are being unloosed, and soon the structure will come to the ground. Deity is bringing dust to the dust; indeed, 'tis—

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

Well, while the strings of the harp are being unstrung, may our hearts become more and more tuned to sing the praises of our God! May we be

thankful, indeed, that we have a hope beyond the grave, that the decay of the body is preparing us for the joys of immortality, and that it is our mercy

"To read our title clear
To mansions in the skies."

Arminianism will never bring us to this. Nothing but a poor sinner feeling that his position is all of grace will bring him to the assurance that grace shall be consummated in glory. And, beloved, the longer we live, are we not more and more feeling that it is all of grace? I am sure we are, if taught by the Spirit of God; and it does melt our hearts to think that the Lord, in His infinite goodness, should have manifested Himself in love to us who are so unworthy. Nor will He ever leave nor forsake us till He has brought us home to glory; and this fact brings us to another thought, namely—

Deity and dust in the valley of death together.—One dear brother in Christ, as he was passing through the valley, said to his surrounding friends, "Christ is here with me." Beloved, he was but uttering experience which every child of God will realize more or less when he is brought into the same solemn position. It is the very nature and work of a Saviour to be specially near when the need is greatest. Another, being asked, "Now that you are in the depths of Jordan, you do not doubt your Saviour being with you?" replied, with great earnestness of voice and manner, "Certainly not: who else? who else?" Ah! who else, indeed, will avail at such a time? All other refuges will fail then.* What can Romanism, or Ritualism, or Socinianism, or Free-thinking do for a dying man? None but Jesus, none but Jesus, will do then; and, as He has promised to be there with us, we may meet death with resignation, for it will be a sleeping in Christ and a hallowed gain; it will be putting off of this shaky tabernacle, and an entering into all that is perfect and joyous. This mouldering old partition-wall will be thrown down, and then shall we see Jesus face to face. The death of the saints is precious in the Lord's sight. He preserves them unto it, for God is our God, and will be our Guide even unto death; nor will He leave us as we enter the gloomy shade and narrow pathway. David's testimony is proof of this: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Cheer up, then, beloved,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

But we go one step further than even this in this wondrous companionship of sinner and Saviour, and notice—

Deity and dust in the grave together.—Oh that dreary, desolate spot—the grave! And we are apt to think that we shall have to go down there alone; that, while fond relatives accompany our mortal remains to the tomb, and give a last tearful look down into the narrow cell—that while the dark night shuts us in, and the cold blasts sweep over all that remains of us—we are left alone in our own desolation; but it is not so. Jesus is not merely faithful unto death, but the very dust of His own

* In a recent obituary of the *Daily News*, we read of a lady who died on the vigil of the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul, fortified with all the rites of the Holy Church. Poor thing!

is precious in His sight; and, while He has bidden an angelic host carry up our souls to His own bright and brilliant and happy dominions, He is watching over the sleeping dust which He has declared in due time shall rise a glorified body.

He has, too, been our sepulchre Forerunner as well as our ascended Forerunner, for He has been down into the tomb before us—perfuming it by His presence—sanctifying the little narrow slip of earth for His saints' use, and ordering all that is well and right concerning it—for even the very napkin that was about His sacred head was not found mixed up in disorder with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself; and we may depend upon it that He who was careful about the very details of His own burial will never be unmindful of the very details of the burial of those precious to Him. But, while these things are calculated to make us feel that the grave, after all, will not be so dreary, yet our great joy is to look beyond and above it, "for, if we believe that Jesus Christ died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus *will God bring with Him.*" Oh! how sweet is this precious "*bring with Him!*" including, as it does, all God's elect—"not a hoof shall be left behind;" and it seems to imply that He cannot live apart from them—that Christ died to possess them—to ransom them—to redeem them—and that the ultimatum of His work is to bring them with Him into glory. Hence we are told of the time when He shall speak the resurrection-word, and the elect shall rise from their graves, and "He shall come to be admired in His saints, and to be glorified in all them that believe;" and this brings us to a concluding thought, namely,

Dust glorified and Deity satisfied.—If the theory could hold good—so common in the present day—that there are many lost for whom Christ died, how is it possible Deity could be satisfied? It may be argued, "But Christ has done His part; and, if the creature will not do his, it is not Christ's fault!" But, we ask, is that God-like? Would such looseness be for one moment allowed among us in the common concerns of our every-day life? Most certainly not. There is no weakness, no looseness, in Jehovah's plans; it is dishonouring His holy and blessed name to infer it in any way. No! "He shall see of the *travail* of His soul, and shall be satisfied." What a significant and impressive word—*travail*—*birth throes*—and that, too, a Saviour's *birth throes*! What can it mean but as explained by the prophet in the previous verse, "He shall see His seed?" which lets us into the secret of the fact that His obedience unto death—His sorrow and suffering—the agony of His soul under a sense of Divine wrath, was for "His seed"—His elect people, who should become thereby regenerated, sanctified, justified, and brought home to Heaven. The complete redemption of all His chosen ones is that which will give Him infinite satisfaction. Oh, dear reader! is not our Saviour precious? Surely, when we think of what it has cost Him to save us, we must love Him fervently.

He will have all His saints with Him in glory! It would not satisfy Him if a hoof were left behind—every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

These, then, beloved, are the points of our meditation together at this season, namely:—

That the new creation in Christ Jesus is as much the work of Deity as the creation of the world, and the sinner can no more effect the former than he can the latter; while a religion that is not

based upon the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit is not worth possessing.

That the poor worm, thus brought into vital union with Christ, becomes His bride in an indissoluble union—Deity and dust become married.

That the faithful Husband will never forsake His wife in any extremity she may be placed in, for Deity and dust are together in every wilderness trial.

That, as years roll on and strength fails, the pins of the tabernacle must become unloosened, and the body will bend grave-wards—Deity will bring dust to the dust.

That in this we have nothing to fear, for the loving Husband will be at His wife's side—Deity will be with dust in the valley of death.

That, even when brought down to the grave, such is the love of Jesus that He will watch over the slumbering dust of His redeemed till the time comes when, through the power of His resurrection, it shall rise a glorified body.

That the result of all this wonderful work will be, that the poor unworthy one shall be raised to behold, and participate in, the glory of the King of kings—Dust glorified, and Deity satisfied.

Herein are facts highly calculated to cheer us onwards, homewards, and upwards, as well as to develop John's declaration of the power of Jehovah: "I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

Oh, God of our salvation—Jesus, our precious Husband and all—let us, amidst the vicissitudes of life, lean upon Thine almighty strength, and, as fresh difficulties and anxieties arise, trust in Thine almighty power to deliver; and, when it comes to the last scene—oh, why should we not then feel assured that Thou wilt be near and dear, nor rest until Thou hast brought us to the home—the mansion and the crown? and then, beloved—

"When the shore is reached at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

Wanstead, Essex.

G. C.

FAITH.

FAITH is a divinely implanted principle—a quickening to spiritual life and perception by the agency of the Holy Ghost. It is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen" (Heb. xi. 1). This principle, acting in the soul, reveals things past, present, and future, with reference to its eternal state of happiness or misery. By it a man receives the truth concerning Jesus Christ, and His great salvation. It gives credit to all the revealed word and will of Jehovah—and we shall do well to take heed to the exhortation of the Apostle, "Cast not away therefore your confidence which hath great recompence of reward" (Heb. x. 35).

THIS life is a life of faith, for God will try the sincerity of our faith, that the world may see that God hath such servants as will depend upon His bare word: it were nothing to be a Christian if we could see all here; but God will have His children live by faith, and take the promises upon His word alone.

Pilgrim Papers.

BOOKS OLD AND NEW.

WHEN shall the day come that the opprobrium attached to the name of William Huntington will cease? We are not surprised at the enmity of the worldling, though ranked with the peerage, and possessed of attainments natural and educational, who could yet stoop to pick up the poor coal-heaver and, unwittingly, in his heart's enmity, place him beside the great Lord Olive; and thus, as long as one of our best English authors live, so long shall William Huntington be immortalized.

Many of our intelligent readers know that to Lord Olive we owe our Indian possessions. He went out to Madras, in 1744, as a writer, poor and unknown. After a triumphant career, he returned to England; was charged before the House of Commons with proceedings derogatory to the character and dignity of the English nation; was honourably acquitted, and shortly after fell by his own hand. From Lord Macaulay's Essay we derive some information as to the opinion formed of him by his less opulent neighbours. "The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be made thick in order to keep the devil out, who would one day take him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in the frightful story was a worthless lad of the name of Hunter, since widely known as William Huntington, S.S., and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor, seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Lord Olive."—(Hist. Essay, p. 194.) Thus Lord Macaulay settles the question, that the theology of W. Huntington was derived from the hero of the black-hole of Calcutta, who ultimately put an end to his life. But, say some of our readers, what may we expect but that the old enmity will arise, and that the carnal will hate, and abhor, and revile the people of God? Surely things are different now in these days of wide-spread religion, when the universal cry is "Jesus loves you," and therefore must we not include the coal-heaver in the outspread arms of universal charity? Well, let men speak for themselves; and so we give the following extract from a most useful and interesting book, "*The Life of Duncan Matheson*," which is already in the hands of a large section of godly people. The editorship of many blessed memoirs fall into the hands of men who are not sound in the faith, have never entered into the fold by the straight gate and narrow way, were never made to pass under the rod of soul exercise, never knew the sweetness and power of pardon, never felt that they owed all to the sovereignty of God. And what wonder that all such topics are ignored, or slurred over, or often so misconstrued that they are made to speak a different language to that meant by the departed? We are not without suspicion that the most of William Huntington's opponents never read one line of his writings in all their life, and we are quite willing to give the compiler of D. Matheson's memoirs the benefit of a doubt in this matter; for, if he had, truth and justice would have forbid the following remark: "In the course of his

(D. Matheson's) reading, he stumbled on the writings of Huntington, and for a season was led away into the dreary wilderness of hyper-Calvinism, where some poor souls seem doomed to wander all their days; perhaps as a punishment for their hair-splitting, or their spiritual pride. For a time he was bound in the strait-jacket of this form of fatalism. He dared not to speak to every one of the love of God, lest he should give encouragement to one who was not elect. After a while he discovered his error, and was led to see that to close the door of the universal call of the gospel, is to close the door of salvation against the elect themselves." Now, if God has an elect people, it is passing strange that He can allow any human mistake to close the door of salvation against them, even supposing it to be, for argument sake, a mistake. But so did not Duncan Matheson believe, unless he got warped by Arminian association in his latter days. Brought up under the eye of parents imbued with all the letter knowledge of the Assembly's Catechism, and the doctrines of grace, it was not likely that he ever entertained the thought that the door of salvation should be closed against the elect; but, when God laid hold of his conscience, showed him his sins, set hell and damnation before him,—the question then became a personal matter—"Am I one of the elect?" It was burnt into his breast, "Am I His, or am I not?" This mighty change, which he so graphically describes in the opening pages, was the substratum of D. Matheson's religion, and the sovereignty of God, as felt in his call, was acknowledged by him to the last.

Another little back-handed slap we must notice, for it is useful to observe the tone of an editor, that we may make allowance for gaps in the experience of many who, if they were allowed to speak, would tell a very different tale, and give a very different turn to events and words that are recorded by editors.

"I have heard that Mr. Matheson was riding very high, that he was preaching *Assurance* to the people of . . . said a pastor, who seemed to think that the Christian is safe only under the shadow of Doubting Castle. Is it not a matter about which we should be sure? was the reply. 'O, you women!' was all the good man had to say in defence of his system of ultra-Calvinistic exclusiveness." Alas for poor Calvinists!

"From sinner and from Saint
They meet with many a blow;"

for, of all sects and parties, it is the only one beneath the skies which meets with no quarter, and of which it may be truly said: "As for this sect it is everywhere spoken against."

With regard to W. Huntington's ministry, it is true he never called upon dead sinners to save themselves, nor gave the slightest hint that man could be first with God; this was not what he believed to be the call of the gospel—but on the wharf or barn, in the cellar or garret, in the destitute villages, or in large towns, whenever there was any sort of opening, there was the undaunted coal-heaver, ever ready to set forth the true, the real "old, old story," salvation by grace for sinners, redeemed by blood, and chosen in Christ before the world began. Thousands heard him proclaim the gospel, and the Lord owned his testimony by the regenerating work of the Holy Ghost, that stood the test of time, and carried his numerous converts safe over Jordan—a set of lowly, experimental and practical Christians, who lived to honor the glorious doctrines of grace that they loved, and thus gave the lie to the maligners of the

gospel, and the God-taught man who proclaimed it. Thousands of sermons William Huntington preached, and 20 volumes issued from his pen. The advocates of Revivalism would do well to get a little instruction about the man and his communications, and his indomitable zeal in preaching the gospel, before they condemn his writings, and put the stamp of Antinomianism upon his life.

But now a word or two about D. Matheson. He was favoured by a clear and unmistakable entrance into the kingdom of grace, which he describes with profitable accuracy: his joy was in proportion to his night of weeping, and the way in which he describes his own failures at every step burnt into his bosom the sovereignty of God in the call of a sinner, and the following remarks are so good that we cannot refrain from giving them in full to our readers:—

"Regeneration by the Holy Ghost formed a large and prominent part of his teaching. He continually, and most emphatically, announced the necessity, and explained the nature, of the second birth. 'Who made you a Christian?' he would ask. Some are made Christians by their parents; some by their Sabbath-school teachers; others by their ministers and pastors, and many are made Christians by themselves; but man-made Christians cannot enter the Kingdom of God. Friend, were you made a Christian by the Holy Ghost? The sons of God are born, not of blood, nor of the will of man, but of God." Again: "The sovereignty of God in the salvation of man, the sinner's need of the Spirit's grace, the helplessness, folly, and infatuated wretchedness of the human heart, were truths written as by a pen of iron and the point of a diamond upon his innermost heart; and he always spoke as he believed. One day a friend referred in conversation to the errors of a low Arminianism—that leaves no room and no need for the work of the Holy Spirit in the election of grace. "It won't do, J—, the truth is, you and I would be damned if it were not for Election; but that grips," he added, clenching his fist. "I know that if I had one foot in heaven, and Christ were saying to me, *put in the other*, I wouldn't do it." The much-reviled coal-heaver never made a stronger statement than this. The stirring events of his labours in the Crimea are deeply interesting. There is a simplicity, a one-heartedness in the man, that gives the stamp of vitality to all he says and does; and thus it is exceptional characters are raised up from time to time to do God's bidding, in God's way. On his return from the Crimea he took an absorbing interest in the revival work that was carried on in Scotland. As "his ain countree," we might expect that the spiritual interests of his native land lay near his heart; and we have no doubt God made him the instrument of calling in many of His elect.

We live in days divided between speculation and supineness. Some are occupied with notions only,—others, who have grace, forget that Jesus says: "Ye are the light of the world." The mongrel divinity prevalent has bewildered not a few of God's gracious ones; they see the tide runs against them on every side, and they leave the field to the advocates of free-will, without courage to protest against that which is contrary to truth. Nor have they grace enough in exercise to think what they can do in the fear of the Lord to cast a little truth on the waters, sink or swim. Now, we are not wishful to make men offenders for a word. We would prefer to take the scope of their experience, and their manner of life; therefore it would be well for the cause of God and truth if those who know more than the book unfolds would take a leaf from it,

catch a little of the zeal that animated the departed, his unwearied efforts for the spiritual good of others, his self-denying devotedness to the work he was engaged in, and many other godly traits that appear in the life and labours of Duncan Matheson.

But we must call attention to one more remark of the editor's :—

“ In the work of winning souls his faith was almost unbounded, and often rose to the sublime. He was not of those who seem to think that the eternal love and purpose of God in Christ will result in little or nothing; that the blood-shedding and death of God Incarnate has so scanty fruit; that we scarce hope to see a sinner saved; and that the gift and work of the Holy Ghost is the most unfortunate and hopeless business in the world; on the contrary, firmly believing in the purpose and love of God, and knowing that the divine sovereignty runs upon the path of appointed means, he preached the gospel with the most confident expectation of success. Because Jesus has finished the work of redemption, He knew His labour would not be in vain in the Lord” (p. 257).

The drift of this remark is to make the doctrines of grace obnoxious; but all the zeal and combined energies of the church of God, since the days of Abel, can never add one name to the Book of Life, nor extend the declarations of Christ, “ No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him.” Nor can the Almighty voice be silenced by man that uttered these words: “ Straight is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” “ The secret of Duncan Matheson's success,” which is attributed to the “ love of winning souls,” is represented very differently by our Lord. “ All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me.” And now, as of old, disciples are sent forth by the Lord, *whither He Himself would come*. For thus saith the Lord God: “ I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out.”

God is never in want of an instrument to carry out His eternal purpose of grace to an elect people; nor does the blessing of success rest with man, but with the living God. “ Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is of God ALONE to give the increase.” L.

CHRIST'S MISSION TO THE LOST SHEEP.

MATTHEW XV. 24.

CHRIST had been telling the scribes and Pharisees that they made void the commandment of God by their traditions. They sought to emancipate themselves from their obligations to their parents, by declaring that whatever they gave to them was “ Corban,” or a gift. He took this opportunity of teaching them that nothing outward defiled a man, but that which came out of the mouth: “ For out of the heart proceeds all evil, but to eat with unwashen hands defileth not a man.” Afterwards He went thence into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and there came to Him a woman of Canaan, crying unto Him, saying, “ Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil.”

In our day, we scarcely know what she meant by these words, for persons that were subject to fits, or were insane, were spoken of as possessed with a devil. With an evident object, Christ answered her not a word, while His disciples, in ignorance, desired Him to send her away, for she troubled them by crying after them. We, as they, are unable to understand cases that are deeper than our own experience, and to discern

between the false and the true; and the more so, because we see many instances in which the operations of nature produce similar results to those of grace. Christ replied to them in the words of the text, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

We see pity, prescience, purpose, and provision in the mode by which Christ has here unfolded the object of His mission. While men are disputing whether man was made originally perfect, and fell into condemnation, and must be redeemed from the consequences of his sin; or if he was made imperfect, and is to be raised to a higher and perfect state progressively; one thing is very clear, that Christ's mission is only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and that those whom He came to seek and to save are utterly and irretrievably ruined, beyond any power they possess to deliver themselves. He came to do for them whatever their necessities required. It was love, free, unmerited, and eternal, that pitied them in their low estate. It is sovereign on the part of God, and undeserved on the part of man. Their salvation emanates in God alone, and is accomplished by means devised by Him, and whatever blessedness they attain to is the result of that love. It is not based on any conditions to be performed by them, and out of His love springs all that God has ever done, is doing, or ever will do for His people." It is the perennial fountain of all good to them, and is immense, deep, and infinite in its fulness—an ocean without bottom, bank, brim, or shore. It passes knowledge, and is infinite and eternal as God Himself. This love is aided in the plan of salvation, if I may so speak, by the divine prescience of God, so that He knew or foresaw everything needful to make them what He would have them to be, and to bring them to love Him and live in bliss with Him eternally. Nothing candescent to His own perfections and to the honour of His law—nothing necessary to bring His people into harmony and unity with Himself, and to fit them for a life of holiness and happiness—could, by any possibility, escape His knowledge. His purpose is, therefore, based on His love and prescience, and thereby made secure, ever an eternal purpose which He purposed in Himself, so that no part of it can fail, and in which He engages to be and to do, all to, all for, and all in, His people. Whatever would secure perfectly, and beyond the possibility of failure, this grand and gracious purpose was necessarily a part of it, and His purpose is not that His people shall be simply restored to their primitive state, but be raised to an infinitely higher one, and be unalterably fixed in it. This purpose is called a covenant or compact, an everlasting covenant, a counsel of peace, and a covenant by blood. All God's purposes centre in Christ, who is the Fulfiller and Ratifier of this covenant, and performed all its conditions fully and faithfully. "I have laid help upon One that is mighty; I have exalted One chosen out of the people." Every contingency was foreseen, and provision made in this covenant for every exigency, and their recovery from the ruin into which they had fallen; and as this was utterly impossible to be effected by them, either partially or wholly, His purpose of love and mercy was purposed in Christ Jesus, for "all the promises of God in Him are yea and in Him amen, unto the glory of God by us."

Having thus opened to you the subject of Christ's mission partially, I proceed to notice, first, the Speaker; secondly, the people to whom He was sent; and, thirdly, for what purpose.

First, the Speaker is He of whom it is said, "Never man spake like this Man." His Person is a wondrous mystery, prefigured by the ark,

which had two cherubims, one at either end, with their faces mercy-seaward, and which is interpreted in the New Testament as signifying the desire of the angels to look into the sacred mystery. We may say of this mystery, He was God, and no less—that He was man, and no more. As the Word He was “from everlasting,” and as Christ Jesus He was “set up from everlasting.” “When the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us,” He became what He had not been, without ceasing to be what He was. The Word, so to speak, had an independent existence of His man nature, but that never existed as a person, or independently of the Word. It is called “a holy thing,” and may be said to be a substantial adjunct, and was taken into the Godhead, and was the means by which the invisible became visible. It was not a new order of creation, in which the divine and human natures were blended or commixed, and which might then have been called divine humanity, or human divinity. The divine was not lowered to the level of the human, nor the human raised to the level of the divine nature; but He became, and ever remains, but one Person, “Emmanuel, God with us,” or in our nature. Truly, “great is the mystery of godliness; God manifest in the flesh.” Christ’s Person, as so constituted, is the highest manifestation of the Divine wisdom in the purpose of man’s salvation, and He is in every sense adapted to and for it. He was one with the Father, and knew the mind of God as none of the prophets knew it. However full the revelations they had were, theirs was only a reflected light. Christ is the true Light, the Light of the world, the Sun of Righteousness itself, and the Prophet whom God had promised to raise up unto His people. He was the great Antitype of priest and sacrifice, altar and gift. No one could take His life, and He gave it, for He was God. The grave could not retain His lifeless corpse; for, though parted from His human soul, it was in union with the Deity of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, and thus had “power to lay down His life and power to take it again.” As the High Priest He offered Himself, and as the Sacrifice He atoned for the sins of His people; as the Altar He sanctified the gift, and as the Gift He sanctified His people. He is the King of the Jews, and Pilate spoke prophetically when he said, “What I have written I have written.” His Kingship is written in His own life on earth, in overcoming temptation in the wilderness, in not being ensnared by the applause of the fickle multitude, by His endurance of suffering, the triumphs of the cross, and His victory over sin, death, and hell. It is kingly power that bears up the fainting hearts of His people, and, having vanquished every foe for them, He will conquer every foe in them, for He will shortly “bruise Satan under their feet.” He reigns for this purpose, and “must reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet, and the last enemy that shall be destroyed is Death.” He reigns in the hearts and affections of His people, inhabiting at the same time the lofty place and the lowliest hearts.

Secondly. We now inquire, Who are meant by the lost sheep of the house of Israel? It is a very important inquiry, for He was only sent to them. We may say at once that it is a profound mystery, and contrary to all our natural feelings; but religion is a revelation from God, not a theory, or a philosophical problem, thought out by human wisdom, and thus we have only this light upon the subject: “Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.” God does not take man into His counsels: “He giveth not account of any of His matters.” But, if

His government extends to human affairs, and we do not say "if" because we doubt it, there are almost, if not quite, as insoluble difficulties in them. The wise of this world see this, and their attacks are constantly directed against this revelation. But "if the foundations of our faith are destroyed, what shall the righteous do?" I would ask, To what shall the helpless, lost, blind, and unhappy sinner turn in his distress, if not to the truths of the Bible? Is he to be indifferent about his immortal interests? He cannot if he would. Is he to account revelation a myth—the design of crafty men? He cannot, for it "searches the thoughts and intents of his heart," and arraigns him before a tribunal which, though he cannot see it, is as palpable to him as his own existence. Is he to trust to moral virtues? Will they serve him? No; but, alas, he feels he does not possess them if they would. Is he to trust to universal redemption, and to account the statements of prophets and apostles, exclusive of Christ's own words, utterly false? Is he to believe in a blind materialism, crushing out all hopes of a future life? He cannot, for these hopes are the solace of his soul, his support in trouble, and that which alone makes life endurable; for, "if we have hope only in this world, we are of all men most miserable." If there is a God, would He have left us without a revelation of Himself? and, if not, what book has the same claims on our belief as the Bible? What book furnishes us, not only with such maxims, but such examples of the good and the true, crowned by His whose purity, sincerity, and self-sacrifice are not only unparalleled, but utterly inconceivable by the unaided thoughts of sinful men? We accept, therefore, this Divine revelation, and rejoice in its glorious truths, and in the Author of them, and submit ourselves to His Divine Sovereignty, although God has sent His Son only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Mark, He is not sent to all the house of Israel, but to the *lost* sheep of Israel only. Are they not all lost? Yes, but all do not feel this to be their condition; it is therefore to those who do that He is sent; and the true inference is this, that a feeling sense of guilt, sin, and ruin is an evidence of divine teaching, for none feel this but those who have heard and learned of the Father—those that have been taught out of His law. To be a lost sheep sensibly is to possess an evidence, though not of the highest order, that Jesus was sent to us. He came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance:" "the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost." We have each one turned to his own way, and we are as lost sheep, but "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Nothing in nature is so utterly lost and unable to find its way back as a sheep. You know the very great distances from which dogs will return to their homes, and the sagacity of the horse is proverbial; but sheep have no sense to guide them back, and they only seem, when lost, to make confusion thrice confounded. What, then, do these words teach us? Do they not teach us that man not only is lost, but knows not the way of his recovery from the snare of the devil, and cannot regain the track he has lost, and is perishing for lack of knowledge?

Thirdly. For what purpose was Christ sent? Christ was sent to these lost sheep to redeem them, and to pay the injury they have done to law and justice by their trespass. He came to be "a Ransom for many,"—He "laid down His life for His sheep,"—He "gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto Himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works." He is the Proprietor of the

flock which were impounded by justice, and He came to pay the award for their trespass. And this He has done by the sacrifice of Himself, and His sacrifice has a sweet-smelling savour to God, and its acceptance by Him has been assured to us by a voice from heaven, out of the excellent glory, saying, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him"—by the rolling away the stone from the grave's mouth by an angel from heaven—by His resurrection from the dead—by His ascension to heaven in the presence of a multitude of witnesses—by the descent of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost—by the preaching of the Gospel among all nations, and by the witness of His Spirit to the hearts of those that believe in Him. He was sent to "teach them the way of God more perfectly," and this He did by word and deed, in that life which the Word of God chronicles; and He has promised to teach all His people by His Spirit, which He will give them, and who shall guide them into all truth. He is the great Teacher, sent from God, to guide our feet into the way of peace. He is the true light, for in Him was life, and the life of Christ was the light of men, and ever will be until time ends. "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil," and they will not come to it because it makes those evil deeds manifest. As they hated Christ the Light, so they hate those who follow Him; and then He said, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son shall reveal Him; and He came "that His way might be known upon earth, His saving health unto all nations." "His words are spirit and they are life." "Kiss the Son, therefore, lest He be angry, and ye perish by the way, while His wrath is kindled but a little."

He came to teach us the nature of the law of God that it is spiritual, and regards thoughts and intentions; that it is not local, but universal; not confined to the writing on the two tables, but is written on the heart; and that unless our righteousness exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, we cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. He came "not to make void the law, but to fulfil the law;" and has become, by His active and passive obedience to it, "the end of the law"—that is, the fulfilment of the law for righteousness—to all that believe. In Him His people are "justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses." He came as our Spiritual Joseph, our Zaphnath-paaneah, "a Revealer of Secrets;" so that, by more glorious and fuller revelations of the truth, having life in Him, we might have it more abundantly by faith in Him. He came to "confirm the promise of God made unto the fathers;" for this was the promise, "that in Thee," that is, in Thy seed, "shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." It was this that made Him say, "If I had not come to them, they had not had sin, but now they have no cloak for their sin." He came to clear our misty sight by fuller revelations of heaven and its eternal glories, and by bringing "life and immortality to light through the Gospel." Blessed, therefore, are your eyes if they see, and your ears if you hear. He came to assure us that "yet there is room," for "in His Father's house are many mansions," and that those who believe in Him shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of His Father; nay, further, that though it was needful He should go away, He would see His people again, and would take them to Himself, that where He is, there they might be also. He came to enlighten our gross and carnal minds in the nature of heaven—that in it sex was extinct; there was

neither male nor female, marrying or giving in marriage, but that His people would be as the angels of God. The gross and carnal would be eliminated, and the spiritual only would remain, when this mortal should put on immortality, and death be swallowed up of life.

Lastly—by way of application—I have shown you from the Word of God the Speaker, His true Person, and His mission, and the people to whom He was sent, as well as the object for which He came. Are you a lost sheep, feelingly and sensibly? Is your condition like that of the woman of Canaan, and are you “grievously vexed with a devil?” For a long time Christ may test your faith by not answering you a word—He may put to your conscience tests as crucial as He did to her, but He will, at the same time, cause you to “cleave to Him with full purpose of heart.” He may say to you, as to her, “It is not meet to take the children’s bread and to give to dogs,” but this shall not offend your pride. You are in earnest; you want to be saved; it is your supreme, reigning desire, and pre-eminent above all others; and, should he add, “Will ye also go away?” you will reply, “To whom can we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.” Then shall you know the triumph of faith, and that He is indeed “sent to the lost sheep of the house of Israel.”

Birmingham.

W. H.

“THY WILL, NOT MINE, BE DONE.”

THY will, not mine, be done.—How hard

It is at times to pray!
The heart rebellious oft inclines—
Not Thine, but mine—to say,

Father, I know Thy will is best,
Though sorrows press me sore,
Though clouds and darkness cross my path,
And waves of trouble roar.

I need Thy chast’ning hand. Thy rod

My graces shall improve.
Do Thou subdue my stubborn will,
And teach me Thine to love.

Gowhatty.

Thy will, not mine, be done.—’Twas thus

Our precious Saviour prayed,
Through all His painful life on earth,
His heart Thy will obeyed.

Spirit Divine, my heart incline,
Like Him, to do that will,
Which is, and always must be, right,
Though flesh and blood rebel.

Father! I pray for pard’ning grace,
Forgive for Thy dear Son.

Oh! that my prayer may ever be,
Thy will, not mine, be done!

G. L.

SWEET is the fragrance of a holy life: it is a spark from the live coals—a spark from the eternal altar—a drop from the pure river proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. Holy men are permitted by a gracious Providence to have a kind of immortality on earth.

Four things concur to make complete the whole state of our Lord Jesus Christ—His Deity, His Manhood, the conjunction of both, and the distinction of both. Four principal heresies have withstood these truths—the Arian, the Apollinarian, the Nestorian, and the Eutychian. Against these, four councils have decreed, viz., that of Nice, of Constantinople, of Ephesus and of Chalcedon—held respectively A.D. 325, 381, 432, 451—the decisions of which may be expressed in four words—*αληθως, τελως, αδιαφε-ως, ασυγχυτως*.—HOOKER’S *Ec. Polity*, lib. 5to.—V. ESSOP.

A LETTER OF THE LATE W. HUNTINGTON.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As you have received Christ Jesus, so walk in Him, and pay no regard to every “Lo, here!” and “Lo, there!” Such leaders were never strengthened, established, and settled upon the Rock of Ages, and therefore their ways are moveable. The burdened soul that is led to the Saviour—the dejected spirit that is settled on the Rock—feels his heart fixed, trusting in the Lord; his strength is to “stand still, and see the salvation of God.”

The secret leaven of legal pride, rooted and grounded in the heart, and a set of Gospel notions floating in the head, make a complete and profound Antinomian, let the moral conduct be what it may. His heart is at Horeb, and his head at Zion; his soul is bound, only his tongue is free, and what the tongue advances the feelings contradict; the understanding takes part with the tongue, while an unpurged conscience opposes both, knowing there never was any divine application made to the heart; so that, in time, the accusation of conscience becomes too strong for the understanding; and, in order to obtain quietude within, such a one is obliged to bring error out. Then light withdraws and darkness succeeds; the holy commandment is turned from, and such a beginning in the dispensation of the Spirit withers away. The man that preaches to pacify a legal conscience, contrary to the light in his head, is said to rebel against the light, and only to speak a vision out of his own heart, not out of the Lord's mouth.

The Saviour always deals with such in a conditional way. “If ye continue in my word, then shall ye be my disciples indeed”—if not, they never were His disciples except in appearance. And the Saviour's conditions show that He knows their hearts, and their forsaking His word makes them manifest to us. It is the Spirit of the Lord's mouth that quickens, influences, and instructs the soul; and it was the same mouth and Spirit that commanded and dictated the word of God; he, therefore, that speaks under a divine influence, speaks a divine vision out of the mouth of the Lord, while he declares to others what God has done for his soul and revealed in him.

We have many in our day who are called God's children, and who call themselves servants of Christ and of His Church; and those who procure such titles secure to themselves a comfortable livelihood, and are had in honour, though they are no friends to the Redeemer, to His cause, nor to His family. But, surely, “I know that it shall be well with them that fear the Lord, which fear before Him.” God may, in time, raise up from among them one that may be enabled to admonish, instruct, and comfort the little company. Two or three have the promise of His presence to the world's end; and every private worshipper shall find Him a little sanctuary in every place where he shall come, if he seek Him in sincerity and in truth.

“I know,” to my soul's comfort, “in whom I have believed;” and “Be ye followers of me, as I am also of Christ.” The legalist rejects the Mediator of the new covenant, and finds the old mediator nothing but an accuser, who accuses him before God and his own conscience, and his countenance accuses him before the saints; and thus, by perverting his way, he shall be known, and in time his conduct shall accuse and reproach him as a hypocrite even before the world. They who are partial in the law of faith and in the law of truth, and who corrupt the covenant of life and peace (which is the priestly covenant, or the covenant of an ever-

lasting priesthood in the hand of our great Melchizedek), God declares He will make them contemptible and base before the people. Read Mal ii. You have something of this fulfilled already, and he that will observe these things shall see more.

W. H., S.S.

THE TOWER OF REFUGE.

IN the beautiful bay of Douglas, Mona's Isle, there is a long spreading rock, which, when the tide is out, lies exposed to view, but, during the flow-tide, is generally covered with water. On this rock is erected a picturesque building, in the castellated style, called the "Tower of Refuge." No doubt one of its uses is to serve as a beacon to passing vessels, to avoid the rock on which it stands. Often when the sea is running strong, and the white-crested waves come rolling in, lashing the shore with angry foam, and the spray rises high about the tower, we might almost fancy it would be blown down and washed away; but no, there it continues to stand unmoved, looking calmly down on the raging billows: for why? It is founded upon a rock. What an emblem is this of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is a safe and sure Tower of Refuge, into which "the righteous runneth and is safe!" This Refuge is immoveably fixed upon the Rock of Ages, against which neither floods nor storms can prevail. All the buffetings of Satan, the storms of Divine wrath, or the malice and envy of an evil world, combined with the treachery of a corrupt heart, lashing against the soul that is saved by Christ, can never shake it from its moorings on this sacred Rock, for He is a Tower of Defence to all those who put their trust in Him. David says, "The Lord is my Rock, my Fortress, and my Deliverer; my God, my Strength, in whom I will trust; my Buckler, and the Horn of my salvation, and my high Tower." He adds, "The floods of ungodly men, made me afraid;" yet he found safety in his Tower of Refuge. O Christian! flee thou, then, to Christ in all the storms and tempests thou art called to encounter in this beautiful, yet sin-polluted, world! Jesus is a sure Refuge, a Tower of Defence, and never fails those who trust in Him. He is also a Beacon to guide thee when thou art in danger of going astray, when thy frail bark is driven hither and thither among quicksands, and thou art well-nigh losing both chart and compass, by giving heed to those who would rob thee of thy soul's peace, by questioning this and that truth on which thy soul has been built up. Let thy anchor of hope be firmly fixed on Christ, against which all the flood-gates of error and superstition shall have no force—yea, even the gates of hell shall never prevail. Another use of the Douglas Tower of Refuge is, that, should a mariner be cast upon the rock, he can enter the Tower, and obtain rest, and in the busy season refreshment, but the latter must be paid for. How different is the simile here to our spiritual Tower! He who seeks shelter in this Refuge must come "without money and without price;" no payment is demanded either for succour or sustenance—nay, the poorer the more welcome, since the invitation runs, "He that is without money, let him buy wine and milk."

Come, then, ye needy ones, and take of those things which are so amply provided in the Gospel feast. If you are hungry, there is bread enough and to spare; if you thirst, there are living streams that never dry; if you are tired and weary, He bids you come and rest; if your strength fails, He will hold you up with His right hand; in short, He will never

leave nor forsake those who cast all their care upon Him for time and eternity.

"Oh, make but a trial of His love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide."

When the writer last visited the Tower of Refuge, our little party was taken across in a small boat, which, singular enough, was called the "Ark." Here was another type of our glorious Christ, for, as we were conveyed safely to and fro in our little Ark, so are we who are in Christ safely carried over the sea of this life in the true Ark, and at last landed in the haven of peace, where we shall be "for ever with the Lord." The Lord's dear ones are being carried—one here, one there—over the Jordan of death. Quite recently, a poor afflicted one has completed the voyage of life who has been bedridden for nearly fourteen years; but, during that time, was a miracle of the sustaining power of divine grace, in patience and resignation, amidst the most agonizing sufferings. Many years ago, through an accident, her hip was put out of joint; and, as it could not be cured, after using crutches for some time, she grew so much worse as to be compelled to take to her bed; and as, in process of time, it was discovered that she would never be able to move about again, she was carried downstairs to a couch, and, from that day to a week before her death, was only able to lay on one side, the slightest exertion in moving her being attended by the most excruciating pain. Nevertheless, she was enabled, through grace, to glorify God in the fires, and to be a helper of many in their Christian course. She lived entirely by faith, for of worldly possessions she had none, being indebted for her very sustenance to those of the Lord's people who visited her, and the body of Christians to whom she belonged. She is now gone to her rest, and those who may have suffered like her can well understand how sweet that rest will be, for truly there is "a rest that remaineth to the people of God." May the Lord keep all His faithful followers looking forward to rejoin those who have set an example of patience and resignation under suffering, and, above all, to meet with that blessed Saviour, who suffered more than mortal tongue can express that we might be spared from the miseries of everlasting torment. May we, then, be more earnest in fleeing to that Rock, who is a sure foundation, that Tower of Refuge where we shall abide safe for evermore! May the language of our hearts be:—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

A LITTLE ONE.

LEANING ON THEE.

LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour; I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, this darkened room
Is cheered by a celestial ray;
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom:
Turns night to day.

Leaning on Thee, my soul retires
 From earthly thoughts and earthly things,
 On Thee concentrates her desires;
 To Thee she clings.

Leaning on Thee, with child-like faith,
 To Thee the future I confide;
 Each step of life's untrodden path
 Thy love will guide.

Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
 Tho' faint with languor, parched with heat;
 Thy will has now become my own—
 That will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, 'midst torturing pain,
 With patience Thou my soul dost fill;
 Thou whisperest, "What did I sustain?"
 Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, I do not dread
 The havoc that disease can make;
 Thou who for me Thy blood hast shed
 Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
 Too weak another voice to hear;
 Thy heavenly accents comfort speak—
 "Be of good cheer!"

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
 Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
 I feel "the everlasting arms,"
 I cannot sink.

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Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

THE PERSONALITY, DIVINITY, AND WORK OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY T. W. MEDHURST.

"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."—JOHN xiv. 16, 17.

How and whence do believers get the Holy Spirit? "I will pray the Father," says Jesus, "and He will give you another Comforter." We receive the Holy Spirit as a gift from the Father, obtained for us by Jesus, as the fruit of His intercession. We are warranted, therefore, to go direct to Jesus, or to the Father, in the name of Jesus, and ask for the Holy Spirit. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" The intercession of Jesus for us does not supersede the necessity of our asking in our own behalf. It is rather our warrant and encouragement to draw near the throne of grace with

boldness. The Spirit intercedes within us, the Son intercedes for us; they both intercede according to the will of God. In the confidence of faith we expect and receive the answer. We may, we should, unceasingly *pray for the Holy Spirit*. We have both the Saviour's promise and the Saviour's example as our encouragement. Let no specious argument employed by modern heresy defraud us of this precious boon. If we have not the Spirit, it is because we have not asked for Him, or because we have asked amiss. Lord, teach us how to pray aright!

Jesus and the Father are one; hence, in several passages of Scripture, Jesus Himself is said to send the Comforter. We owe the precious boon of the Holy Spirit to the love and kindness of God our Saviour. "Nevertheless," says Christ to His disciples, "I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."

I. WHO AND WHAT IS THE HOLY SPIRIT?

He is truly and properly A PERSON. There are some who erroneously teach, and others who seem to imagine, that the Spirit is nothing more than an emanation, influence, or mere quality. Such, however, subvert the plainest declarations of the Word of God. It is most clearly, dogmatically, and unambiguously, "noted in the Scripture of Truth," that the Holy Spirit is one Person in the essence of the Godhead. We can readily understand how that GOD THE FATHER is a Person, because His works declare Him. We see all around us everywhere the operations of His hands. All creation proclaims an ever-living, ever-ruling, Personal God. We can believe that JESUS, GOD THE SON, is a Person, because He became incarnate, and tabernacled here below in human flesh. We know He lived and died, and rose again, and now ever liveth at the right hand of His Father, "God over all, blessed for evermore." It is not, however, so easy to understand the PERSONALITY OF GOD THE HOLY SPIRIT. This is difficult, because He works unseen and mysteriously. When we endeavour to comprehend His operations, we get beyond the sphere of sense and reason, and enter the region of faith. If we come to the Word of God with child-like simplicity and trustfulness, seeking information on this important subject, every difficulty will soon disappear, and we shall be able to receive with undoubted confidence the revealed doctrine as to the distinct and proper Personality of the Holy Spirit. In Scripture *Personal acts* are attributed to the Spirit. He is said to be *grieved, vexed, resisted*. A mere quality, emanation, or influence, can neither be grieved nor vexed. Believers are *baptized* into the Name of the Spirit, equally with that of the Father and the Son; to deny, therefore, the Personality of the Spirit is to render null and void the believer's baptism. It is absurd to imagine that the name of a mere influence should be associated with that of the Father and of the Son.

The Holy Spirit is A DIVINE PERSON. He is truly and properly God, co-equal with the Father and with the Son. In sacred Scripture the *attributes* of God are said to be possessed by the Holy Ghost. He is declared to be *Omnipresent*. "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" He is *Omniscient*. "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." He is *Eternal*. "Christ, who through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God." He is *Omnipotent*. "Through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God." "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest

shall overshadow thee." He took part in *creation*. "The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Almighty hath given me life." He is the *Inspirer* of the Scriptures, which are the Word of God. Ananias, and Sapphira, his wife, lied unto "the Holy Ghost," and Peter declares they had "not lied unto men, *but unto God*." Believers are *born* of the Spirit; He alone is the Author of their regeneration, and they are *born* of God. Is it not clear the Holy Spirit is God?

The Spirit is "ANOTHER COMFORTER." "And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter." The children of God have two Comforters: the ascended Jesus, in the presence of God, for them, and the Holy Spirit, who constantly abides within them. The remembrance of this will comfort us in all our distresses, and under all our temptations.

The Holy Spirit is "THE SPIRIT OF TRUTH." As such, He stands in direct antagonism to the evil spirit, the father of lies, the author of all delusions, who, in the days of Ahab, prevailed on four hundred prophets at once to agree in prophesying lies, and who now seduces and works in all who depart from the truth of the living God. "The Spirit of Truth" inspired the writers of the Word of Truth, who spake and wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. He guides all believers to Jesus, who is "THE TRUTH." He directs ministers into the truth, and enables them to declare the whole counsel of God. He preserves the truth against all the assaults of error. Let us ever value the Spirit's Book, "the Scripture of Truth," which has God for its Author, salvation for its object, and truth, free from any taint of errors, for its matter. As we seek to know the truth, so the truth shall make us free. As we possess "the Spirit of Truth," so shall we enjoy gospel liberty.

II. WHAT THE SPIRIT WILL DO FOR US, AND IN US.

He will *comfort* us. We cannot separate the personal Name and the work of the Holy Spirit. He is called the Comforter, because His work is to comfort the children of God. This implies they will need comfort, and assures them they shall have all the comfort they need. They have trials, losses, bereavements; but, let them be of good cheer, they have the abiding Comforter to aid them.

The Comforter will *abide* with believers for ever. His work does not consist in a few transient impressions: it is an everlasting work. He is the Author of the work of grace in the soul, and also its Sustainer.

"The Spirit of Truth" will *guide* into all truth all who yield themselves to His instruction. He will do for them *what the world cannot do*; for "the world cannot receive Him, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him." There is nothing a carnal man stumbles at more quickly than at the work of the Holy Spirit. How this puzzled the "master in Israel," Nicodemus! This explains the state of all who are unconverted. They know not their need of the Holy Spirit—of a new heart—of regeneration—of the Spirit's indwelling. Here is the solemn, the vital, distinction between a converted and an unconverted man: the one *has*, the other *has not* the Holy Spirit.

My reader, what personal experience have you of the indwelling of the Spirit? Believers know Him, for "He dwelleth with them," and not only so, but He "shall be in them." They shall have a larger and ever-increasing measure of His indwelling. He shall be in them, to give them the light of truth in all times of difficulty; to comfort them in all seasons of sorrow. Let us ever be on our watch-tower, lest we quench, grieve,

vex, or resist the Holy Spirit of God. We need His presence with us constantly, in our closets, in the sanctuary, when we are searching the Scriptures, when we would see Jesus in the communion of the memorial supper. As without Jesus, so without the Spirit, we can do nothing. Evermore, then, let *us* pray the Father that He may give unto *us* the Comforter, that He may abide *with us*, and *in us* for ever, to the praise of the glory of His grace.

O HOLY SPIRIT! now descend on me,
As showers of rain upon a thirsty ground;
Cause me to flourish as a spreading tree;
May all Thy precious fruits in me be found.

Be Thou my TEACHER—to my soul reveal
The length, breadth, depth, and height of Jesus' love,
And on my soul Thy blest instructions seal,
Raising my thoughts and heart to things above.

Be Thou my COMFORTER—when I'm distress'd,
O gently soothe my sorrows, calm my grief;
Help me to find upon my Saviour's breast,
In every hour of trial, sure relief.

Be Thou my GUIDE into all truth Divine;
Give me increasing knowledge of my God;
Show me the glories that in Jesus shine,
And make my heart the place of His abode.

Be Thou my INTERCESSOR—teach me how
To pray according to God's holy will;
Cause me with deep and strong desire to glow,
And my whole soul with heavenly longings fill.

Be Thou my EARNEST of eternal rest,
And WITNESS with me I am God's own child,
With His unchanging love and favour blest,
By Jesus' merits fully reconciled.

Be Thou my SANCTIFIER—dwell within,
And purify and cleanse my every thought;
Subdue the power of each besetting sin,
And be my will to sweet submission brought.

Be Thou my QUICKENER—in me revive
Each drooping grace, so prone to fade and die;
Help me on Jesus day by day to live,
And loosen more and more each earthly tie.

BLEST SPIRIT! I would yield myself to Thee;
Do for me more than I can ask or think;
Let me Thy holy habitation be,
And daily deeper from Thy fulness drink.

[Christina Forsyth, 1861, in "*Songs of Grace and Glory.*" A precious collection of "Hymnal Treasures of the Church of Christ."] *Landport.*

If we view Satan's temptations aright, we shall see a great glory resting upon the Spirit's workmanship, in making them instruments whereby the Holy Ghost worketh faith and dependence in the hearts of the elect, and in bringing them to rest solely on *Christ*.

Protestant Beacon.

SCENE IN A CHURCH.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, Southampton, having recently undergone restoration, was re-opened in June. The services previously had been of a Low Church description, but with the appointment of a new rector they have been more ornate. Both of the re-opening services on the morning and evening of Thursday, June 22nd, were preceded by a processional hymn, the choir marching through the aisles of the church, one bearing a large brass ornamental cross, another a painted effigy of St. Michael overcoming the dragon, another a painted cross—the whole being headed by a person waving incense, which was burning in a censer, and the smell of which pervaded the church for several hours. After the evening procession, and just as the usual prayers were being proceeded with, the Rev. Herbert Smith, an unbeneficed clergyman residing in the town, walked from his seat into the centre of the chancel and loudly protested against what he had seen. A person rushed from the congregation and endeavoured violently to remove Mr. Smith from the church, but one of the churchwardens interfered, saying that he was a Church of England clergyman, and inviting him to take a seat. Mr. Smith declined, saying he would still protest, and left the building. The service was then proceeded with.

It was with deep regret we read the foregoing, although, at the same time, we rejoiced that there was one present who had at once the courage and the zeal to rise and protest against such Popish, God-dishonouring proceedings. Our spiritual readers will better understand our state of mind, when we state, that within a very few hundred yards of the above church the Lord first spoke pardon and peace to our soul, and that, too, in immediate connexion with what we had declared, a few minutes before, on our bended knees—namely, that, if He would but be pleased to relieve the heart of its then amount of distress and anguish, and vouchsafe to us a sense of forgiving love and mercy, then—ah,

"Then would we tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour we had found;
We'd point to His redeeming blood,
And say, 'Behold the Way to God!'"

And, as the Lord graciously ordered it, thirty years afterwards we were privileged, for three successive Sundays, to take the entire duty in the above-named church, the which was an essential link in the chain that brought us to our present sphere of labour. And such was the interest connected with that three weeks' service, and such we had reason to believe was the special blessing attendant upon our humble ministrations, that, if there be one part of our ministry we look back upon with more lively interest than another, it was the time we were permitted to preach in that church. Very many years before, when yet a youth, we heard the late Bishop of Winchester there, from the text, "And all Thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of Thy children." In recollection of this fact, our first text in that church, if we remember rightly, was the same blessed portion. Alas! alas! how sad is the thought of the change now introduced! The venerable Dr. Wilson

still, we believe, remains Vicar of Holy Rhoad, hard by the above-named St. Michael's Church. One of his early curates, the now likewise aged Rev. J. B. CLIFFORD, after a protracted and most successful ministry of some thirty years in his present sphere, continues the loved and loving Incumbent of St. Matthew's, Kingsdown, Bristol. How, of necessity, must the minds of both these venerable servants of God be pained, as they contemplate the sadly-changed state of things in regard to a church with which they were both so familiar!

We cannot close these few remarks without adding, What a fearful accountability has the present Bishop of that now hapless diocese incurred by the course he has so long adopted! Oh, if Divine grace prevent not, what a fearful reckoning awaits this mitred son of the once famous WILBERFORCE! We would not have to answer for what will fall ere long to his sad, sad portion, when called to give account of his stewardship—no, not for ten thousand worlds, could we possess them. EDITOR.

ENTICED TO A NUNNERY.

THE Rev. R. Longe, Vicar of Coddendam, writes to the *Ipswich Journal* as follows:—"Sir,—About a fortnight since, Melinda Smye, daughter of George Smye, gardener to Sir G. Broke-Middleton, Bart, residing with her parents in Coddendam, was enticed away and admitted into a convent in Claydon. Being informed of it by the parents, and they having expressed their desire to get her home, I called at the convent on June 10th. to speak with the Lady Superior, but was informed by a nun that I could not see her unless I had permission from the priest, the Rev. George Drury, Rector of Claydon. I was also told that the parents could not see their daughter without leave from Father Drury. I called the following day with the parents at the Rectory to ask permission for them to see their child. Mr. Drury was gone to the convent and could not be seen. After a long time he returned, when the parents told him that they wished to have their daughter home. The father followed Mr. Drury to his house, and told him he would not leave the house till he got an order to see his daughter. An order was given him by Mr. Drury, directed to Mother Mary, to allow *only the mother* to see the daughter. However, the father went to the convent with his wife and got in. Soon after, Mr. Drury saw them, and directed them into a passage, and through a door with *iron bars* they saw their daughter. A short conversation then took place between them, the parents expressing their grief in their daughter's leaving them. She soon became overcome by her feelings, when a curtain was drawn and concealed her."

THE PRISON BILL.

THE proposal that a Roman Catholic clergyman should be appointed to every gaol in which ten Roman Catholic vagabonds can be found—a scheme which Parliament is asked to legalize—is of so monstrous a character that it is to be hoped, even in these days of super-abundant charity, our legislators will decline to accept it. Armed with such a measure, the priests would certainly make the most of their advantage, and it would not be long before they found their ten men in every prison. Once on the staff, there would be no shaking them off. They would hold

on like grim death, and, from what is known of their mode of working, there is little room to doubt that they would speedily find or make a field in which their energies might be developed. What the outcome of all this would be it is not difficult to imagine. Over and above the religious side of the question, the matter is one in which every ratepayer is interested, as the proposed appointments will unquestionably lead to fresh items in the way of salaries, to be paid for the performance of duties already provided for. Unfortunately, it is not the introduction of the thin edge of the wedge that has now to be considered—that is a matter long since winked at, and, unless care be taken, it will be driven right home. It would be a good thing if we could retrace our steps, and learn to be just before giving way to such fits of excessive generosity as have marked our legislation in matters of this kind of late years. When the cuckoo gets into another bird's nest, we know what happens to the young ones for whom the nest was provided; and, unless we are sufficiently forewarned to be forearmed, we may perchance see something of the same sort taking place with regard to our ecclesiastical appointments.—*City Press.*

Reviews and Notices of Books.

A Bright Star in Heaven. By the Rev. R. CORWALL, M.A., Vicar of Emmanuel Church, Bristol. To be had of the Author, 34, Portland Square, Bristol; or Mr. Mack, 38, Park Street.

THIS is a reprint, with additions, from *Old Jonathan*. It is a record of the dying experience of a young parishioner of the Author's, who died at the early age of eleven years. The little work (published at a penny) is admirably adapted for Sunday Schools, and for general circulation. It is a precious illustration of that utterance of the Psalmist, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." We hope our readers will make a point of getting this little work, for the benefit of the young, and as a help to the destruction of the sensational trash of the day. One of these little matter-of-fact works is worth a hundred-weight of the sentimental and visionary publications that are now poured forth from the press. Such eat, as does a canker-worm, at the root of all that is serious and substantial in the minds of the young and inexperienced. Such reading causes them to revel and luxuriate in a visionary, unreal, altogether ideal world, and too often leads to the premature destruction of both soul and body. It behoves every thoughtful parent and guardian—and especially every professing Christian—to endeavour to the utmost to counteract such pernicious reading, by the dissemination of such wholesome matter-of-fact experiences as that before us.

Handbook of Bible Geography, with Descriptive and Historical Notes. By the Rev. GEORGE H. WHITNEY, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Pp. 401.

A VERY valuable work. We strongly recommend it. An unprecedented amount of interest has recently been taken in sacred geography, and not without reason, for sacred geography and sacred history are inseparably connected with each other, and the discoveries which have been lately made in Bible lands have wonderfully illustrated and explained the sacred narratives. As the author says in his preface,—“Geographical

allusions abound in every part of the Holy Scriptures. The 'Lands of the Bible' are the living monuments of the Divine authenticity of the Book, which speaks of their mountains and plains, of their rivers and pools, their cities, their peoples, and their tombs. Palestine . . . is pre-eminently the memorial land. Its hill-tops, covered with heaps of stone, are so many Mizpahs that 'witness' the partings of pious chieftains and the assemblies of the people of God. Its plains, claimed as once 'folds for flocks' and as gardens for 'roses'—long ago blasted by the presence of the oppressor—to-day teach with equal force the accuracy of the historian and the inspiration of the prophet. The dwelling-places of the tribes, the cities set upon a hill, the hamlets that nestled among the fastnesses of the rocks, the 'water-courses,' now choked with the rubbish of centuries, have all left their traces of the heaven-chosen people that built them."

The volume before us is a *multum in parvo*; it embodies the substance of well-nigh a library of Biblical "Handbooks," "Dictionaries," and "Cyclopædias," and extends its information to recent discoveries. It contains the name, pronunciation, and meaning (as far as ascertainable), of every place, nation, and tribe mentioned in both the canonical and apocryphal Scriptures, with historical and descriptive notes. So far as practicable, each article is based on the following analysis:—1. Name. 2. Number of map where found. 3. Meaning. 4. Situation. 5. Bible allusions. 6. Bible events. 7. Modern name, condition, &c. It is illustrated with sixty beautiful maps and plans, and with nearly one hundred engravings. The account of Jerusalem is especially good, giving a complete history of the city, with numerous views, plans, and maps, including plans of the recent excavations. We give the following quotation as a specimen of the contents:—

Jordan (Map 5), *flowing down, or the descender*, the great river of Palestine. This celebrated stream is "without any parallel, historical or physical, in the whole world." The first Scripture notice of the Jordan occurs in the story of the separation of Abraham and Lot, "before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah." The sacred writer tells us that "all the plain of Jordan" was well-watered everywhere . . . "as the garden of the Lord" (Gen. xiii. 10). At the destruction of the "cities of the plain," some great physical change must have been produced in the valley of the Jordan (Gen. xix.). Another great epoch in the Jordan's history was the passage of the Israelites after their forty years' wandering (Josh. iii., iv., v. 1; Psalm cxiv. 3). It was in harvest-time—the beginning of April—when the rains were still falling heavily on Hermon and the winter snows were melting under the rays of the warm sun, and when a thousand mountain torrents thus fed swept into the Jordan, and made it "overflow all its banks;" or, as the Hebrew literally signifies, made it "full up to all its banks." Doubtless the Jordan rose higher anciently than now. Thus the circumstances under which the crossing occurred rendered the miracle the greater, and the power of God more striking. The "overflow" of the Jordan is noticed also in Jer. xii. 5; 1 Chron. xii. 15. The Jordan was also crossed by Jacob (Gen. xxxii. 10); by Gideon (Judges viii. 4); by the Ammonites (Judges x. 9); by Abner (2 Sam. ii. 29); by David (2 Sam. xvii. 22, xix. 15, 31; 1 Chron. xix. 17); by Absalom (2 Sam. xvii. 24); by Elijah (2 Kings ii. 6—8); by Elisha (2 Kings ii. 14). There were various "fords" of the Jordan (see Josh. ii. 7; Judges iii. 28, vii. 24, xii. 5, 6). Jeremiah speaks of lions coming

up from the "swellings of Jordan" (Jer. xlix. 19). The original literally signifies "pride," "beauty," or "glory," and refers to the dense jungles and verdant foliage of the banks; these jungles are impenetrable, except to the wild beasts that dwell there. In 2 Kings vi. 2—7, is mention of the miracle by which iron was made to swim in the Jordan. Naaman was cured of his leprosy in the waters of the Jordan after his indignant depreciation of this river as compared with the rivers of Damascus. "The rivers of Damascus water its great plain, converting a desert into a paradise; the Jordan rolls on its deep, deep bed, useless, to the Sea of Death."—*Porter*. This river was the scene in later times of John's baptism, when there "went out to him Jerusalem, and all Judæa, and all the region round about Jordan" (Matt. iii. 5, 6; Mark i. 5; John i. 28). But the great event of the New Testament history enacted at Jordan was the baptism of our Lord Himself, thus making this the "queen of rivers," the "sacred river." In commemoration of this baptism the Christian pilgrims who assemble at Jerusalem at Easter visit the Jordan in a body, and bathe at the spot which tradition has rendered sacred. The exact locality where our Lord was baptized cannot be determined, but it would seem that the baptism took place toward the mouth of the river, in the confines of Judæa. An interesting account of these pilgrim bathers is given by Stanley in *Sinai and Palestine*, pp. 308—310. The sources of the Jordan are on the slopes of Anti-Libanus. The principal of these are (1) the *Hasbany*, which rises in the great fountain of *Fuarr*, near *Hashbeiya*; (2) the *Baniasy*, which bursts just outside a cave at *Banias*; (3) the *Leddun*, from the west base of a hill (*Tell-el-Kady*) on which stood ancient Dan; (4) the *Esh-shar*. Of these "the *Hasbany* is longest by forty miles; the *Leddun* is much the largest, and the *Baniasy* the most beautiful."—*Thomson*. Various eminent travellers have investigated the sources and course of this great river; but the most thorough and valuable exploration of the sources is that made in 1869 by Mr. J. Macgregor, M.A. [Here follow several quotations from the recently-published work of Mr. Macgregor,—"*Rob Roy on the Jordan*."] Leaving Lake *Huleh* at its southern extremity, the Jordan runs on with the very rapid descent of about seven hundred feet in the next ten miles, when it empties into the Sea of Galilee. Flowing out from the southern end of this sea, the stream descends with great speed, more rapidly in some places than in others, until it is lost in the Dead Sea. From the *Hasbany* source to the Dead Sea the direct distance is about 120 miles; but the crooked line of the Jordan is about 200 miles. The source at *Hasbeiya* "is 1,700 feet above the Mediterranean, and the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the Mediterranean; so that the total fall of the Jordan is 3,000 feet, which would be 15 per mile of its channel, or 25 feet per mile of its direct distance." *The Child's New Testament Narrative*, in the words of the Authorized Version. Illustrated. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. Pp. 135. This is a consecutive arrangement of such portions of the New Testament Scriptures as seem best adapted to the wants and capacities of childhood. The language of Scripture is strictly adhered to, and it is illustrated by a number of fine engravings.

Anecdotes of the Rev. George Whitfield. With a Biographical Sketch.

By the Rev. J. B. WAKELEY, Author of "*Anecdotes of the Wealeys*."

London: Hodder and Stoughton. Pp. 400.

EXTREMELY interesting. Who can tell how much, under God, England and America owe to George Whitfield? Would that we had many such

at the present day to arouse, instrumentally, multitudes from the death of sin and from spiritual sloth! In this neat volume, by an American author, there is a concise sketch of his life, and then a large number of anecdotes, some old, others new, gathered from rare documents hitherto little known. They bring before us a life-like picture of the man—his powers, his labours, his success, his difficulties, and the varied circumstances of his remarkable life. The secret of his wonderful success, under God, seems to have been owing to a combination of qualities rather than to any single excellence. His personal appearance was not very striking; but, when preaching, his whole soul seemed to be influenced by the most intense emotions, and those emotions found expression in his gestures, his countenance, and his voice. He showed great skill in taking advantage of local objects or passing circumstances to illustrate his subjects, as, *e. g.* (mentioned on p. 347), when once preaching on the banks of one of the noble rivers of Virginia to a very large audience, he dwelt particularly on the strength of depravity, and the insufficiency of the means of grace to convert the sinner without the influence of the Holy Spirit. "Sinners," said he, "think not that I expect to convert a single soul without the assistance of Him who is mighty to save. Go and stand by yon river, as its deep and strong current moves on towards the ocean, and bid it stop, and see if it will obey you. Just as soon should I think to stop that river by a word, as by my preaching to stop that current of sin which is carrying you on to perdition." Looking up imploringly, he exclaimed, "Father in heaven, see! they are hurried on toward hell; save them, or they perish!" Tremendous was the impression made upon the minds and hearts of that audience; many of them, as they trembled under the mighty appeal, exclaimed, with anxious look, tearful eyes, and tremulous voices, "Save, Lord, or we perish!" Several extracts are given in this volume from his published sermons; we have only space for one (p. 355).—"How happy is that soul which, refusing to be detained by low and vile objects, directs its flight to the noblest and most exalted, and, like the eagle, builds its nest on the top of the rocks, and keeps its eye steady upon the Sun of Righteousness; for no beauty is so charming, no pleasure so transporting, as that with which our eyes and minds are feasted when our sight and eager affections are set upon our God and Saviour as to their only proper centre; when, by a wondrous, mystical, but true and spiritual act of vision, we see Him who is invisible, behold a light far different from that which cheers our senses, and taste a pleasure infinitely sweeter than any this world can afford." Perhaps one of the most characteristic illustrations of his preaching is given in the following anecdote (p. 148):—"A negro boy, who attended to the wants of the members of a drinking club in Delaware, and who, for the diversion of its members, would at times mimic various persons, was asked to mimic Whitfield, which he for a time positively refused to do; but, they insisting, he suddenly rose, and in a most impressive and striking manner said, 'I speak the truth in Christ. I lie not. Except ye repent ye will all be damned!' It was like an earthquake shock—like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. The speech was so sudden, so unexpected, and so marked in its effects, that the club was disbanded and never met afterward."

"*Shall We Know One Another?*" and other Papers. By the Rev. J. C.

RYLE, M.A. London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin. Pp. 144.
Fourteenth edition.

THE title of the first of these little Papers reminds us of the reply of

the old Christian to the question, "Shall we know one another in heaven?" "Do you think," said he, "that we shall be greater fools there than we are here?" Mr. Ryle observes,—“What saith the Scripture on this subject? This is the only thing I care to know. I grant freely that there are not many texts in the Bible which touch the subject at all. I admit fully that pious and learned divines are not of one mind with me about the matter in hand. I have listened to many ingenious reasonings and arguments against the view that I maintain. But in theology I dare not call any man master and father. My only aim and desire is to find out what the Bible says, and to take my stand upon its teaching. Let us hear what David said when his child was dead: ‘Now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me’ (2 Sam. xii. 23). What can these words mean but that David hoped to see his child and meet him again in another world? This was evidently the hope that cheered him, and made him dry his tears. The separation would not be for ever. Let us hear what St. Paul said to the Thessalonians: ‘What is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?’ (1 Thess. ii. 19.) These words must surely mean that the Apostle expected to recognize his beloved Thessalonian converts in the day of Christ’s second advent. Let us hear what the same Apostle says, in the same epistle, for the comfort of mourners: ‘I would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him’ (1 Thess. iv. 13, 14). There would be no point in these words of consolation if they did not imply the mutual recognition of saints. The hope with which he cheers wearied Christians is the hope of meeting their beloved friends again. He does not merely say, ‘Sorrow not, for they are at rest—they are happy—they are free from pain and trouble—they are better off than they would be here below.’ No; he goes a step further. He says, ‘God shall bring them back with Christ, when He brings them back to the world. You are not parted for ever. You will meet again.’ I commend these three passages to the reader’s attentive consideration. To my eye, they all seem to point to only one conclusion. They all imply the same great truth, that saints in heaven shall know one another: There is something to my mind unspeakably glorious in this prospect: few things so strike me in looking forward to the good things yet to come. Heaven will be no cold place to us when we get there. We shall not be oppressed by the cold, shy, chilling feeling that we know nothing of our companions. We shall feel at home. We shall see all of whom we have read in Scripture, and know them all, and mark the peculiar graces of each one. If it is pleasant to know one or two saints, and meet them occasionally now, what will it be to know them all, and to dwell with them for ever! There is something unspeakably comforting, moreover, as well as glorious in the prospect. It lights up the valley of the shadow of death. It strips the sick bed and the grave of half their terrors. Our beloved friends who have fallen asleep in Christ are not lost, but only gone before. The children of the same God, and partakers of the same grace, can never be separated very long. They are sure to come together again when this world has passed away. Blessed and happy indeed will that meeting

be ; better a thousand times than the parting. We parted in sorrow, and we shall meet in joy ; we parted in stormy weather, and we shall meet in a calm harbour ; we parted amidst pains and aches, and groans and infirmities ; we shall meet with glorious bodies, able to serve our Lord for ever without distraction. And, best of all, we shall meet never to be parted, never to shed one more tear, never to put on mourning, never to say goodbye and farewell again. Oh ! it is a blessed thought, that saints will know one another in heaven ! ”

We have also received *Our Place in Christendom and in the Catholic Church*, being the Inaugural Address from the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, May 7, 1872, by the Rev. JOHN KENNEDY, D.D. (London: Hodder and Stoughton); *Ragged School Stories*, an account of the Mission Ragged Schools in Dublin; *The Voice of Time*, by JOHN STROUD (London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin); *The Sunday Magazine*; *Golden Hours*; *Our Own Fireside*; *The Day of Days*; *The Christian*; *Home Words*; *The Gospel Herald*; *The Gardener's Magazine*; *The British Workman*; *The British Juvenile*; *The Wiltshire Protestant Beacon*; *Sunshine*; *Fruitful Words*; *The Gospel Standard*; and *The Shipwrecked Mariner*.

The Bennett Judgment. What do they Say, and What do they Mean? By the Rev. S. A. WALKER, M.A., Rector of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol. London: W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster Row.

AN able comment upon the recent Judgment, in which the whole case is fairly viewed, and just and reasonable conclusions arrived at. Those who contend that the late Judgment proves that the Bennett heresy is the real doctrine of the Church of England, declare what is not true. On the contrary, whilst the Privy Council screen the man, they repudiate his dogmas. This pamphlet is entitled to a careful perusal, at the present juncture especially.

Hymns for the Church of God. Being a collection of New and Old Evangelical Hymns, Psalms, and Spiritual Songs, by the most eminent authors. Seventh edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged. London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row.

THE former editions of this work contained a large selection of our very choicest hymns, in addition to a number of original. The present issue is considerably enlarged, and contains a vast body of precious truth, expressed with true poetic taste, as well as sound and scriptural. This volume is really a boon to the Church of God, and we trust will reach a large circulation, to the exclusion of the visionary and the sentimental, so rife in these days.

“WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?”

I know not that I was ever more impressed with the vanity and the uncertainty of life than in connexion with a recent fact. Less than three months ago, there was among the guests at a certain dear friend's wedding, one of the most animated, and apparently strongest of women. Of just middle-age, I presume, had anyone looked round that room, having been asked which was likeliest to live longest of the guests that day assembled, she who is now numbered with the dead would have been the one selected. Such is life ! How vain ! how uncertain ! Perhaps that very vigour and liveliness and robustness, under the circumstances, rendered her a more easy prey for that formidable malady with which

she was so soon to be attacked, and to which she so speedily succumbed. A parallel case, in this respect, I never met. Whilst the ailing and the delicate and the frail have been spared, she, the strongest and the most promising, has thus fallen a victim to the most insidious of diseases, and gone the way of all the earth!

Hence we are furnished with another lesson—and what a lesson; too!—to “set our affections upon things above, and not on things on the earth, for here we have no continuing city.” Oh, Lord, we pray Thee, of Thy great mercy, to grant us “so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;” yea, may we, under the teaching and power of the Holy Ghost, feel the force of that solemn injunction, “Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh!” D.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

ANECDOTE OF IRVING.

I NEVER heard the celebrated Irving but once, and that was when my dear brother-in-law (the late Incumbent of Charles Chapel, Plymouth) and I were returning from Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane, after the Sunday morning service. Mr. Irving was then addressing an audience of several thousand souls, outside the walls of Coldbath Fields prison. Those who were familiar with his appearance will remember how imposing it was, as he stood erect, with his long-flowing black hair turned back over his forehead and temples, a cast in one eye, and full of animation and gesture. Hard by us stood a man who sought, by certain loud utterances, to interrupt the speaker. Mr. Irving took no notice whatever, but continued his discourse to the end, as though no attempt to disturb him had been made. He then gave out a verse in a tone of voice so remarkable for its depth, power, and richness, that we shall never forget. It seemed to reverberate both beneath and around. The verse was:

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.”

The effect of the mere enunciation of that one verse was astounding. It seemed to thrill through that vast assembly. Although upwards of forty years have since passed away, the impression it made upon our mind at the time retains all its vividness to this hour. The verse having been sung by that vast assembly, as with one universal voice, Mr. Irving prayed; and, although previously it appeared as though he had not even heard the attempt to interrupt him upon the part of the man who stood near us, he brought the case of that poor scoffer before the Lord, in such terms of ardent importunity, as to cause the man himself to turn deadly pale, and to tremble like an aspen leaf. As we were so close to him, we had the amplest opportunity of witnessing the effects of that prayer upon at least the man's outward demeanour. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Often have we since mentally asked, “Was that man's heart touched even as his outward ear was arrested?” and we have mentally added likewise, “Where is he now?”

D. A. D.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS AT BLAISDON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ON one or two occasions we gave an account in these pages of intensely interesting tent-meetings, which are held annually at Blaisdon, a village in Gloucestershire, situated in one of the most charming districts it is possible to conceive. As you stand in the porch of the recently-restored church, or in any part of the graveyard around it, the eye takes in a range of country of scarcely if anything less than fifty to sixty miles extent, embracing hill and dale, the picturesque Severn winding along in the distance, and thus adding what is often lacking in like beauteous spots.

This lovely locality is of special interest to ourselves, inasmuch as it was the birthplace of one whose memory is dear to our heart, and whose mortal remains lie peacefully reposing in one of the several graveyards hard by. A wide field of thought opens as one contemplates the history of families thus identified with certain localities. The sum of such reflections as thus awakened is an acknowledgment and admiration of Divine mercy, grace, and faithfulness. Such contemplations bring vividly to mind the language of the dear old patriarch: "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now am become two bands." Another portion equally precious is likewise, in connexion with these reflections, brought gratefully to remembrance: "And behold," said Joshua, "I am going the way of all the earth: and ye know in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof" (Joshua xxiii. 14).

Not merely, however, for the reason just stated, is this little village and its instructive and refreshing annual gatherings of special interest, but for another cause. We stated last year that we were deterred by the unpropitious weather from attending. The heavy rains which had previously fallen, and which still came down in torrents on the very morning of the meeting, caused us to abandon our purpose of attending. The manner, however, in which our want of faith was rebuked, has ever since been most vividly upon our recollection. When we called at the house of a dear brother and fellow-labourer in the Lord, and found he had started that morning to journey fifty miles in order to attend a tent-meeting, we said reproachfully to ourselves: "He has more faith than I have." When, however, we heard from his lips the subsequent facts, we were still more humbled. The last part of the journey was taken in a covered conveyance, in which was seated a blind lady. The rain was still pouring down; and our friend (we presume, scarcely aware that he gave utterance to his thoughts) said, he hoped that the day might yet clear. The blind lady remonstrated with him upon having doubts about the matter: "Had not fine weather been *prayed* for? Was he not a believer in *prayer*?" "Oh, yes," was his reply. Still he thought within himself, "Could *you* see those clouds above and around us as *I* see them, I doubt if you would have the same confidence." Precisely at one o'clock (the hour announced for commencing the series of meetings), the heavens cleared, and one of the most glorious afternoons and evenings followed. Yea, as our friend and brother (the Rev. E. N. THWAITES) told us yesterday, they prayed not only that the rain might cease, but that the clouds might clear away. In proof that our God is, as of old, still the Hearer and the Answerer of prayer, they went

forth from their conference (which is the first of the sundry meetings, and held in the school-house), they looked around, but not even a cloud was to be seen.

Ah, reader, reader, "is anything too hard for the Lord?" Call it fanaticism or enthusiasm who may, we believe and we rejoice in the covenant God of Israel—in that precious and adorable Lord Jesus who said, "According to thy faith be it done unto thee." Oh, then, for more faith, even though it be but as a grain of mustard seed, the partakers of which, said our dear Lord and Master, "may say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you."

Well, when our dear brother stated these facts to us last year, we took shame to ourselves for our want of faith; and, as we were on our way to our week-evening service, and thinking of this dear believing blind lady, we were led to the words: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isa. xlii. 16); and, naming the foregoing circumstances to the congregation, we could not help remarking that it was a mercy, in a certain sense, to be blind to apparent dangers and difficulties, and to have the eye of faith steadily fixed, as this dear blind lady's was, upon the covenant "I wills" and "they shall" of that covenant God who says, "Prove me now herewith, and see if I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing." Sure we are, that if our dear Lord would but give us a grain of precious faith, we should enter more fully into the language of the poet when he sings:

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And trusts to Christ alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, *It shall be done.*"

"Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" Oh, that dear word—that unspeakably blessed challenge!

But we were about, moreover, to speak of how the Lord overrules all matters appertaining to His dear children for His glory and their good; and how He, in His own wise and wonder-working way, blesses one member (however weak and helpless and unworthy that member in his own apprehension may be) to other members of the self-same household of faith. As stated in the Memoir which it was our privilege to prepare of the late Rev. JOHN TARR, that two or three days after the meeting before referred to, his mortal remains were to be committed to the silent grave. The corpse was to be brought by road some eighteen miles to the cemetery where it was to be laid. The entire forenoon was one of drenching rain; as we sat at our study table, writing the afore-named memoir, and occasionally looked up, it was to see the heavens black with clouds, and the rain coming down without the veriest cessation. Notwithstanding, the recent gracious interposition of our God with respect to the meetings at Blaisdon, so operated upon our mind, and the faith of the dear blind lady so stimulated our simple looking to and trusting in the Lord, that we felt the surest confidence the day would clear up and a propitious afternoon follow the intensely-wet morning. And so it came to pass; although the clouds floated overhead, as if ready at

any moment to discharge their contents upon the waiting group in the cemetery—the funeral being nearly two hours later than announced—not a drop fell!

Reader, simple as this fact may appear, it has had a gracious influence upon our little faith, numberless times since. In regard to the Blaisdon gathering, although the previous days had been marked with an unusual amount of rain for this season of the year, we felt assured propitious weather would be granted. And so it came to pass. The morning was showery, and, as we travelled on the South Wales line, the hay-fields were literally flooded. Large districts were completely under water; even the waggons were left, some with and some without their contents, as if the husbandmen had been compelled to beat a precipitate retreat. Still, with the exception of one or two very slight showers, the day was lovely in the extreme; and the landscape around only rendered additionally beautiful by its freshness, and greenness, and the rapidly-ripening crops.

The first meeting, which was held in the school-house, at one o'clock, was "a conference upon the Power of Prayer." After a very able and most scriptural opening of the subject by the Rev. E. N. THWAITES, at his invitation, several laymen, as well as ministers, rose and narrated most interesting instances of heard-and-answered prayers. The united testimony was of the most glowing and heart-cheering character. That our God was glorified, and souls greatly refreshed and strengthened at this meeting, we have not a doubt. Personally we enjoyed the season exceedingly, and we are sure we were by no means alone, but that the feeling was widespread. If we had a regret during the day's proceedings, it was that when the first tent-meeting was held, the president requested the representatives of eight different and distant parishes to give rather the word of exhortation, than to follow up in these the larger meetings the great and glorious theme with which the day had been so well and so scripturally opened. An occasional illustration, or matter of fact, was now and then given by the speakers; but, inasmuch as plain, truthful testimonies as to what has been actually witnessed or personally experienced, are what we conceived best calculated to meet the scepticism or the stoicism—the Rationalism or the Romanism—of the day, we should have rejoiced in a fuller and more extended declaration by men of observation and experience, of what they personally had witnessed of the good and gracious hand of the Lord. We repeat, we do love—and that increasingly—plain matters of fact. There is no gainsaying them. Sentiments and ideas may be disputed; positive facts never!

As we took no notes of the details of the meetings, we gladly fall back upon the outline sketched by an old friend and occasional correspondent of this Magazine, who was, as usual, present at this deeply-interesting gathering.

Seven years ago, the Rev. EDGAR N. THWAITES, on being presented to the rectory of Blaisdon (by H. CRAWSHAY, Esq., the patron of the living and land-owner of the parish), resolved, by the help of God, to make an effort to awaken attention to spiritual and eternal things, by holding special annual religious services under a large tent near his church. Year by year, this little sequestered village has been visited by five or six hundred persons, to hear the Gospel preached in simplicity and purity, with earnestness and power, of which many persons have borne their

willing testimony. On each occasion, many excellent clergymen—some from the neighbourhood, and some from a great distance—have attended, to strengthen the hands of Mr. THWAITES, and to preach the Word of Reconciliation with which they had been entrusted. The unflagging zeal of Mr. THWAITES in providing these extraordinary means of grace—to which the beautiful surrounding scenery of his church and churchyard give an additional charm—is heartily and thankfully appreciated by the large congregations which are annually gathered from the neighbouring parishes, and from Gloucester, Cheltenham, &c.

On Tuesday last, the seventh annual services were held in the churchyard, under a large tent, which is kindly lent on these occasions by the Rev. W. H. BATHURST, the venerable and worthy proprietor of Lydney Park.

A conference was held in the school-room at one o'clock, when the subject for discussion was "The Power of Prayer," which was opened by the Rector, and in which the Rev. H. BURSON, the Rev. H. J. MARSHALL, and several other friends, took part. Many striking instances of the power of earnest, believing prayer were adduced during the discussion.

At half-past two a prayer meeting was held in the school-room, and at three o'clock the service in the tent was commenced. The congregation was large, and numbers could not gain admission.

The service was commenced by singing the hymn—"Jesus, who lived above the sky." The first speaker was—

The Rev. W. SAUNDERS, Vicar of St. Silas', Bristol. Addressing the audience from the words: "I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (Luke xv. 10), the preacher said that true repentance was a *gift*—one of those good and perfect gifts which came from above—for Jesus was exalted at God's right hand, a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission of sins. He would comprise the few remarks he had to address to them under three questions:—1st, How far a person may go, and not truly repent? 2ndly, What is true repentance? 3rdly, Why is there joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth? Under the first head he showed that a man may tremble under the preached Word; he may earnestly resolve upon a new course of life; he may even appear to run well for a time, and yet cause no joy in heaven; in other words, he may not be the subject of true repentance; and this was illustrated and confirmed, not only from the Word of God, but from his own ministerial experience. In reply to the second question, "What is true repentance?" the rev. gentleman remarked that true repentance had been said to embrace four gracious acts—Conviction of sin, contrition for sin, confession of sin, and conversion from sin. These points were each briefly touched during the interval allotted to each speaker, viz., fifteen minutes. Many answers could be given to the last question, "Why is there joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth?" He would mention only one. Whenever and wherever God's Holy Spirit began the good work of converting grace in any sinner's heart, the blessed intelligences above were confident of this very thing, that it would be carried on and consummated in glory. Otherwise, their songs and rejoicings would be premature. The sinner's true repentance was a fruit of his election, and, as surely as he really repented, so surely would he be glorified. The rev. gentleman concluded his address with a choice passage from the writings of the immortal Augustus Montague Toplady, Vicar of Broad Hembury, and author of "*Rock of Ages!*"

"Salvation! O the joyful sound," was then sung, and

The Rev. W. H. BATHURST delivered the second address. He reminded his hearers that there were two classes of persons present on that occasion. There were those who were far from Christ, who did not love Him, who were not His disciples and servants. The other class were those who were truly united to Christ by a living faith, and who were in some measure living to His glory and for His service. To the former he would affectionately put the inquiry—What hindered them from coming to the Saviour? Was it some secret and cherished sin which they preferred before Him, who alone could save and bless them? Did they prefer the world and its deceitful allurements? Let them answer his questions to their own hearts as in the sight of God. To the second class he would say—How is it that you who love Christ—who have tasted that He is gracious—do not love Him more ardently, serve Him more devotedly, follow Him more unreservedly? He would urge them to seek to live more closely to Jesus, and to crave a larger measure of His grace and Spirit.

The Rev. A. F. DENHAM, Rector of Putley, wished to speak a few words to believers in Christ. It was the purpose of God to save them, for Jesus had declared—"This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Christ had also said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me *hath* everlasting life." Christ was the treasure-house of His people. In Him believers have "redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." The work of redemption was completed when Jesus uttered His expiring cry, "It is finished!" It was the believer's privilege to possess the knowledge of this—he might, and oftentimes could, say with Paul, "I *know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against *that* day."

The Rev. Dr. DOUNEY, Vicar of St. Luke's, Bedminster, followed with an address, "On the various degrees of faith," as manifested in the experience of true Christians. Some believed in Christ's power to save them, but doubted His willingness. Others believed in His willingness, but were afraid to trust in His power. The case of the poor leper, mentioned in Matt. viii. 2, 3, exemplified the former class of believers. "Lord, if Thou *wilt*, Thou canst make me clean," to which the Lord replied, "I *will*, be thou clean." The case of the child possessed of the dumb spirit, Mark ix. 22, 23, was an illustration of the latter class. The father of this poor child addressed our Lord in the language of distrust, "If Thou *canst* do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." Our blessed Lord condescended to meet the poor suppliant on this low ground, and thus encouraged the cry of "little faith" that was in him—"If thou *canst* believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." "With the word of a king there is power," and He who implanted faith in the heart of that stricken father was also its Finisher, for the poor man cried, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" How encouraging to the heart, how strengthening to the faith, of every sin-burdened, Satan-buffed child of God were those records of our Lord's grace, and tenderness, and compassion!

The Rev. W. ARNOLD, Rector of Itton, Monmouthshire, then offered prayer.

The Rev. W. H. ETCHES, Vicar of Longborough, gave a solemn address

on the great question which perplexed the Roman Governor, Pontius Pilate—"What shall I do with Jesus?" He exhorted professed Christians not to imitate Pilate, in crucifying Christ afresh, and putting Him to open shame by their half-heartedness, worldliness, and inconsistency; but to come to Him, to live upon Him, to follow Him, to confess Him in the face of the world—the profane world and the world in the Church—the Pharisees and Sadducees of the present day.

The Rev. H. J. MARSHALL, Rector of Clapton, gave some interesting particulars of the great revival in Scotland, a few years since, which he had personally witnessed, and spoke of the large gatherings, 5,000 in number, that used to assemble in the beautiful domains of that devoted Christian lady, the Duchess of Gordon. The rev. gentleman then gave an affectionate address from the words of Moses to Hobab, his father-in-law (Num. x. 29), "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel."

The Rev. R. D. MONRO, Vicar of The Slad, then spoke. His subject was—"Peace, the portion of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness." This was the blessing which the Lord would give His people. Peace was a *fact* which preceded *feeling*. It was based upon the work of Christ for His people. God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself. Peace was made between God and the sinner. Christ had made it. "He is our peace." His blood had procured peace for the rebel against God. Jesus was the God-man Mediator, who had laid one hand on God, and another on the sinner, and *peace* was the result.

The Rev. J. GRIFFITHS, Rector of Neath, followed, with a powerful address, which would be marred by an attempt to transmit to paper. The audience was completely melted by his impassioned appeals that they would receive the message of *reconciliation*. Though renouncing Sacerdotalism, in every shape and form, as a monstrous assumption, he claimed for himself and brethren the title of *ambassadors* for Christ. They came with a treaty, the terms of which were—laying down the arms of rebellion and coming over to the service of Christ.

The rev. gentleman then offered prayer, and the congregation broke up.

The evening meeting commenced at half-past six o'clock, by singing Robinson's beautiful hymn—"Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," and prayer by the Rev. I. WHITE, Chaplain of the Seamen's Mission at Newport.

The Rev. J. GRIFFITHS delivered the first address, having to return to Neath by an early train. His subject was "Perseverance," founded on the words of our Lord in John xv. 9:—"Continue ye in my love." The best test of true discipleship was continuance in the truth of Christ. He had promised that His disciples should know the truth, and that the truth should make them free. Reason could grasp truth, but could not originate anything. In these days of declension from the truth of Christ, he urged them to hold it fast—to cling to it as their priceless heritage. Notwithstanding the presence of unfaithful men, he had faith that God would not desert to her foes the glorious old Church of England, so long as Christ was exalted within her walls, in the fulness of His grace, and in the completeness and perfection of His salvation.

The Rev. W. H. BATHURST said, a line in one of Dr. Watts' hymns—"Tis like a little heaven below"—struck the note from which he would.

say a few parting words before he left the assembly in company with Mr. GRIFFITHS—they would be on the presence and preciousness of Christ in the heart of a believer.

The Rev. R. D. MONRO then spoke of Christian service. This was the necessary result of reconciliation and peace. God's children were the purchase of Christ's blood; they were bound, therefore, by the constraining power of His love, to offer themselves, their souls, and their bodies, on the altar of His service.

The Rev. H. J. MARSHALL gave a striking address from the words of our Lord to Nicodemus, in John iii. 14, 15, setting forth the destroying power of sin, and the remedy provided in Christ Jesus.

The Rev. W. HURD, of Gloucester, offered prayer.

The Rev. ISAAC WHITE delivered an animated address from Isaiah xlv. 5,—“I am the Lord's,” &c. God has a propriety in His people; they are His by creation, preservation, and redemption. He calls them His portion—His inheritance. When the Lord Jesus claims His people, and converts them by the power of His Holy Spirit, they yield themselves as willing subjects of His kingdom of grace, and are enabled boldly to confess Him before men. The speaker then detailed how, upwards of thirty years ago, he was taken into custody by three policemen in the Royal borough of Windsor, for preaching in a street in that town the Gospel of his blessed Master. He continued preaching as he was conducted through the streets to “durance vile;” but his undisturbed confidence unnerved his gaolers, and he marched back before their eyes to the spot whence they had brought him, and resumed his preaching amid the sympathy and cheers of the bystanders.

The Rev. W. SAUNDERS selected Rom. vi. 22, as the basis of his address,—“But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.” After speaking of his good impressions of the reality of the great awakening at Cardiff, which town he had visited, and where he had preached to large congregations with a power he had scarcely ever realized before, so eagerly was the Word of Life received, the speaker went on to say that the text he had read was a perfect and glorious chain of truth. It was a complete body of divinity: it embodied no less than five of the fundamental verities of the Gospel of Christ. In speaking of the privileges of God's children in the presence of the unconverted, he believed it was often the Spirit's good pleasure to awaken in the hearts of some who heard, an earnest, longing desire to be partakers of those blessed privileges themselves. The first great assertion of the text was, that the Christian believer was now free from sin! What was the meaning of the inspired statement? To be free from sorrow would be a marvellous deliverance! But to be now free from sin, the fount of all trouble! What meaneth this? Did it mean that the believer was *actually* free from sin? Not so. He mourns, and that continually, over his manifold sins. To be full of sin, and yet free from sin! This was a riddle of which the careless world was entirely ignorant. The Christian was delivered from the eternal consequences of sin. “There is even now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.” He is free from the guilt of sin. In the words of the 11th Article of our Church—words perfectly harmonious with God's Truth—“He is accounted righteous before God only for the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, apprehended by faith, and that not for his own works or deservings.

He is made free from the dominion of sin. He is delivered from the love of sin. Sin is that abominable thing which he hates, and for which he loathes himself before God, and by and by he shall be delivered from the very being of sin.

" There we shall see His face,
And never, never, sin ;
There from the rivers of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in."

The happy person thus emancipated then becomes "a servant of God." He is the willing, captivated slave of Jesus Christ, and that service is perfect freedom. "Fruit unto holiness" then necessarily appears. Just as the golden fruit of autumn makes it evident that the tree is alive, and is in no sense the cause of that life, so the good works of a Christian, these fruits unto holiness, are not the cause of his new life or acceptance with God, but the evidences of both. He works not *for* life, but *from* life; not in order to be saved, but because he *is* saved.

" He will not work his soul to save,
For that his Lord hath done ;
But he will work like any slave,
From love to God's dear Son."

The end is "everlasting life." Many and precious are the sure declarations of God's Word that he *hath* everlasting life in Christ Jesus—that Jesus is his life—that when Christ, who is his life, shall appear, then shall he also appear with Him in glory. But the end of this blessed freedom, the end of this happy servitude, the end of this fruit unto holiness, is the full fruition of it in heaven. It will be grace completed. Grace is the bud; glory the full-blown flower. Grace is glory begun below; glory is grace perfected above. These inestimable blessings, and most sure privileges, he earnestly desired his hearers to be made partakers of. This constituted real happiness indeed; this was the good news the Gospel brought. To be saved in Jesus with an everlasting salvation, and to have the assurance of it by God's Spirit witnessing with our spirits, that we are His children, and His heirs, this was really the joys of heaven begun on earth.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!" was then sung with much feeling by the large congregation, led by a harmonium, which was played by Mr. Bailey, the organist. The Rev. W. CORTLE offered prayer.

The Rev. Dr. DOUDNEY, in giving the concluding address, said he would gather up the fragments which had fallen from the preceding speakers, and say—"Is anything too hard for the Lord?" From this favourite text of his he had often derived encouragement under trial and difficulty, and he proposed it for the consideration and comfort of all present.

The Rector made a few remarks, and offered the concluding prayer, and thus ended the seventh happy gathering at Blaisdon, of Christians of every name, who trust in the blood of the Lamb.

A copy of the hymns that were sung, embellished with a neat engraving of Blaisdon Church, was given by the Rector to each person present, as a memento of the day; and a large number of tracts and copies of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE and *Old Jonathan* were distributed at the churchyard gate.

Gloucester, July 12th, 1872.

R. HANSON.

ONE MORE "STONE OF HELP."

RECENTLY, the following words of David to Abiathar came again and again to my mind—"With me thou shalt be in safeguard" (1 Sam. xxii. 23). No special power at the time attended them. Being unwell, I could not rest as usual. About two o'clock in the morning, the words returned with power to my soul. I asked the Lord if He intended them for me, as I felt afraid to claim them as mine, unless I had authority to do so from Him. They came again and again with such sweetness and melting power, as caused me to wet my pillow with tears of solemn joy. My dear wife, feeling concerned about my state of health, was awake; and, perceiving I was much affected with something, she asked me what was the matter, and if I wanted anything? Yes, something was the matter, and I replied, "All is right,"—a rare thing for me feelingly to say in regard to soul affairs.

In answer to the question if I wanted anything, I said, I wanted to praise the Lord. My soul for awhile was like "a watered garden." Passage after passage of God's holy Word flowed into my mind, but particularly the words, "With me thou shalt be in safeguard." Oh, this "with me!" From the effects which followed the words, I feel convinced they were meant for me. It was as if the Lord had assured my soul that "with Him" I should be in safeguard; in Church troubles (which are no bubbles); new chapel-building troubles; in temptations, trials, afflictions; in life, in death, and for ever and ever. Everything my soul seemed to need appeared to be in the words. Ah, it's this blessed "with me." What is all without this "with me?" What can be substituted in the place of this "with me?"

I found it very helpful in quieting my mind, in encouraging my soul, and in begetting in me the feeling of patience and resignation to the Lord's will, let come what may. I know I must die, but death will not separate my soul from this "with me." Oh, the eternal union between the living soul and the ever-living and ever-loving Jesus! I cannot tell what is coming. It may be some heavy trial or affliction may be near, or even death. I therefore put these few lines down in the fear of the Lord, as showing forth His free grace, great mercies, and faithfulness towards one of the chiefest of sinners. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." How I sometimes wish I could praise the Lord more than I do! Reader, don't you?

How I could confess my sins to the Lord when He melted my heart, and shone into my soul! It came out like water out of a fountain. For some time before this my soul had felt in a low state, and I needed afflictions and a hot furnace to purge the dross from me, and so fit me to sympathize with the dear tried children of God.

The portion of Scripture, among others, which at the time came so suitably to my soul was Isaiah xliii. 2: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," &c. I could see, and feel too, that with this "with me" I could go through the rivers, and walk through the fire, but not else. I feel it was very kind in the Lord—the great God—the Maker of heaven and earth, to light up my soul in the silent night-watches, with a ray of His divine favour, producing in my soul such a love to the Lord Jesus, such sweet relentings, and such a willingness of mind to bear all He saw fit to send upon me. For the most part I

find it is in hard-up, squeezed-up, and pinched-up times and seasons that the Lord shows out and forth His great grace to my poor never-dying soul. And yet how my fallen nature shrinks from anything like trials and afflictions! But, bless His dear name, He will not forsake the work of His own hands: "If we believe not, yet He abideth faithful; He cannot deny Himself." Only a few days before the Lord blessed my soul in the way related, I had been begging Him to grant me a blessing; but I did not know when or how it was to come. Still, thank God, it has come, and not all the Balaams in the world can possibly reverse it. How can I estimate the power of God to my soul? How much the dear Saviour went through to procure this blessing for me! It is most certainly all of grace, and not of works, lest any man should boast.

Tetbury.

F. F.

TREAT TO THE OLD PARISHIONERS OF ST. LUKE'S, BEDMINSTER.

(From the *Bristol Daily Post*, of July 12.)

THE annual tea-meeting of the old parishioners of St. Luke's Bedminster, took place last evening in the new schoolroom, Weare Street, when there was a large gathering. The Vicar, the Rev. Dr. DOWNEY, presided, and he was supported by the Rev. W. SAUNDERS (St. Silas), Rev. G. THOMPSON (curate), and others. The schoolroom was prettily decorated with flags, banners, and mottoes; and the gaseliers were adorned with chaplets of flowers. The Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. PROCTOR BAKER) were present at the opening of the proceedings, and they cordially shook hands with the most venerable of the old parishioners, a patriarch *whose age was within three years of a century*. After tea the Rev. Chairman delivered an earnest address, in the course of which he assured those present that he always looked forward with pleasure to that exceedingly interesting gathering, though he could not refrain from expressing a regret that his aged parishioners were not seen at church in such numbers as formerly. Producing the list of invitations on that occasion, he said 348 had accepted invitations, and their united ages amounted to no less than 23,146 years. Their individual ages were as follows:—27 of 62 years of age, 20 of 63, 17 of 64 years, 13 of 65 years, 13 of 66, 16 of 68 years, 10 of 69, 21 of 70 years, 12 of 71, 12 of 72 years, eight of 73, eight of 74 years, six of 75, six of 76 years, five of 77, nine of 78 years, six of 79 years, two of 80 years, three of 81 years, two of 82 years, four of 83 years, one of 84 years, one of 85 years, two of 86 and one of 97 years. Of this 348, who had accepted invitations, notwithstanding that they had intended coming only a few days ago, only 250 were able to attend that evening. The Rev. gentleman drew a practical lesson from this fact, and then reminded them that it was the usual practice to have printed on the card which each of the invited guests received, with their name and age, a watchword for the year. That watchword for the present year would be the little, although weighty, word, "Me." Texts of Scripture would be found on these cards having reference to this word, and in some further judicious remarks the speaker dwelt in a practical way upon the word as a text of discourse. The Rev. W. SAUNDERS, the Rev. G. THOMPSON, and others, also addressed the meeting, which throughout was of an unusually interesting character.

"ME."

EVASION	Gen. iii. 12, 13.
CONSOLATION	2 Sam. xxiii. 5.
DECISION	Psalm xvi. 8.
SATISFACTION	" xxiii. 4.
REFLECTION	" xlii. 5.
SUPPLICATION	" li. 10.
MEDITATION	" ciii. 1—5.
MODERATION	Prov. xxx. 8, 9.
CONFESSION	Jonah ii. 1—7.
SUBMISSION	Micah vii. 9.
LAMENTATION	Zech. xii. 10.
DEDICATION	Matt. xxvi. 39.
DECLARATION	John xv. 5.
INTERROGATION	" xxi. 15—17.
REDEMPTION	Gal. ii. 20.
CONSUMMATION	Rev. iii. 4, vii. 9 — 17, xxii. 12.

A RELIGION OF THE RIGHT SORT.

A DEAR friend of mine, now with the Lord, often used the above expression. And what did he mean by "A Religion of the Right Sort," think you, reader?

Why, he meant a Religion which the great God of heaven and earth, without the will or power of the creature, begins in the heart of a poor sinner dead in sin by His quickening Spirit, according to those wonderful words in John (5th chapter, 25th verse): "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." This good word begun by the Lord can never be frustrated by sin, Satan, or the world; but will be carried on to completion, as it is written: "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it, until the day of Jesus Christ."

"The work which His goodness began,
The arm of His strength will complete.
His promise is yea and amen;
And never was forfeited yet."

So that "A Religion of the Right Sort" is *Eternal Life* in the *heart* or *soul*. This the mere professor possesses not—desires not. "It is not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God" alone.

Nature dislikes, despises, and opposes this Religion. But where this Religion is indeed and in truth, the fruits and effects will be dying to sin and living unto God—dying to this world, and living to the world to come—dying to self, and living to Christ.

Now, reader, have you "A Religion of the Right Sort?" or do you truly desire from your heart to have such a Religion as is here imperfectly described? If you do, you are already blessed.

Gospel.

A. H.

THE cross, with holiness, will bring the mortifying of the flesh—the shame of the world—and the reproach of men.

Correspondence.

A WORD IN SEASON.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—In "The Family Portion" for May you tell us when you first took up your pen in connection with the GOSPEL MAGAZINE and OLD JONATHAN.

"The only wise God" fixed the time when you should take up the pen; yes, and He has also settled the time when you shall cease to use it.

You have not found the use of the pen a bitter trial, but a "sweet labour," because it has been "*the Lord's work.*" This will account for the absence of what is vinegar-like in your useful writings, and also for the presence of what is honey-like in them.

I felt that part particularly where you say, "Oh, how good and gracious, loving and tender, has He been! And it is our grief, our sore sorrow, that we should ever, even for a moment, doubt His kindness, or call in question His wisdom; it is such poor returns for His mercy." True, very true. Doubt! how it puts a child of God about. It seems remarkable, that after all you have written in faith, of faith, and which has been in harmony with the analogy of faith, you should still be sometimes put about with doubt.

Your saying so has encouraged my often desponding soul, as it shows that other servants of the Lord are plagued with such things, as well as the poor shaking and quaking creature who writes these lines.

It seems, at times, as if I could give myself a good horse-whipping (for I should not like anyone else to do it), on account of doubting so much. Oh, how suitable has been to me the heart-cries of the poor man who said, with wet eyes, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

Another thing struck me, namely, that although you had room in your hand for the *pen*, you had no room for *stones*. This shows that while you have in your hand a pen to use *for* the Lord, you have no stones in your hand to throw *against* man, however vile. How often it is otherwise with those who are not taught to use the pen by the Lord. The Lord alone can teach His children properly how to hold and use the pen.

Children often get rapped by their schoolmaster because they do not hold their pens rightly; but in the use of yours you have felt the smile and approbation of the Lord, making what you have thus written "sweet labour." What wisdom and grace are needed from the Lord in order to know how, where, and when to use the pen!

Its abuse causes much harm, its right use much good; its abuse kindles fires, its right use extinguishes them; its abuse cuts and wounds, its right use binds up and heals; its abuse spreads disease, its right use health; its abuse causes trouble and pain, its right use gives ease and pleasure; its abuse vents forth a lava from the heart, a red-hot-heart-burning mountain lava, which does more damage than that which has recently burst out from Mount Vesuvius, its right use sends forth a fertilizing stream—is like a flowing brook—a refreshing shower—a gentle dew causing fruitfulness, or like a deep river bearing upon its surface

commodities suitable for the sick and healthy, poor and rich, weak and strong, young and old, the living and dying.

That hand of yours which has used the pen so often will soon be stiff and cold in death—unusable; but the blessed words written by it—words of counsel, of wisdom, of knowledge, of instruction, of truth, of love, of God, will live for ever. Ah, my dear brother, it will soon be all over with us here below. The best—the very best—is to come. *Here*, you have had “sweet labour;” *there*, is “sweet rest.” The good Lord still be with you at all times, and in all places, and make your last days your best days, “fat and flourishing.”

I remain, my dear Brother,

Yours in the love of Christ's glorious Gospel,

F. F.

Tetbury.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE American difficulty has been most happily settled. The arbitrators at Geneva declared the indirect claims to be inadmissible, and the American Government accepted this decision, consequently all occasion for a quarrel is removed. We have reason to be truly grateful to Almighty God for this happy result.

The movement of the “Old Catholics” on the Continent seems to be prospering. Father Hyacinthe has left Rome for Paris, but, before leaving Rome, he established a Committee of the “Old Catholics” there, of which he is president. The programme of this Committee has been published; it states:—“The Committee established in Rome for the defence of the Catholic faith against the innovations of these latter times, and for the promotion of a disciplinary and moral reform in the Church, feels the necessity of proclaiming that it is on the divine foundation of Jesus Christ that it intends to erect its work. Any attempt at religious reform inspired by another spirit is, in its eyes, struck with impotence; it confesses Christ to be the Son of the living God, the sole Redeemer of souls and nations, and it is from Him that it expects the regeneration of which the world has need. Firmly attached to the faith established in the Church by Christ and His Apostles, we accept, with the Holy Scriptures, all the traditions of Divine origin and all legitimate decrees of the Catholic Church. But we absolutely reject the human traditions which have become mingled with the results of revelation, as well as the abuses of authority by which it has been sought to maintain and impose them. We particularly reject the Council of the Vatican as deficient in liberty and œcumenicity, and the dogmas it promulgated as being the consecration of all the errors and abuses previously introduced into Catholicism.” Surely these are decided stages towards Protestantism! The Committee (writes the Correspondent of the *Times*) is numerous composed, and is understood to comprise names which it is not at present deemed desirable to publish. “The ramifications seem to be becoming extensive, in America as well as in Europe. At Palermo, according to the report brought by M. Caprera, who has been for some time in that city, editing a paper called *Patria e Vangelo*, 11,000 persons inscribed themselves as Old Catholics when the Census was taken there in December last. There seems much earnestness and enthusiasm among the supporters of the movement,

and they declare themselves highly satisfied with the progress making. Organization advances, and the day is impatiently awaited when the arrival of a crisis which cannot now be very long deferred shall afford the opportunity of a vigorous step in advance."

The "Old Catholics" have also been engaged in a singular trial in Austria respecting auricular confession. The circumstances appear to have been these:—At the great meeting held at Munich, in September, a programme was drawn up denouncing auricular confession, as being an evil which crept into the Roman Catholic Church many centuries after its establishment. On the 2nd of January last, there appeared an article in the *Vorstadt Zeitung*, of Vienna,—the recognized organ of the "Old Catholics" of Austria,—headed "Auricular Confession." The writer of this article was Alois Antoin, formerly a Roman Catholic priest in a village near Linz. For publishing this article the paper was confiscated, and the responsible editor, as well as Alois Antoin, the writer of the article, were indicted for publishing and writing an article which contained statements derogatory to the Roman Catholic religion, this being in contravention of the criminal law. When the trial came off, and the Chief Judge or President having read over the charge, asked Alois Antoin what he had to say, the defendant replied:—"My article contained no attacks on any Roman Catholic doctrine or dogmas; it treated of confession, and confession is not a dogma—that is, not *auricular* confession." The doctrine of confession runs thus:—"Without the acknowledgment of sin there can be no forgiveness of sin." Many centuries passed without there being a single example of auricular confession. Auricular confession is an abuse of the practice of confession. This is proved by the bulls of the Popes Paul IV., Pius IV., and Gregory XIV. Neither the Holy Scriptures nor the true Catholic Church acknowledge this form of Confession. St. Paul says: "The sinner examines himself;" had he referred to auricular confession he would have said: "The sinner lets himself be examined." The Jury, without retiring, pronounced both the accused "Not Guilty," amidst great acclamation.

In the *Pall Mall* "Notes from Rome" we read that there is a work of Count Montalembert in the possession of Father Hyacinthe, entitled, "Spain and the Revolution." It is a lengthened attack on the Court of Rome and the Inquisition. The Countess Montalembert threatens Father Hyacinthe with a lawsuit if he publishes the work, but as the publication is authorized by a letter of the deceased, she will certainly be defeated. The work will first appear in the organ of the Old Catholics at Rome—the *Esperance*.

A great debate has taken place in the German Parliament respecting the Jesuits. It occupied two days, and will probably be remembered as a period in Continental history. The debate arose from several hundred petitions being sent up to Parliament, some advocating the expulsion of the Jesuits from the country; some, and these the majority, interceding in behalf of that pious and persecuted Order. Several remarkable speeches were made, and some strong things said against the Jesuits: e.g., Herr Fischer, a Roman Catholic, and burgomaster of the Bavarian town of Augsburg, said:—"Though the Catholic Church is not yet wholly identified with the Order of the Jesuits, considerable progress has been made towards merging it in that particular society for the acquisition of worldly goods. Indeed, I am afraid that the time is coming when the reproaches which are now being hurled against the Jesuits will

be extended to the whole body of the Church. The power of the Order has of late been constantly on the increase. The first experiment they tried was to proclaim the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. While that was being settled I ventured to ask a well-known dignitary of the Church whether, in his opinion, it would answer to startle the 19th century by such a dogma. His reply was, 'Why not let the poor old maids of Cardinals do as they like?' Gentlemen of the Ultramontane centre, I was perfectly prepared for your cry, as I foresaw you would not relish my little story. It has, however, the merit of being true. This dogma having been started as a *ballon d'essai*, the others followed in due sequence, the men-servants of the Pope, as the Cardinals have been recently called by a stout Ultramontane, vying with each other who should be the first to vote for the novel conceits of their master. Regarding the Jesuits, it must be avowed that their reputation has never been high in civilized countries. What they have lately been to Germany may be gathered from the dictum of Ludwig I. of Bavaria—a monarch whose sincere devotion to the Catholic Church has never been questioned. That King, who died only a few years ago, called the Jesuits 'the most selfish Prætorians, displaying all the foibles of Prætorianism in the very worst sense of the word.'" The result of the debate was that the following resolution was adopted:—"The German Imperial Parliament refers to the Chancellor of the German Empire the enclosed petitions praying for, and protesting against, the expulsion of Jesuits. The German Imperial Parliament requests the Chancellor of the German Empire to take measures—firstly, that peace and concord between the various Churches and denominations be preserved in the Empire, that the members of the various Churches and denominations enjoy an equality of rights, and that the subject be protected against undue arrogance and coercion on the part of the clergy: and, secondly, that a Bill be introduced, which shall regulate the position of all religious Orders, congregations, and societies, decide whether they shall be admitted, and on what terms, and enact adequate penalties should they imperil public order and safety, special regard being had in all this to the action of the Order of the Jesuits." In accordance with this vote of the Imperial Parliament, the Chancellor brought in a Bill, which has since become law, abolishing all Jesuit convents and other similar establishments, and practically conferring on the Government the power to expel every Jesuit from the country.

An important Synod has been held in Paris—that of the French Protestant Church. There have been but three Synods held in France since the foundation of the Protestant Church. The first was in the time of Charles IX. The second that of Loudun, which came off shortly before the revolution of the Edict of Nantes. The third is the one just held in the Temple of the Saint Esprit. This Synod is composed of two distinct parties; one, the orthodox party, numbering about fifty-five members; the other, a kind of Broad Church party, numbering somewhat less. The former party is headed by M. Guizot; it regards all the Reformed Churches of Europe in the light of sisters, and proclaims with them the sovereign authority of the Holy Scriptures in matters of religious faith and salvation. The unorthodox minority, on the contrary, appear to open its ranks to persons of almost every form of belief which can lay the slightest claim to the name of Protestant. It is said that in a worldly point of view the Protestant Church of France prospers mightily. The banking business of the country is well-nigh monopolized by Jews and

members of the Reformed Churches. To a still greater extent than the Hebrew race do the Protestants represent the manufacturing interests and worldly prosperity. The *Journal des Débats*, in respect of Protestant editors and contributors, may fairly pass as an heretical paper in the eyes of M. Louis Veuillot. Heresy has also a strong footing in the *Temps* and *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It heads the Municipal Council of Paris, and M. Thiers, despite his weakness for the Papacy, paid the Reformed Church the compliment of saying the other day that he looks upon it as a mainstay of order, and would regard it, were it sufficiently numerous, as a guarantee for what is so hard to realize in France, a progressive yet wisely Conservative Republic.

The excitement in Ireland respecting Judge Keogh continues. It really seems as if his life is in danger. Ought not this to open the eyes of our rulers to the folly of truckling to Romanism? If a British judge cannot reprimand some priests without endangering his life and exposing himself to insult, what egregious folly it must be to foster that monstrous system of which the priests form an integral part! In travelling, Judge Keogh has had to be guarded to the train by a force of police; the train itself is preceded by a pilot engine, and the compartment next to the judge occupied by armed detectives. Special forces also of soldiers and constabulary are quartered in all the towns of his circuit.

Dr. Livingstone has at last been found, by an enterprising American, a special correspondent of the *New York Herald*. From the account at present received it appears that the Doctor is alive and well, and that after many years of arduous toil in the centre of Africa, he has discovered that the river Chambezi is the source of the Nile, and that that great river is 2,600 miles long.

A PRAYER.

ABBA, Father, hear my cry,
Lowly at Thy feet I lie;
O do Thou Thy Spirit send,
While I at Thy footstool bend.

Merit of my own I've none,
But I trust that of Thy Son;
Righteousness in Him I see,
Put the spotless robe on me.
Give the riches of thy grace,
Pardon, holiness and peace;
Make me meet Thy face to see,
And live with Thee eternally.

If a little while below
Waiting all Thy mind to know,
As a stranger I remain
In this world of grief and pain.

Give me patience to fulfil,
And suffer all Thy righteous will;
Keep me in the good old path.
Steadfast, faithful, unto death.

May my life and conduct show
The good seed has not ceased to grow;
Water it with dew from heaven,
Fructify with gospel leaven.

Manchester.

Hide Thy word within my heart,
Never let Thy truth depart;
Precepts, promises be mine,
O'er them all in wisdom shine.

Still unfold them to me more,
May I gain so rich a store
That all else prove valueless
Nothing ever dispossess
Let the life and actions done
Not be mine, but Christ's alone.
Dead to all the world beside
Living in the Crucified.

Sanctify my every thought,
Then into subjection brought
All that now opposes Thee,
Merged in Christ my Lord would be.
Grant me, then, Thy Spirit's aid;
Blessed Saviour, Thou hast said,
"Ask, it shall be given," then
Seek, nor ever seek in vain.
O then hear a beggar's cry,
Waiting, at Thy feet I lie;
Knocking, turn me not away,
Asking, seeking, day by day.

A LITTLE ONE.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDREAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 81,
NEW SERIES. }

SEPTEMBER 2, 1872.

{ No. 1,281,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 Cor. i. 4.

DIVINE SYMPATHY AND SUCCOUR.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."
—HEB. ii. 14, 15.

WE were approaching a tunnel, and there was no light in the carriage, and we became very anxious lest our little one should be terrified by being so suddenly plunged into dense darkness. We remembered that, when travelling on the same line of railway, some years ago, a father had asked the guard, at the previous station, for the loan of his lamp, lest his child should be alarmed at the darkness. That little incident taught us a lesson of parental care, and led us to think of the infinitely greater tenderness and consideration of God our Father, in regard to His children passing through scenes of darkness, and at last encountering the dark valley of the shadow of death. It was the same tunnel we were now about to pass through, at the entrance to which the incident just named had occurred. But we had no light. The guard's help had been overlooked; consequently we were the more thrown upon God. And, as we passed on amid the intense darkness, we thought, "Shall I, a poor sinner, feel all this anxiety about my child's position at this moment, and the Lord—all love and tenderness as He is—be indifferent to *His* children's welfare, as they pass through the gloom and the darkness of death?" Moreover, there was another feeling. Occupied, as we had been, in conversation with our fellow-passengers, we had quite overlooked our near approach to the tunnel, otherwise we should have gladly taken our loved one, and covered its little face, so as for it not to have seen the dark, as we hugged it to our breast; and we should have patted and pressed it, to assure it that "Father was there!" and we should have sought to have kissed and soothed its

fears away. Yes, we would have given anything to have had our little one in our arms at that moment. Again we ask, Shall a poor finite creature, with all his sins and frailties and infirmities, be the subject of these keen and tender emotions, and yet the Lord God Himself—Jehovah Jesus, the Husband and Brother and devoted Friend of His Church—lack the sympathy and the tenderness and the compassion of which His loved ones so stand in need, in regard to the final struggle—the severance of body and soul, when they come into the dark valley of the shadow of death, or are called to encounter the swellings of Jordan?

Ah, it is doing Him a great dishonour to entertain, even for a moment, a doubt upon His sustaining power, and His upholding mercy, and His divine presence, at such a crisis. He has too tender and loving and considerate a heart to be neglectful or unmindful of His loved and loving ones in such circumstances. Apart from all His kind and gracious pledges at this all-important juncture—when heart and flesh fail—we may well bear in mind and tenaciously cherish the thought, that the Lord Himself personally knew what it was to have death in prospect—aye, and what a death, too!

Dear reader, how many times—yea, we may say hundreds and even thousands—have we grasped, as it were, those words of Jesus, as a drowning man would lay hold of the rope that was thrown to his aid—“I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened [margin, pained] until it be accomplished!” Then, how additionally weighty does it become, if we connect this utterance of the Man of Sorrows with another that He expressed again and again in Gethsemane’s garden, “Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done!”

There was, however, another fact with respect to our little one and the incident before mentioned, which was suggestive. We observed that, just as the train was passing through the cutting, and about to enter the tunnel, the dear child had become sleepy, and was in the act of laying her little head upon the nurse’s breast. Consequently, she would take the less heed to the darkness in which she was about to be enveloped. Thought we, “This is just how it is with the Lord’s dear children. He lays His afflictive hand upon them, in connexion with which they undergo what we may call *the reducing process*. Their spirits and energy and strength are gradually brought down, so that they have little or nothing left. From very weariness and exhaustion they long for repose. They are not only made willing, but anxious, to depart. Or, it may be, under the weight of years, they are literally worn out, and long for the rest of the grave.

How often, in the course of our parochial visitations, have we seen this upon the part of the sick and the suffering! They have been literally worn out, and thoroughly exhausted, in consequence of the sickness or the malady under which they had lingered. Consequently, they *longed for death*. Vainly have such imagined that death would terminate their sufferings. For their great—yea, their momentous—

change have they ardently panted, and yet, at the same time, wholly destitute of any Gospel hope beyond the grave, and in relation to all the vast realities of eternity. Such, as the Psalmist describes it, "have no bands in their death."

Now, beloved, our argument is this: Shall the wicked, upon these grounds, be made willing—yea, even anxious—to die; and shall the Lord's own eternally-loved and everlastingly-saved ones know nothing of what willingness "to depart and be with Christ" is, upon the self-same footing of being wearied and worn under sickness and suffering? Be assured, dear reader, the Lord, in a very gracious way, makes use of the self-same means for "bringing down the hearts" of His loved ones. Heart and flesh failing through the pressure of sickness or sorrow, He, by little and little, deadens His dear people to earth and earthly things, and causes them more and more to aspire after "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Yea, their very weakness and weariness—their utter prostration and thorough powerlessness—prompt them the more to long for that blessed world "where the inhabitant never says, I am sick, and the people who dwell therein are forgiven their iniquity."

Reader, have you not personally experienced at least somewhat of the things of which we speak, when the Lord has laid His afflictive hand upon you? Not only has the world lost its charms, and those things in which you have been wont to engage its attractions, but what a longing has there been Christward and heavenward! How, at such sacred seasons, have you felt with the immortal Toplady—

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
How sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away!

"Sweet on His faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on the covenant of grace,
For all things to depend.

"Sweet in the confidence of faith,
To trust His wise decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His."

Or, as another poet sings—

"For that blest hour she daily sighs,
When she, His face to view,
Shall in immortal glory rise,
And bid all sin adieu!"

"Ah, these are blessed realities, dear reader, and there are two thoughts of wonder and amazement which grow out of them. The one is, when thus under the sweet influence of sanctified sorrow and affliction, that our minds had ever been so carnal as to be occupied and engrossed with the trumpery and the trivial of time and its trifles. We have, at such times, been astounded that the world's mere baubles should have had such an almost-overpowering influence upon

us; and we have, at the same time, seen our folly in that we have allowed the good or the bad opinions of men so to weigh with us. We have, at such seasons, so fully discovered the fact, that "vain is the help of man."

The second ground of surprise is, if so be the Lord has been pleased to raise us from the bed of languishing, and again restored to us a measure of health and strength that, with all the teaching we had had, and the salutary lessons thus set before us, we should ever be guilty of the self-same folly of thus again being engrossed with the world and the things of time and sense. Yet, sure we are that, if Divine grace prevent not, instead of less worldliness and less carnality, and less care for name and fame, the glittering gold and the shining silver, after being snatched back, as it were, from the very verge of the grave, there is *additional love* for earthly things, and *increased lusting* after the paltry and the perishing of this poor dying world.

Reader, if you have been mercifully preserved from this sad spirit, doubtless you have observed it in others; and, if such really belong to the Lord, what bitterness awaits them; what a bringing to book; what a renewal of inconceivable anguish, when the Lord, in very deed and most unmistakably says, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live;" when He calls upon such to "give account of their stewardship, for that they may be no longer steward." We repeat, when laid aside again from the business of life and the all-engrossing concerns of this poor sinful world, and when led afresh to contemplate former lessons and the resolutions connected therewith, to say the least, how terrible will be the conflict! how fearful the dismay! If saved, how absolutely as by "the skin of their teeth!" And a more dreadful hell will such feel they never need have than that thus, under the circumstances, enkindled in their soul.

But, should the Lord, in the case of the reader, be exercising in regard to him certain restraints, in a way of weight, or care, or anxiety, the which keep him a poor dependent at the throne, causing him to feel that he has personally nothing whatever to glory in; that of necessity he is compelled to "cleave to the Lord with purpose of heart," and to "follow hard after Him;" oh, how great is this mercy, and what real ground for thankfulness and gratitude has he! How will such bless and praise—magnify and adore—the Lord, another day, for the goodness and the mercy thus manifested towards him! How will he then discover that cares and perplexities—sufferings and sorrows—disappointments and defeats, were part—and an essential part, too—of that wise and loving discipline by which a kind and gracious Father preserved His child from those follies and vanities and thraldoms and sins, under the power of which others have been forcibly, if not fatally, captivated.

Moreover, when sickness and death come, how will his very trials and perplexities—cares and anxieties—have already been instrumental in loosening his hold upon this poor dying world, and how

much more ready he, when "the Master shall come and call for him," to exclaim, "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according unto Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Oh, the blessedness of sanctified affliction! Oh, how great the mercy to be "poor and needy," and to feel at the same time what the Psalmist was privileged to feel and rejoice in, "Yet the Lord thinketh upon me!"

Reader, can you say so?

But again, beloved, let us dwell for a moment upon the tender and loving sympathies of our adorable High-priest. We have spoken somewhat of the thought and consideration of man, poor and frail and sinful as he is, but what comparison, think you, can all his forethought and care and affection bear to that of the infinitely-wise, ever-gracious, and altogether-lovely Jesus? No thought can conceive, much less words express, one tithe of what His tenderness and sympathy and compassion are. Be assured, it is but in the very smallest measure, and in the most imperfect degree, that we can enter into the fulness and blessedness of the fact, that He came to "deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

We would have the reader remark the wording of this portion: it says they were *subject* to bondage. It does not say, they were *always* in bondage, but only *subject* to it, implying that there are certain times and seasons when Satan and their own timid, distrustful, and unbelieving hearts so conspire together as to fill them with fear and dread, and a recoiling at the veriest thought of death and the cold grave.

It is astonishing what havoc Satan makes with the poor minds of even some of the Lord's most highly-favoured ones, when, as in the case of Job, the Lord permits him to assault the soul. Nevertheless, even his powerful attacks and all his fiery darts are overruled for good. Instrumentally they drive or they draw such a poor sinner out of himself. Such temptations and exercises lead to creature-distrust, and to fleeing to the Strong for strength; and, sooner or later, Jesus draws nigh in sweet and blessed manifestation. He gives the poor sinner a glimpse of Himself. He reminds him of what He Himself personally has encountered as "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." He declares Himself to be at once the Sin-bearer and the Burden-bearer also. He testifies to the great fact that all sin and condemnation are done away by that one offering of His, which "hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." He shows that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are in holy fellowship with regard to the Mediatorial work of the great Surety, that "whom the Son maketh free are free indeed," and that there is "therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

Moreover, with respect to death and dying, this ever-blessed and most adorable Lord Jesus declares Himself to be "the Resurrection and the Life." He shows that He Himself, in His own Person, hath

paid the penalty of sin in His own personal death ; and that, consequently, death is a harmless and a friendly messenger to all those who are found in Him. All such have a divine warrant for exclaiming, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Equally blessed and equally warranted is the dear child of God in the adoption of the language of the Apostle Paul, in the closing up of the eighth chapter of his epistle to the Romans: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

As verily as the Lord God Omnipotent liveth and reigneth, dear child of God, you shall realize dying strength in a dying hour. You will not need it till then; but assuredly then it shall be bestowed. We have no more doubt about it than we have of our own existence. Have you not, permit us to ask, even until this very present hour, realized the fulfilment of the promise, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be?" Can you—dare you—deny the fact? Whatever your previous fears, in prospect of trial or temptation—loss or cross—affliction or privation—suffering or sorrow—has there, we ask, been a solitary instance—a day or an hour—in which strength has not been vouchsafed? Amid all the variety and diversity of heart-crushing sorrows—keen trials—sore temptations, has not the Lord been invariably and unexceptionably as good as His word, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness?" Is it not verily a truth, as far as the past is concerned, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man?" Perhaps you may fear to add, but indeed you may, for verily our God is true; His word is like Himself, unchanged and unchangeable; and the *past* is a blessed and earnest pledge of the *future*—we repeat, you may add the remainder of this precious portion, "and God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that *ye* are able, but will *with the temptation also* [mark the language, reader, "*will with the temptation*"—not before, for you do not need it—also] make a way for your escape, that *ye* may be able to bear it." Oh, blessed promise, and thrice-blessed Promiser!

Oh, Thou blessed and eternal Spirit, do put power and unction—dew and savour—into Thy word, and enable Thy poor and needy ones to receive and believe the same, so that, from time to time,

they may come before Thee, at Thine own footstool, with Thine own word, putting Thee in remembrance, pleading with Thee, bringing forth their strong arguments, and beseeching Thee that "Thou wouldst do as Thou hast said!"

Dear reader, we remember, some two or three years ago, when in London, going to hear a certain Gospel minister. Although there was the full assent and consent to all that was advanced, nothing in particular was brought home to the heart with special power and holy unction. Returning, however, from the house of the Lord, and conversing with a dear brother in the faith upon the subject of dying strength in a dying hour, there was one remark of his which carried more weight and blessedness and comfort to our soul than the whole of the sermon to which we had just listened. It was this: he had some time before had a slight attack of cholera; but, although suffering great pain, he did not think he was about to die, and for this reason, *he did not then realize the strength which he verily believed he should realize when really brought into dying circumstances.*

The force and power of that observation to our own soul at that moment we can by no means express; suffice it, we believe it to be an undeniable verity, and standing in sweet and blessed harmony with the promise, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be." Oh, dear reader, have you not again and again found, that what you were perfectly unequal to one day, in point of strength and courage to encounter certain trials or difficulties, you have been enabled, it may be the very next day or hour, to bear, when in reality brought to stand face to face with the trial? Mark you, all this is but the earnest and proof that you shall verily experience and enjoy dying strength in a dying hour. Then you will need it, and then you shall have it, as verily as Jehovah is what He is.

Moreover, there is another thought, by no means contradictory to the dear brother's remark just now quoted, but only in sweet and blessed keeping with the analogy of faith: it is with respect to that precious calmness and perfect fearlessness which one has been permitted and privileged to realize, when it has really appeared as if the time of one's departure had in very deed come. Are there not those whom we now address who can bear their own personal testimony to the fact, that they have at certain times and seasons realized this? They have felt verily as though they were actually in the waters of the Jordan, and yet, at the same time, perfectly calm and unmoved. Beloved, this is another blessed earnest—another precious token—that it shall be well with you when you come to die. Notwithstanding all that Satan and your own heart may say to the contrary, you are perfectly justified in regarding this as a precious evidence and Scriptural mark of Divine grace and compassion. It is, dear reader, a love-token from on high.

We remember one of our beloved correspondents who for many, many years was the subject of this fear of death, and who could not

all those years realize her own personal interest in Jesus, or "read her title clear to mansions in the skies." It pleased God, however, on one or more occasions, to lay her upon the bed of pain and languishing, so much so that she really felt that she was about to go hence. But, notwithstanding all her previous doubts and fears, at the time, and with death and eternity apparently in full view, she was perfectly calm and unmoved. Once again, however, raised up and restored to a measure of health and strength, her old darkness and doubts would return with equal or even greater force. When she would write to us, and tell of these her exercises and experiences, our reply would be, that the calmness and the peace she had been privileged to realize, when apparently in the swellings of Jordan, were only earnest and proofs of how it absolutely should be when she really came there. And as we said, so it came to pass; for, when the time of her departure in very deed arrived, she testified to her own personal realization of the fulfilment of the promise, "At eventide it shall be light."

Dear, dear, timid and trembling ones, may the Lord comfort you with these facts; for verily you shall realize, as myriads before you have realized,—

"When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And 'as thy days thy strength shall be.'"

But, perhaps, some may object, and say, "May not the calmness and unconcern about death have arisen from that weakness and prostration of which you spoke in an earlier page? For example, in the hour of nature's sorrow, how many have been so completely overcome and thoroughly exhausted, as to be rendered utterly indifferent about results or consequences! Would it not, therefore, be presumptuous to calculate upon any such feelings as those earnest and tokens for good to which you allude?"

To these objections, we reply, first: Had the objector known personally aforetime what it was to have, with the Psalmist, "seen an end of all perfection; but Thy commandment is exceeding broad?" Have they, in connexion with a heartfelt sense of absolute sinnership, and a corresponding consciousness of the equally-absolute need of salvation, wholly and solely through the blood and righteousness of Jesus, really meant what they have oftentimes sung,—

"Could my zeal no respite show,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone?"

Secondly: Is there creature-distrust? Is there self-loathing? Is there a deep sense of utter vileness and thorough sinfulness? Is there a recognition of the forbearance and long-suffering and tender mercy and compassion of God? Is there an utter abhorrence of pharisaism or creature-pride, or disposition to look with indifference or

contempt upon the weak and obscure and rejected of the household of faith? Is there a seeking to be associated with the respectable and the well-thought-of among men, or, on the contrary, a "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season?" Is there, in a word, Moses-like, an "esteeming the reproach of (or for) Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt?" or a refusing with him to be called, or considered among, the great and the noble, the proud and the self-sufficient?

Thirdly: Where is the heart and eye? Is it Christward? Is it heavenward? Do you really regard all and everything of earth, as merely "beggarly elements," vain—perishing—unsatisfying? Can you really say, as in the sight of a heart-searching, rein-trying God,—

"Though words can never tell my case,
Nor all my sorrows paint,
This I can say before Thy face,
That Christ is all I want?"

Is Christ, and Christ alone, all your salvation and all your desire? Are you sure that, if saved at all, you must be saved wholly and solely by Christ; and that, too, by an act of mercy as rich, as free, as altogether unmerited, as that which saved a Mary Magdalene, or a dying thief? Can you, in the sight of God, say "Yes" to all these solemn inquiries? Then, dear reader, we fearlessly and unhesitatingly declare, not only that you *shall be saved*, but that verily you **ARE SAVED** in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and that you shall never—no, never—come into condemnation.

St. Luke's, Bedfordminster,
August 6, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

Wayside Notes.

A WHEEL WITHIN A WHEEL.

"The blessings of the deep that lieth under."—GENESIS xlix. 25.

How puzzling often to the Christian (if he looks no further than the surface of things) are many of the dealings of God with him! The ways and workings—the why and the wherefore—of much that he has to experience is mysterious and inexplicable. He must look deeper down for their cause, and human calculation will utterly fail him in the matter. He must look by faith at that which underlies his experience to get at the real wisdom, mercy, and love of Jehovah's dealings with him. He must not merely watch the revolutions of the outward rim of the wheel of His providence, but he must examine the wheel within the wheel that works the whole—he must pierce "the blessings of the deep that **LIETH UNDER**."

Now, every temporal blessing we enjoy is through Christ. We are indebted to Him for the air we breathe, the life we live, the bread we

eat, and the water we drink ; for by Him we "move, and live, and have our being, and without Him was not anything made that is made : " but there is something special in "the blessings of the deep that lieth under," or, as Moses says, "that *croucheth beneath*," and these are all on the head of Joseph, and are to be drawn from his fulness ; and it is, beloved, with some of these UNDERLYING MERCIES AND DISGUISED BLESSINGS that we want to have to do with at this season, and so point those who think their lot hard, and their cares excessive, to the fact that—

"The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Of course, as Jesus is the Fountain Head of all blessings, there are the innumerable mercies which spring from His wondrous stoop, from the glory which He had with the Father before the world was such as His humiliation, incarnation, life, doing, and dying. Yes, blessed be His dear name!—

"He sank beneath our woes
To raise us to His throne ;"

—became a partaker of our infirmities, for we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. "Let us, therefore," says the Apostle, "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." In Him we have, on the one hand, an elder Brother and a sympathizing Friend, and, on the other, a Saviour—a Forerunner—the mighty God ; and then, when we come to the personal realization of Him as ours, the spring of our knowledge of Him lies in

THE UNDERNEATH BLESSING OF REGENERATION.—"Your life is hid with Christ in God." I believe that this is a work far deeper than that which is commonly called "*conversion*." Where a mere conversion to a set of religious opinions is professed, a tolerable easy course is the result, and the temptations and buffetings of Satan to such are unknown, while there is a blending of the world and religion. Flesh-pleasing enjoyments in the day, and an evening display of eloquence at a prayer meeting—these sort of things can run parallel in the course of such, while the natural pride of the heart, not having been crucified, the spirit, if not the language, with such is, "Stand by, I am holier than thou ! God, I thank Thee that I am not as other men are : extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican !" What the end of such a religion will be is certain ; but let the starting point be the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, and a far different line of things is realized. *Warsfare* then aptly describes the experience,—

"Temptations, too, without,
Of various kinds assault ;
Sly snares beset his travelling feet,
And make him often halt."

But we are certain, whatever castings down and cuttings up there will be by the way, the climax of such a work is eternal glory ; and that, however sharp the warfare may prove, there will yet be realized wondrous joys, marvellous revelations, sweet meltings of heart and mellowings of spirit, unknown to the mere professor. Yes, beloved, the blessings of the

deep lieth under all the earth-bound cares, and will spring up, whatever may oppose. And then, not merely are there innumerable deep underlying blessings in connection with grace and the salvation of the soul, but there are disguised mercies and underlying blessings in connection with Providence, as dear Cowper sings in those well-known lines—

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.”

Let us think, beloved, a little of these smiling blessings which are behind an apparently frowning providence; for often in the review of the Lord's discipline with us do we shake our heads and say, “Ah! ‘all these things are against me.’ It would have been better for me that I had died in the wilderness—my life is so full of trouble, and I am so specially tried that it had been well for me if I had never been born.” Ah! beloved, in such a humour we are only thinking of the “frowning providence,” and not of “the smiling face” which is behind it; we are thinking of the mere surface of things rather than “the blessings of the deep which lieth under.” Like dear old Jacob, when they wanted to take Benjamin away from him, he exclaimed, with bitter lamentation: “Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away; all these things are against me.” He had not realized the mercy underlying it all, nor could he conceive of the blessing that was in store for him: yet the Lord had been working wondrously and marvellously. There was a wheel within a wheel in His providence concerning the dear aged patriarch, and his long-lost and beloved Joseph became his succour and support in his old age—the cloud big with blessings burst o’er his head at the appointed time, and man’s extremity became God’s opportunity in his experience. Another case to the point is that of dear Esther: God’s chosen people, Esther included, were in eminent danger—a secret train is laid by Haman to destroy them,—the king’s mandate has gone forth; but a more secret train is laid by Jehovah for their salvation. When the storm is ready to burst, that very night the king cannot sleep, but goes and searches the records of his kingdom,—he is made to pause over the reference to his own deliverance, and now, finding that his deliverer has been neglected, determines he shall be honoured. Here is the turning point—Haman is degraded and Mordecai exalted, and the day on which God’s people looked for universal destruction was spent in joy and gladness of heart.

Beloved, it is the same now: Esther’s God still lives and still loves,—His Church and people are as dear to Him as ever. He is vigilantly watching them in every strait and danger, and will work in such a way as shall make them acknowledge His hand. Apply this wondrous way of working, dear reader, to your own experience. Look at your little history—has there not been much that is difficult, very difficult to understand, much that you have thought, if spared, it would have been better for you in many ways? But this cannot be. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Can He err in a single act? Certainly not. He must be—

“Good when He gives, supremely good,
Nor less when He withholds.”

There is a deep purpose in all His ways, and they will bring about the saints' salvation and the Saviour's glory. But, to trace out this matter a little further,—

Sometimes our "LOT IN LIFE" is felt to be hard, but there are blessings underneath it all. Yes, there are things that have to be encountered day by day, that are anything but congenial with the tastes and desires of the child of God, and he is apt to get uneasy and fretful under the feeling: "Can it be possible that I shall have to spend my life amidst these sordid cares, drudging on for the bread that perisheth, while my heart is really fixed upon better things, and I should like to spend my days in some honourable calling that would let me glorify Christ?" Ah! beloved, but stay—you can glorify Him as much in the life as by the lip. "The lot is cast into the lap, and the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord;" and, if He means to take you out of that position, He will do it in His own best and right way, but do not run before Him, or run away with the idea that He needs your service in his vineyard. We have in the course of our days seen miserable disappointment attending the throwing up of one's position in life hastily and unadvisedly. The proper spirit to maintain in the matter is that which David enjoins: "Wait upon the Lord, and be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the Lord;" and look at our blessed Lord's resignation to His Father's will: "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Oh, beloved, to grow into His meek and submissive spirit, and, whatever the cross may be, to say: "Even so, Father; for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." As long as the cloud stands, we should stand and let patience possess our souls, and when it moves we should move cheerfully and unhesitatingly, although it may not be just at the time we would have it. Then, again, *sometimes in providences the Lord lets us have our own way to show us our folly and bring us to nought.* We dictate to Him, and thereby bring ourselves into difficulties. For instance: "Oh! that the Lord would grant that I might marry a certain one," said a Christian. God granted her request, and sent leanness into her soul; and for years she had to endure the bitter trial of being unequally yoked, and in a distant country passed through a sea of troubles. She sowed to the flesh, and of the flesh reaped corruption. "Oh!" said another Christian, who had been deprived of the privilege of attending the preaching of a favourite minister, "if I could only get back to the old spot and live within reach of that place, I should be happy." She did go to the old spot, but never to attend the means of grace; for, with an afflicted body, she became bedridden to the end of her days. Yet she was a richly-taught saint, and died triumphing in Christ; but it was evident the Lord wanted to teach her not to lean upon any earthly prop, but solely upon Him; therefore, it is, beloved, we say concerning the lot in life: "Sit ye still, wait and watch,—there are blessings in disguise where you are; they may be (as in the former case mentioned) removed, if you go where your own caprice directs, and not where the Lord leads. Oh! to be getting constantly behind Christ, knowing no will but His!

Sometimes the Lord in providence thwarts our plans for a wise purpose.—We have thought we have done all very cleverly—indeed, have rather prided ourselves upon our wisdom and judgment in the matter—but, just as we are about to carry out our plans, there comes some mysterious interposition of providence, which blows upon the whole, and we are thrown, as it were, thereby upon our beam-ends. Then arises the spirit

of rebellion: "What has the Lord done all this for?" Ah! Jonah, doest thou well to be angry? "Yes," says the peevish wayward one, "I do well to be angry, even unto death." But in our sober hours we think differently; and, when we begin to "walk by faith and not by sight" in the matter, then do we find out the folly of our arrangements and the wisdom of the Lord's working.

Beloved, we do believe that one of the things which will cause us to glorify God hereafter will be the discovery of the perils we made for ourselves, again and again, along the pathway, and the merciful deliverances which the Lord worked for us in His own best and right way, and the underlying mercy that saved us from destruction. Do you understand what we mean?

But, furthermore, in connexion with the Lord's discipline—

Sometimes opposition is permitted that we may become fruitful unto God.—We are apt to think, if our opponents could only be silenced, we should be so joyful and happy. Nay, but do they not drive us to the throne? Do they not keep us alive to things of God, and cause us to be active and on the alert? Are they not blessings in disguise? We know it is specially hard when opposition comes from a quarter that it seems it ought not to come from. The disciples said of the poor seeking soul, "Send her away: why troubleth she the Master?" It would seem the disciples of our Lord ought to have been the last persons in the world to send a poor sinner away from Jesus. The Master never would have done so, and here's our consolation. He never yet said to the seeking seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain." But it is a trial, nevertheless, when those who ought to help us onward are found discouraging us; as dear Hart says—

"How hard and rugged is the way
To some poor pilgrims' feet!
In all they do, or think, or say,
They opposition meet."

Well, if such be the experience that in all we do or think and say we meet with opposition, it yet has this beneficial effect, we are shut up to that hallowed course of SILENTLY CRYING BEFORE THE LORD. Some may say, "What a paradox—'a silent cry!'"—yet, methinks, it will be well understood by those who can enter into our passage, "The blessings of the deep that lieth under;" and it is under such circumstances that there comes about a melting and mellowing of spirit, as well as a passive resignation to His will. But, a step further—

Oftimes afflictions are sent that we may be enriched in spiritual things, for their tendency undoubtedly is to humble our pride, to try our faith, to purify us, to bring us to exercise patience, to render us fruitful, to exhibit the power and faithfulness of our God, and to promote His glory.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." This sorrowing in tears is doubtless an allusion to the eastern agriculturist who, because the country was infested with hordes of robbers, ever on the look-out for robbing him of the fruits of his labour, would go forth surrounded by armed men, and, with fear and trembling as to the result, would sow in tears. We have a striking instance of this in the joint narrative of dear Ruth and Naomi.

After all the trials they suffered in the land of Moab, what a wonderful chain of events brought about their exaltation! To think that God, in the infinitude of His purpose, should bring a poor girl in a heathen land

into the family of Elimelech, that she might thereby become a branch of the family of the Messiah! Nothing at one time seemed more improbable. Yet every link in the chain, so familiar to every Christian, was in its place—not a cog in the wheel of God's providence was missing—the gear was perfect, and the result, as we know, was marvellous. Naomi and Ruth becoming another illustration of the truth, that "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Further on—

Sometimes there is a need be that the discipline should be specially severe.—It requires the furnace to be heated seven times to make a saint of such a sinner, and the ordeal is not one of wrath, but one of love on the part of a merciful God: "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

We can never think of the Lord's *severe* discipline without calling to mind the history of dear Job. His trials outweighed the trials of the most tried. He was hurled suddenly from the pinnacle of earthly fame and honour to the very dung-hill—from the height of prosperity to the depth of adversity. Nothing could be more severe. Yet underlying his accumulated trials was the Lord's tender love for him, and, at the appointed time, blessings burst from the big black clouds that had overshadowed him; the silver lining of God's promise was seen, and from the regions of misery he mounts to the hills of triumph to proclaim the memorable result of the Lord's discipline: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth; wherefore I *abhor myself*, and repent in dust and ashes."

Great blessings are generally reached through great trials. "Odours crushed are sweeter still." And then—

Sometimes the Lord finds it necessary to remove an idol, that He may occupy the supreme affections of our heart.—We could not help loving that dear one; he was our own flesh and blood; and, somehow, he crept round us in his affections as the ivy creeps round the oak, and takes its root-hold in its very trunk. We were, too, as a parent, proud of him. We could not help it. We felt it our happiness to study his welfare, and we promised ourselves that he would take an honourable position in the world. All this was but natural; but we went too far. The boy became an idol, and the Lord became a jealous God. Our heart was divided, and we fear the largest half was turned to the flesh—to the creature—to the idol. The Lord saw we were tending to leanness of soul, and our beloved one pined and wasted before our eyes. We flew to earthly help—everything must be done that can be done—but all to no purpose; there was a worm at the root, and our idol faded and died. Oh, the distress! none but a parent can understand it. But what about the result? Have we not learnt the lesson Solomon learnt, "Vanity of vanities, vanity of vanities, all is vanity?" And have we not twined closer round the Lord, and found out the emptiness of all creature-joy? The Lord, then, has accomplished His purpose. The idol has fallen, but He has become exalted, and shown us that our idols are not always made of wood and stone, but that sometimes they are made of flesh and blood, and that, be they of whatever cast they may, the Lord hath said, "From all your idols I will cleanse you." But, once more, beloved—

Sometimes the Lord puts death upon the promise to test our faith; but, mark, He never brings the promise to death. There is the same honey in it, although it may for a time be concealed; and, although misery has to be endured while the tarrying of the vision remains, it will be a

sweeter mercy when it is unfolded. We may depend upon it, the promise the Lord leads our faith to trust in, and our hope to rest upon, will never fail us; for the promise is made for the faith given, and the faith is given for the promise. Here, again, is the Lord's wheel within a wheel, which must result in the soul's gain and the Saviour's glory. As an illustration of what we mean, take the case of Jairus' daughter. Nothing could be more touching than the appeal of the anxious parent. He fell down at Jesus' feet, and besought Him that He would come in to her, for he had *one only* daughter about twelve years of age, and she lay a-dying. Doubtless, to the appeal He promised to come, for the afflicted parent hastened home. But Jesus tarried. Oh, how fearfully distressing must those hours have been! Still He came not. What a death upon His promise! and, more than this, the child, the beloved and only one, dies too. Now, of course, it is useless. Jesus might have saved her had He come before, but it is all over now. Not so; His very tarrying was that He might show more distinctly His Almighty power in raising her from the dead, and restoring her to her wondering and amazed parents. So, beloved, still hope, even if in thine experience there is most certainly "death upon the promise." Now, beloved, look at and ponder over the things we have advanced in connexion with the Lord's way of working in grace and providence. We think they will bear bringing to the test of God's Word and the Christian's heart-felt experience, namely, that the innumerable spiritual mercies we enjoy are the result of the incarnation, doing, and dying of the Lord Jesus Christ: that the underneath blessing of regeneration is the spring of all those personal joys we realize: that, in tracing our God as the God of Providence as well as grace, we see that, although the lot in life is often felt to be hard, there are blessings lying underneath: that the Lord lets us sometimes have our own way to show us our folly and bring us to nought: that He thwarts our plans for a wise purpose, and permits us to meet with opposition by the way, that we may bring forth fruit unto Him: that He sends us afflictions that we may be enriched in spiritual things, and suffers the discipline to be severe where there is a need be for it: that He removes an idol that He may occupy the supreme affections of the heart, and puts death upon the promise to test our faith. All that we have expressed in the foregoing is necessary to make us meet to be partakers of the inheritance with the saints in light, for the blessings of the deep that lieth under shall prepare us for the blessings of the heaven that stretcheth above all. Oh, what glory there awaits us!

"By faith we would His mansions view,
And still our heaven-bound course pursue
In spite of earth and hell,
Expecting to be welcomed home
Where sins and foes can never come,
And there in glory dwell."

Just a word, before we close, to the correspondents of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Dear fellow-labourers,—Do you not find that the Lord will not let you write anything for His people that bears the stamp of a mere outward expression, but that He will have it a matter of heart-felt experience; and that, although in a certain measure you may have felt what you have written, He oftentimes doubly endorses it by causing you to

pass through the very experience itself, that you may not be merely a hearer of the Word from Him, but a doer of it—that is, one who has to carry out practically the Word enjoined? And, in the Lord's way of working, we have also been struck with this point, namely, that we have been drawn to write concerning a certain course in connexion with Divine things. We have not known why and wherefore, but very soon something has arisen that has brought us experimentally to feel that what we have written is indeed true. Now, it is just so with us with regard to the foregoing. It is not for us to bring before you the private details of one's life, which are only interesting to those concerned; suffice it to say that much, very much, which we have penned at this time, on account of a relative trial, has had to be endured, and now comes the test. The Lord says, "Are you prepared for the calm resignation under it all, which you would have others maintain when *their* plans are thwarted, and all seems at cross purposes with them?" Well, beloved, we can only pray the Lord to help both reader and writer to trust in Him. Oh, our gracious God, enable us in all our trials and afflictions to be passive in Thy hands! Pardon our unbecoming fleshly fears, and strengthen our wavering faith, while we watch with sanctified confidence for "*the blessings of the deep that lieth under*," until—those blessings becoming merged into the glory of the upper world—we shall join the heavenly host who are for ever singing, "Blessing, honour, power and glory be unto Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever." Amen.

Wanstead.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

A WORD OF COMFORT.

BELoved,—A present help in time of need is our God: His presence fills every vacancy, repairs every loss, satisfies every desire, heals every breach, and fills every chasm. We are cleansed from the filth of sin by blood, but we are cleansed from idols by love. When God circumcises the heart, He takes away the body of the sins of the flesh. Christ became a Debtor to answer for these by His own circumcision; and, having much forgiven, we love much; this is true circumcision. The Spirit applies the atonement, renews the soul, and sheds abroad the Father's love which burns up all the idols, and is our fiery baptism; and without an interest in these things, what should we do under all the crosses, losses, and disappointments of this world? What an intolerable mountain have I made of a mole-hill, when I have undertaken small matters myself, without asking counsel! And oh, how many insurmountable obstacles have flowed down at His presence when favoured only with a transient visit! The bases of these mountains are unbelief and mistrust, which are raised in the carnal mind, and are but temporary at best. God touches them; they smoke, and the incense goes up under them; but, when He comes down, the mountains flow down at His presence (Is. lxiv. 1, 3).

God will support my dear brother. He will bear you up, He will bring you through. Never does His all-sufficiency more clearly appear than

when all other props give way, when all refuges fail, when all worldly expectations prove a misarrying womb, and all creature-comforts a dry breast. When broken cisterns afford no water; "when the labour of the olive shall fail; when there shall be no fruit in the vine; when the flocks shall be cut off from the field, and no herd left in the stall; yet there is joy in the Lord, and rejoicing for faith in the God of salvation."

When I laboured hard and fared worse; when in rags and tatters; when barley-cakes and bad water were my only food—I had the bread of life, and a flowing cup of salvation in my heart, and would not have changed states with any soul living.

Sharp trials discover what is at the bottom; and the remedy, going as deep as the disease, makes the heart sound in honesty, which is the life of the flesh; and it makes the heart sound in faith, which is the health of the soul.

Thou wilt feel strange workings within, but sometimes submission to the divine will, that brings peace; but natural affections will undo all this. The devil transformed, sounding the bowels of corrupt affections, is his masterpiece; it is counterfeiting the oil of joy, and is the light that Christ calls darkness—the light of our own fire, and the sparks that we kindle. This is the Arminian's conversion, and foolish virgin's lamp. It is the wayside-hearer's glee—the stony-ground-hearer's soil—but, being nothing more than corrupt affections, the deceitfulness of riches carries them away from the gracious promises, and makes them as they ever will be, barren to God. God bless thee, my true yoke-fellow!—Yours,

W. H., *The Coalheaver.*

A CONTRAST.

In a day like the present, when "Truth is fallen in our streets and equity cannot enter," it is no small mercy to find God raising up true and faithful shepherds here and there, who are led of the Spirit into the mystery of divine truth, and are made by divine power faithful witnesses of things they have seen and heard. And herein lies the secret power of a faithful testimony in the mighty working of the Spirit on the soul to give an experimental acquaintance with God's truth.

We have plenty of mongrel Calvinists whose errors are their own, but their truth other people's; we have an abundance of shepherds who feed the sheep in the morning, and swine in the evening—men who, in plain English, declare there are two ways to heaven—one by God's election, another by free agency, or the will of man. Thus the people of God, who have been made to see their lost and ruined condition, and feel nothing short of a dead lift from an all-powerful Saviour can do them good, get puzzled and tormented in mind by the contrarieties presented to them from the pulpits of the present day. The mixture of grace and works—man's efforts and Christ's doings are all jumbled together till the poor soul is ready to exclaim, "Where is the place of understanding?" The general tone of the divinity of the day clashes with the feelings and longings of the broken-down sinner. He wants a special remedy for personal ruin. He wants an individual deliverance from merited damnation. Nothing short of the answer to this prayer: "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation," will satisfy a child of God, and this casts to the winds the generalities of the day, and burns up by one blast from God's

furnace the Arminianism that dares to set up the efforts of the creature before the sovereign, irresistible grace of the Triune Jehovah.

In the sermon before us * we see some grand leading truths which God's people will recognize as the result of divine teaching: and the following extracts we give, first as an encouragement to God's children to pray that He would send forth more labourers into His vineyard—men of truth, who will preach and live the Gospel. Next, that those who have opportunity, through their circumstances, may spread and circulate this and such like sermons of full-weight truth; and thus it may be God's will to open the eyes of some who are groping for the wall as the blind, and teach the tremblers in Zion to say: "He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation."

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved. For I bear them record that they have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge. For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God."—ROM. x. 1, 2, 3.

In dividing this text, the preacher present to us three topics:—

- I. God's inherent righteousness.
- II. The righteousness God requires.
- III. The righteousness God has provided.

Upon the first point we extract the following:—

1. The holiness and righteousness of God are as far beyond the reach of our minds as the sun is beyond the reach of our hands; there is even a righteousness of man which is incomprehensible by others of their fellow-creatures. A street Arab, nursed and cradled in crime, brought up in a den of thieves, though he may know something of the honour which makes thieves true to one another, would be utterly unable to comprehend the sense of honour and virtue felt by one thoroughly upright in all his ideas, and who had been brought up in the principles of the strictest integrity. Nay, even those who have had every advantage of education and correct training, seem often to have very lax ideas as to what is really right. I have known people, in all simplicity, tell me of things they had done which were really most dishonourable transactions, but which had never struck them as such until their attention was drawn to it; and we have probably all of us been guilty in the same manner, though of course differing in degree. Some nations have very different notions of what is right and true from others: the French standard of honour, integrity and truth, for example, is lamentably low, considering the place they hold among civilized nations. I produce these examples to show that there exists in the world great ignorance even of man's righteousness, by which expression I simply mean *man's* highest standard of what is right and true. Well then can we conceive that the gulph which separates the *ordinary* ideas of *God's* righteousness from the *reality* of that righteousness is wholly immeasurable. God not only is righteous—He is Righteousness.

Now this intense holiness and righteousness of God, mankind would dwarf into the most insignificant dimensions, until they imagine that their poor efforts are able to meet its demands. Those are fatally

* "God's Righteousness and Man's," a Sermon preached in St. Peter's Church, Oldham Road, by the Rev. HENRY H. A. SMITH, B.A., Rector of Tanaley, Matlock.

ignorant of God's righteousness who have never seriously considered how far out of their reach that righteousness is.

2. There is a terrible ignorance as to the righteousness which God *requires*. Some imagine that He is a God who will make allowance, and accept the modicum of righteousness which they feel able or disposed to offer; whereas the fact is that the righteousness which God requires is a righteousness equal to His own. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." "Be ye holy, for I am holy." It would imply some imperfection in His character if He could be satisfied with anything that was imperfect. His law, which is a reflection of Himself, is as holy, just, and good as Himself; and "sin is the transgression of the law." Transgression is the overstepping bounds, and does not depend on the *amount* by which the bounds are overstepped. "The thought of foolishness is sin." "He that offends in one point is guilty of all." If this be the case, what becomes of human righteousness? It was said of certain of the ancient Greeks that they had arrived at such skill in the art of chariot driving, that they could drive round the arena a second time in the same wheel-marks which they had made the first time round, or which had been made by a chariot which had preceded them, without widening the track in any portion of the course by a hair's breadth. This was of course but an empty boast, though without doubt they must have attained to great perfection in the art of driving to have made such an idea possible. Their boast, at any rate, will serve us for an illustration. It is just such an exact following in the track of His holiness that God requires of us. We are forbidden to transgress it or to widen it, even in the most infinitesimal degree, and His own all-seeing eye is ever examining our track with a scrutiny that cannot fail to detect the smallest deviation.

3. The righteousness which God has provided. And here we state what the foregoing remarks have proved, that only the righteousness of God could meet the requirements of God; "and so God was manifest in the flesh." The Son of God had the requisite knowledge, power, and will, which enabled Him to follow completely in the track of the divine righteousness. He never deviated in the minutest degree from it. He filled up the whole width of its requirements. His life was an exact transcript of the mind of God, the express image of His Person. Christ alone had the *knowledge* requisite for perfect obedience. The apostle, after exclaiming, "O the death of the," &c. (Rom. xi. 33), adds: "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor?" There was one answer to this question; Jesus *knew* the mind of God, for He "was in the beginning with God," nay, "the Word was God;" so completely admitted into the Father's confidence—nay, so completely of one mind with the Father—that Isaiah not only calls Him the "Counsellor," but also the "Everlasting Father." Therefore it was just as much His own righteousness that he came to fulfil as His Father's,—it was the righteousness of the Godhead, among whom there are no divided counsels, that He came to meet—and indeed we have an intimation that all the three Persons in the Holy Trinity combined in providing and fulfilling a perfect righteousness on man's behalf. It is well for us to remember that Christ was meeting His *own* requirement as well as His Father's when He "wrought out and brought in an everlasting righteousness for us;" and that God the Father had a share in this wondrous work; because there seems to be an idea very derogatory

to the character both of God the Father and God the Son in much of the popular literature of the day. What we must describe as much sickly sentiment is talked of the character of Christ. God the Father is represented as stern and inflexible,—Jesus as weak and yielding. We can fancy a son with a stern, strict, inflexible father, being in great dread of him, but having a mother who was kind indeed, but weak and yielding—indulgent to his faults, and ever ready to screen him from the just anger of his father. In much such a light is Jesus represented in many modern books, especially in religious story-books written for the young, as if the Son of God were one whit less strict and exacting in requiring complete obedience to the divine law than His Father.

And now we come to consider some of the various ways in which, in the present day, this self-righteous spirit manifests itself. I will pass by the grosser and more palpable forms of self-righteousness, such as is shown by those who say—"God is a merciful God—He will make allowances—He will set off my good deeds against my bad, and then there will not be found so much amiss in me—I shall pass muster." Or by those who go still further,—who extol the virtue and nobility of human nature in general, and, by implication, of their own in particular; because persons of such description are seldom, if ever, found to show much zeal for God of any kind whatever. I would rather draw attention to those more subtle and unsuspected attempts men make to establish their own righteousness, which lurk under many accepted doctrines and favourite expressions of those whose religious zeal is unquestioned.

I believe that the doctrine of man's free-will, implied in the urgent exhortations to all men indiscriminately to turn to Christ—the notion that man can effectually resist the stirrings of God's Spirit in his heart—the denial of the doctrine of final perseverance, and even the apparent submitting to the righteousness of God, contained in the favourite expression, "We must cling to Christ," are all so many subtle forms of establishing human righteousness. I will speak of them in order.

The religious zeal of the day, we may say, is chiefly manifested in urgent appeals to the unconverted; they are exhorted to turn to God at the very present moment—told that there is nothing to prevent their doing so. So that I have more than once heard it said by the preacher—"You can all be converted before you leave this church." Now, our article says—"The condition of man, after the fall of Adam, is such that he cannot turn and prepare himself by his own natural strength and good works, to faith, and calling upon God." The same article tells us that "we not only want the grace of God working in us when we have a good will but preventing us," (that is, going before us) that we may have a good will.—Art. X. And the Scriptures abound with confirmation of the Church's statement.

I will yield to none in proclaiming the perfect freeness and openness of salvation; in declaring the texts, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Christ stands as it were at an open door, with His bleeding hands to show His love, and welcomes all comers. But what heed will be paid to these precious words by those who feel no want of a Saviour, no sense of sin and danger, no spiritual thirst, and "who are conscious of no burden?" You have drinking fountains in

your city open to *all*, where man and beast alike may drink; but what use would it be to urge those who *feel* no thirst to come and drink at them? The proclamations of salvation and welcome in the Gospel are addressed to certain *characters*, not to mankind indiscriminately; to the "weary," the "thirsty," the "willing;" to those who were "pricked to the heart;" and these necessary qualifications for welcoming the Gospel message come from God. "The preparations of the heart are from *Him*." His people shall be willing in the day of His power. To offer salvation, and to entreat and urge people to flee to Christ for it, is either, first, useless; or, secondly, unnecessary.

It is *useless* to offer salvation to those who feel no sense of danger.

It is *unnecessary* to urge those who *do* feel it to fly to Christ, because, once convinced of their danger, and that Christ is the only way of escape, they will no more want urging to seek safety in Him than a drowning man will want urging to seize a life-buoy, or a thirsty man stand in need of *entreaties* to slake his thirst at an open fountain.

It is strange how anxious men are to establish their own righteousness in some way or other; and, when they have learnt that they cannot save themselves entirely, they wish at least to keep to themselves the power, and therefore the credit, of *accepting* salvation. But, when they are brought *fully* to submit to the righteousness of God, they will acknowledge that He was the *Author of their faith* as well as their salvation, and will recognize the truth of the Saviour's declaration—"No man *can* come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him" (John vi. 44).

And then, again, the doctrine so often upheld that God's Spirit strives equally with every man, and that the whole responsibility of rejecting or yielding to His influence rests with the individual, is one which directly tends to establish man's righteousness, making the very turning-point from death unto life—his very salvation depend upon himself. This doctrine is in direct opposition to the *articles* of the *Church* already quoted, and also to the Word of God, which tells that those who believe are "not born of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God"—that the Holy Spirit is Almighty God, as Almighty as God the Father, or God the Son—"The Father Almighty, the Son Almighty, the Holy Ghost Almighty"—and, when He enters the lists with man, He carries all before Him. The proud, rebellious, sinful heart of man may resist—nay, does resist—every inch of ground, but still the grace of God is *irresistible*; and here, notice, the word "irresistible" does not imply that which is *not* resisted, but that which is resisted and *overcomes* resistance. Thus, when we say "a mountain torrent came down with irresistible force" we understand that trees, bridges, and boulders offered all the opposition in their *power*; but all *in vain*, all had to succumb. So in the operation of the Holy Ghost, though the workings of God's Spirit (unlike a mountain torrent) may be silent and gradual, their force is such that *all* opposition man's heart can offer is, thank God, *ineffectual*, and this simply because God is stronger than man—and the Holy Ghost is God.

Another way in which men go about to establish their own righteousness is by denying the doctrine of final perseverance. Those who deny this doctrine must have the monstrous presumption of supposing that, at the time when they are in a state of grace and acceptance with God, it is on account of some recommendation or qualification in themselves. They claim to possess some righteousness from which to fall, proving that *they* at least are ignorant of the righteousness which God requires and the

righteousness He has provided. Suppose two boys fall into the water out of their depth ; one tries, though a poor swimmer, to reach the shore by his own efforts, another gladly rests on the shoulders of a strong swimmer who has come to his aid. It is evident that it might be presumption of the lad who was trusting to his own swimming powers to say that he should reach the shore in safety, but it would be no presumption for him who was trusting to the strength and skill of his preserver. Those who believe in the possibility of falling from grace evidently know nothing of salvation by Christ, and are audaciously presuming to insinuate that man's hope of attaining heaven is dependent on his own efforts.

One more expression we often meet with, which, while it seems to renounce, is really establishing man's righteousness, or at least a trust in man's power of self-help. It is the well-known remark : " Oh, yes, I know we must cling to Christ." I will answer this by an illustration. I imagine a father going with his child over a narrow and difficult path ; there are precipices on both sides ; on the path there are large loose stones, and holes and brambles ; the night is dark ; the wind is raging. Now, if the father were to say to the child, " My child, you must cling to me, and if you do you will get safely over this dangerous place ;" you see how much would depend on the child, how many chances there would be of his never getting safe to his journey's end ; his feet might stumble against the stones, or the stones themselves might roll from under him, and the brambles might entangle him, and his heart and strength might fail, and he might relax his hold of his father's skirts, fall down the precipice, and be dashed to pieces. But, if the father took the child's hand in his own strong grasp, then there would indeed be a good hope for the child ; he would not then fall unless his father did. Now, God's simile confirms the latter view of the case. He says : " I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." I do not deny that in moments of special danger the child would instinctively grasp his father's hand tight, and would feel a greater *sense of safety* by so doing ; but his real safety would not depend upon his hold of his father, but upon his father's hold of him. David felt this, and therefore *he* did not say, " I must cling to the Lord," but cried, " Hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

From the above considerations we may learn that, under many an accepted and unsuspected phrase of modern religionism, there lurks the notion, if not of human righteousness, at least of human strength, till the truth declared by Isaiah—" In the Lord have I righteousness and strength"—seems hardly needed.

THE CHILD'S CRY.

" You won't hurt me, will you ?" So said a little child of three years old to the doctor who was about to operate. A few sweets and soothing words quieted the little one, and meanwhile the lancet was passed through the abscess, and the operation was soon over. The child turned her angry eyes to the doctor and exclaimed, " I'll tell my dada of you ! I'll tell my dada that you hurt me, that I will !" and as she was carried out of the house in the arms of her fond mother, the cry was long heard, " I'll tell my dada, that I will !"

Have these words no meaning to a child of God? Oh, *that* they have! The throne of grace—the Father of Mercies—the blessedness of knowing the way of access to God by Christ—all speak the child's cry to the heart of a child of God. When oppressed by fears and cares, hard lines in Providence, and the absence of all that once contributed to make life, with its many trials, sweet, then the value of the child's cry is felt. There was no other resource in the heart of the little one but to tell her father. She felt sure, in her tiny heart, of redress—of some sort of compensation for injuries inflicted, which she felt, but could not understand. This was her consolation in suffering, and this was her mode of vengeance upon him who had hurt her. "I'll tell my dada, that I will!" comprehended all the comfort that the little one stood in need of.

Happy mode of vengeance! Would that the saints of God, under their wrongs and griefs, took the same course, and plied the throne of grace, got at the ear of the King of kings, and poured out their complaints after this fashion! How different this to the usual mode of those

"Who fill a fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all their care!"

But this spirit of liberty to run to the Father is a heaven-born grace. Coercion will not drive us there; trouble will not send us there; it is the drawings of the Father, the love of the Spirit operating upon the will of the new man, that make the soul a willing suppliant at the throne of grace. Then the child runs to the Father; then the Spirit in the child makes the throne of grace a necessity. Troubles, sins, sorrows, rise in succession; "Oh," says the taught child of God, "I must go to my Father. I cannot manage these enemies. This cross is too weighty for my strength. These aggravating Providences are too mighty for my weak faith. O my Father, my Father! appear for me! Save me from 'low-thoughted care,' from a murmuring spirit, from the insinuations of Satan; 'Carest Thou not that we perish?'" Is not this like the child's cry, under the pain of the lancet, to the father for help and consolation? "Be not far from me, for trouble is near, and there is none to help." Such was the prophetic language that told out the pain and woe of the Surety, as He stood in the sinner's place, and bore all that the Church of God deserved, and all that law and justice demanded (Ps. xxii.). "My Father, if it be possible, remove this cup from me;" the cup of wrath that hid the face of the Father from the Son of His love. But this could not be. The way into the holy of holies was to be opened to, and entered by, the rent vail of Christ's flesh; and to this end He must die a painful, shameful death, uncheered by God, forsaken by men; and while the Gentiles who crucified Him were busy dividing His garments into four parts, which typed out the triumph of the Gospel all over the world, the truly harmless Son of God, with the weight of the sins of the Church upon Him, cried out, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Thus Jesus passed under all the depths that God's people deserved to undergo. He came up in resurrection power as their Surety, and however deep they may have to sink, "the everlasting arms are beneath them." As the example of the Church, He showed His people the worth and power of prayer; and, as their Substitute, He satisfies divine justice in all that they lack. And His blessed word of promise runs thus: "Before they call, I will answer them, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

L.

THE WIDOW.

(TAKEN FROM REAL FACTS.)

By the late beloved "OLD SARAH," of Ipswich.

THE God of Israel had unsealed her eyes,
 She rose that morning as she used to rise :
 And He, who hitherto had gently led
 Her tottering steps, supplied her daily bread.
 She felt serene and happy in her mind,
 Her heart was humbled and her God was kind.
 In Him she did so much her interest see,
 That she could say, "Lord, I have none but Thee."
 Her rent was due, the money must be paid ;
 "I know 'tis just," within herself she said ;
 "I have two beds, and I will sell the best,
 My great Emmanuel will provide the rest."
 Before His throne she hastened with her suit ;
 No frown was there that could her claim refute,
 Because the mighty Advocate stood by,
 Who on His people keeps His faithful eye.
 She cast her care upon His sovereign will,
 In silence waited, and in hope stood still ;
 For she was counsell'd, at an early age,
 To read and study much the sacred page ;
 Admir'd with ardour in that book of truth
 The heroic Deborah, and the charming Ruth,
 And oft repeated, as she pass'd along,
 Meek Hannah's lay, and Mary's holy song,
 Who saw by faith the mighty Lord of hosts,
 And of His power had made their humble boast :
 That He who cast creation in His mould,
 By that same act will all creation hold.
 Well satisfied, she hastened to her seat—
 The Word declares the idle shall not eat—
 And with her needle ply'd her daily task,
 Thought on the rest that shall for ever last.
 Mute as she sat and thought on many things—
 A widow'd state at times much sorrow brings—
 The door was open'd gently, cautious, slow,
 By one who could appreciate each woe ;
 Who, smiling, said, "This letter has been sent,
 I scarcely know its meaning or intent ;
 To you it is directed, look and see,
 You might perhaps explain its cause to me ;"
 And then retired, as if in haste to find
 A place to hide the feelings of her mind.
 The widow rose, the mystery to define,
 A five-pound note ! but not a single line.
 "Ah !" she exclaimed, "where dwells this noble mind,
 So rich in thought, so delicate and kind,
 And favour'd thus to bear from God's high throne
 This answer quick to meet the suppliant's groan ?
 However deeply hidden from the sight,
 This generous deed will surely come to light ;
 And all shall see, when all before Him stand,
 This act recorded by Jehovah's hand."

"GREAT GRACE."

GREAT grace has the great God and Saviour for its Author. Severe battles have been fought and glorious victories won by great grace. What mountains have been removed, sins forgiven, wounds healed, clouds scattered, souls enlivened, comforted, and saved by it! What is it which great grace cannot do? Reader, are you hated by your near relations—your religion spoken against? Great grace can help you, as in Abel's case. Are you living where ungodliness greatly prevails? Great grace can help you to keep close to the Lord, as it did Enoch, who "walked with God." Are you a labourer in the Lord's vineyard, a preacher of righteousness, and yet apparently labouring in vain? Great grace can help you to go on bearing testimony against sin and unbelief, as it did Noah. Are you tried in family matters—one thing befalling one child, and another thing happening to another child? Great grace can help you, as in Abraham's case, who was tried about Ishmael and Isaac. Are you afraid of man? Great grace can aid you and deliver you therefrom, as it did Jacob, who feared his brother Esau. Are you envied of your brethren? Great grace can preserve you in the midst of their rage and malice, as in Joseph's case. Are you pursued by an envious Saul—hunted about like "a partridge upon the mountain?" Great grace can take care of you, baffle all the hellish schemes of your enemies, and cause you to triumph over them, as in David's case. Are you oppressed by man and devils—urged to do what you cannot do—grounded down in such a way as to force out cries and groans out of your wounded soul? Great grace can render you needful and timely help, as in the case of the oppressed Israelites in Egypt. Are you shut up in prison—your soul sinking in a low dungeon—your prayers seemingly disregarded? Great grace can yield you strength, open a way of escape, and bring your soul out of prison, as in Jeremiah's case. Are you suffering acute internal pain, like, in some respects, to the lost, "cast out of God's sight?" Great grace can effect an escape from "the belly of hell," as in Jonah's case. Are you suffering from the loss of temporal wealth, the loss of bodily health, and the comforts of religion? Great grace can enable you to bear all patiently, and bring you out of the trial, as in Job's case. Are you despised on account of speaking the truth before those who hate it—threatened—put on low diet? Great grace can blessedly support your soul, as in the case of Micaiah. Are you threatened, by those who employ you, with the loss of your situation, if you do not comply with their requests? Great grace can cause you to determine rather to suffer death than sin against God, and do that which would make your conscience your enemy, as in the case of the three Hebrew children and David. Are you guilty? Great grace can pardon you. Polluted? Great grace can cleanse you. Or fallen? Great grace can raise you. Or sick? Great grace can heal you. Or wandering? Great grace can restore you. Or entangled? Great grace can liberate you. Or tempted? Great grace can succour you. Or feeling lost? Great grace can save you. Or burdened? Great grace can ease you. Or dark? Great grace can enlighten you. Great grace can make devils tremble and flee away, as in the case of the man who had his dwelling among the tombs. It can quicken the dead and humble the proud, as in the case of Lazarus, and Saul of Tarsus. How trying it is, when the Lord appears as if He suspended His gracious dealings with the soul whom He has favoured for a length of time by blessing it, and permits it well-nigh to sink into

despair, so that the soul cries out, "Will He be favourable no more? Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?" Suppose a tradesman had been favoured with a good customer for many years, and had been much helped in business by him, and all at once the good customer should cease to have dealings with him, how much he would miss him! How anxious he would be to know the reason why he did not deal with him as formerly! Soul-business seems, at times, at a standstill, and, unless the poor sinner is supplied with capital from Him who has unsearchable riches, he cannot continue rightly treading in the Gospel market. Great grace is a good prison companion. It is the best companion for the sick-room; dying-bed; in dark nights; in sad plights; in desperate fights; in the field; coal-pit; grassy wayside; in the pulpit; in the pew; in the hospital; in the workshop; in the kitchen; in the parlour; the magistrate's bench, and the judge's seat; the king's throne, and the peasant's cottage. With great grace for a companion mountains can be climbed; hills of difficulty overcome; high walls leaped over, and troops of adversaries run through. It is particularly sweet and refreshing to feel great grace as a companion when praying, preaching, reading, or hearing the Word, or writing to a friend, or of one. How well protected is he who has great grace for his hourly companion! Great grace will make good masters and servants. It will make drunkards sober; liars truthful; dishonest persons honest; the lazy industrious; the unclean clean; the covetous contented; the miserly liberal; the proud humble; the lofty lowly; the mean mealy and frank; the malicious meek; the unforgiving forgiving; the hot-headed cool and collected, and the stammerer to speak plainly. Oh, what depths it brings sinners up from! Oh, what heights it rises them up to! How much the Lord Jesus Christ did by great grace when He was upon earth! How much He has accomplished by it since His return to heaven! There are many, both in heaven and earth, who can tell of the wonderful things the Lord has done for them, and in them, by great grace.

F. F.

Telbury.

HAVE YOU TOLD JESUS?

A MOURNFUL time was it for the disciples of John the Baptist. He had been taken from them and cast into prison. They had, doubtless, hoped that Herod would relent, and in time release him; but no release was to be his, except the one from a prison to a throne at God's right hand. Herod, at the instigation of the wicked Herodias, had sent and had John beheaded in prison; and, when his followers heard the sad news, that their hopes were no longer of any use, they went and took up the body of him they loved so much and buried it, "and went and told Jesus." They knew how loving and sympathizing He was. Some of them may have been present when He stopped the funeral outside Nain, on its way to the burial-place, and have seen Him restore the only son to his widowed mother. They knew that He who had had compassion on her, and had said, "Weep not," would feel for them in their sorrow in the loss of him of whom Jesus Himself had said, "Among those that are born of women, there is not a greater than John the Baptist." We are not told how He comforted them, but we know how He would not hear their mournful story without doing so. All we are told is that, when He heard of the death of John, "He departed by ship into a desert place."

Perhaps He took with Him the stricken disciples, that, in the quiet of that unfrequented place, He might teach them more of Himself—of Him whose way John was sent to prepare—of Him of whom John thought himself unworthy to stoop down and unloose His shoe. And if, through this sore affliction, they were led to think more highly of Jesus, they would see that there was a wise reason in letting the trial befall them. We have our trials; do they have the same effect upon us? Do they lead us to go and tell Jesus? You may be mourning the loss of a beloved husband; the desire of your eyes may have been taken away, and you are left desolate. Have you told Jesus how sad and lonely you feel? Have you spread your every want before Him, and asked Him to direct and provide for you? Ah! unless you have done so, you know not His boundless store of comfort. He has promised to be the widow's God, the Husband of her thus bereft, and yet He would have you ask Him so to be. Or, perhaps, it is for a child you mourn—a little one it may be—who, by its pretty ways and lovely form, had made you feel it almost necessary to your happiness; and yet it is not, for God has taken it. Now, perhaps, you do not feel that such a sore trial can be well. You long for the little one again; you long for His presence again on earth, who would be able to raise your child, and then you remember He is no longer among men in the form of man, and in the bitterness of your grief you would say, "Call me not Naomi, but call me Marah; for the Lord hath dealt bitterly with me." But, although your child may not now be raised, the same Jesus who raised Jairus's daughter still liveth. He feels for your woe, as He did for that stricken father's. Go and tell Him all your trouble; as He sympathized, we are sure, with John's mourning disciples, so will He with you; and He will also, in answer to your prayers, give you grace to say, "Thy will be done." Whatever may be your trial, oh, bear it not alone, but tell Jesus, and thus feel that He shares that trial or burden. But not only of our sorrows, cares, and burdens may we tell Jesus. He who tells us to "Rejoice with those who do rejoice, as well as weep with those who weep," must surely sympathize with us in our joys. He who wept with Martha and Mary at the grave of their only brother, surely rejoiced with them when at His word Lazarus came forth restored to them, recalled from the land of spirits once more to tread this earth, and care for those who loved him so much. Has God in tender love given you a little one—a tiny darling for your very own? and as you look at the little face you love so much, the little form so beautifully made, have you thanked God for the gift and the joy that comes with it? Or, perhaps, you are rejoicing in a family come to years of companionship—the whole left with you, not one taken—all seeming likely to grow up a comfort to you, a blessing in the various spheres in which they may be placed; and, in the joy you feel at being thus blessed, have you poured out your heart in gratitude to God? Have you told Jesus of your happiness? Or, it may be, dear aged Christian friend, that you feel yourself very near the end of life, and you are looking forward with great joy to being for ever with your Lord. When you read in your Bible of heaven, you long to reach that glorious abode of the redeemed, and cast yourself at Jesus' feet, and spend eternity in ceaseless praise to Him through whose death alone you shall have reached heaven's glories. But have you told Jesus of all the joy you feel at the thought of seeing Him, and never more leaving His presence? True, He knows all that we feel; but don't you think He likes us to feel that

He is such a Friend, that we must go direct to Him with all our joys and sorrows? When some great pleasure comes, we long to tell it to our dearest friend; when some sore trial reaches us, we long for the loving sympathy of the friend that is nearest to our hearts. Far more loving, far more sympathising, than the dearest earthly friend is Jesus. To Him, then, let us ever turn, sure that He will never send us away unheard, uncared for, whether we go in our joy or our sorrow.

SAVING FAITH, NOT SPECULATIVE THEORY.

[We feel that, in days like these, we need not offer any apology for reproducing the annexed. It comes to us from the sister isle in tract form. We rejoice in its dissemination, and are thankful also to know that, although ten years have well nigh passed away since his letter first appeared in the *Record*, the esteemed writer still lives and labours in the parish where his epistle was dated. Moreover, the subsequent productions of his pen prove he has by no means become dissatisfied with the good old beaten track to the kingdom, in the which "the wayfaring man," though a fool, shall not err. The testimony of the writer of the subjoined letter (the Rev. R. WALKER) is in perfect accordance with that of the venerable Bishop, particulars of whose departure from this vale of tears we give in the present number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. Both were men of high intellectual attainment and University standing, even as those whose departure from the common faith is so notorious; but how different the position of these men! We sometimes glance at the portraits (as exhibited in the shop-windows) of COLENSO and DENISON, PUSEY and BENNETT—all men white with age, and rapidly descending the down-hill of life. We contrast them, in all the unrest and dissatisfaction of their wavering and speculative theories, with the simple, child-like, Bible-faith of a departing RODEN and DALY, or those living—but no less venerable—witnesses for God and truth, the DEANS of RIPON, CARLISLE, and GLOUCESTER. How great the difference! how vast the distinction! How to be dreaded the apostacy of the one class; how to be desired the hope and trust—peace and satisfaction—of the other!—EDITOR.]

"FAITH THE GIFT OF GOD."

THE following remarkable letter appeared in *The Record* of October 20th, 1862. It is the blessed testimony to "the truth as it is in Jesus" of a scholar, in every respect the equal of those men who lately have so audaciously assailed God's Word:—

"To the Editor of 'The Record.'"

"SIR,—You well observe, in a recent article, that the public is becoming accustomed to the strange vagaries on the Bible which men of learning and high position in the Church seem so constantly falling into.

"I should be glad to express, through the medium of your columns, what appears to me the secret of all this; and I the rather desire to do so, because I am myself a monument of the delivering power and mercy of God in this very matter.

"It is very observable that almost all the men who have thus notoriously erred from the way of the truth, are men of some kind of eminence in natural ability. Of Mr. Maurice I cannot say I think that even in natural things he excels in distinctness of ideas, or the power of

clearly discerning nice differences. But the errors of such men as Heath, and especially Bishop Colenso, cannot be attributed to any confusion of mind as to things which differ—their eminent honours at Cambridge forbid our taking that view. Besides, I know, from past experience in the same gloomy school, that the possession of very considerable natural acumen does not in the least degree aid a man whose mind is perplexed about the foundations of Bible truth.

“As to the objections urged by the above gentlemen to the generally-received views of Scripture and the doctrines which flow so immediately from its simple and spiritual acceptance as the Word of God, they know as well as we do that they are hackneyed and as old as our fallen nature, but then that does not remove them; they cannot receive the simple accounts of Scripture because they have not Divine faith. I remember when I first began to read the Bible [and I thought I was sincerely seeking the truth] I was miserable because I could not believe; I dared not reject any statement I found there, but I could not fully believe it was true. The Bishop of Natal just expresses what I felt, and the fact that we took exactly the same University honours [in different years of course] makes me sympathize with him peculiarly. My own history was just this:—I had read and studied deeply in mathematics, had mastered every fresh subject I entered upon with ease and delight; had become accustomed [as every mathematician must do] to investigate and discover fundamental differences between things which seem to the uninitiated one and the same; had seen my way into physical astronomy and the higher parts of Newton’s immortal ‘Principia,’ and been frequently lost in admiration of his genius till St. Mary’s clock warned me that midnight was past three hours ago. I had in fact [as we say] made myself master of dynamics and become gradually more and more a believer in the unlimited capabilities of my own mind! This self-conceited idea was only flattered and fostered by eminent success in the Senate House, and by subsequently obtaining a Fellowship at Trinity, and enjoying very considerable popularity as a mathematical lecturer.

“It would have spared me many an hour of misery in after days had I really felt what I so often said, viz., that the deeper a man went into science, the humbler he ought to be, and the more cautious in pronouncing an independent opinion on a subject he had not investigated, or could not thoroughly sift. Though all this was true, I had yet to learn that this humility in spiritual things is never found in a natural man.

“I took orders, and began to preach, and then, like the Bishop among the Zulus, I found out the grand deficit in my theology. I had not the Spirit’s teaching myself, and how could I without it speak ‘in demonstration of the Spirit and of power?’

“In vain did I read Chalmers, Paley, Butler, Gausson, &c., and determine that, as I had mastered all the other subjects I had grappled with, so I would the Bible, and that I would make myself a believer. I found a poor, ignorant old woman in my parish more than a match for me in Divine things. I was distressed to find that she was often happy in the evident mercy of the Lord to her, and that she found prayer answered, and that all this was proved sincere by her blameless and harmless walk amongst her neighbours; whilst I, with all my science and investigation, was barren, unprofitable, and miserable—an unbeliever in heart, and yet not daring to avow it, partly from the fear of man, but more from a certain inward conviction that all my sceptical difficulties

would be crushed and leaped over by the experience of the most illiterate Christian.

"I was perfectly ashamed to feel in my mind like Voltaire, Volney, or Tom Paine. I could claim no originality for my views; and I found they were no comfort, but a constant source of misery to me.

"May we not compare this kind of state to that which God speaks of in Jer. xlix.—'Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart?' And observe what follows:—'Hear the counsel of the Lord . . . Surely the least of the flock shall draw them out.'

"It may now be asked how I came over to view Divine truth differently. I desire to ascribe all praise to Him to whom power belongeth; I desire to put my own mouth in the dust, and be ashamed, and never open my mouth any more, because of my former unbelief. I cannot describe all I passed through, but I desire with humility and gratitude to say I was made willing in a day of Christ's power. He sweetly melted down my proud heart with His love; He shut my mouth for ever from cavilling at any difficulties in the written Word; and one of the first things in which the great change appeared was, that whereas before-time preaching had been misery, now it became my delight to be able to say, without a host of sceptical or infidel doubts rushing into my mind, 'Thus saith the Lord.' I am quite certain no natural man can see the things of God; and I am equally certain he cannot make himself do so. 'It was the Lord that exalted Moses and Aaron,' said Samuel; and, 'By the grace of God, I am what I am,' said St. Paul; and so, in a modified and humble sense, I can truly say.

"It used to be a terrible stumbling-block to me to find so many learned men, so many acute men, so many scientific men, infidels. *It is not so now*; I see that God has said, 'Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble;' I see, as plainly as it is possible for me to see anything, that no natural man can receive the things of the Spirit of God. Hence I expect to find men of this stamp of intellect coming out boldly with their avowals of unbelief in the written Word of God. The only answer I can give to them is, 'God has in mercy taught me better;' and never do I sing those beautiful words in the well-known hymn, but I feel my eyes filling with tears of gratitude to the God of all compassion,—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God."

"So it was with me; so it must be with any one of them if ever they are to know the truth in its power, or to receive the love of the truth that they may be saved.

"I feel very much for the young of this generation, remembering the conflicts I passed through in consequence of the errors of men of ability. I hope the Lord will graciously impress on many hearts the serious truth of the words, 'Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit;' and 'The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.' My own way of explaining it to myself and others, when required to do so, is by saying, 'It is not the mind, but the affections which receive true religion.' 'Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.'

"Apologizing for occupying so much room,

I beg to remain, my dear sir,

"A FORMER FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"Wymeswold Vicarage, Loughborough, October 15th, 1862."

Reviews and Notices of Books.

A New Introduction to the Study of the Bible. By E. P. BURROWS, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature, New York. London: Religious Tract Society. Pp. 568.

A VERY valuable work. It is designed for the use of Bible-class and Sabbath-school teachers, for ministers of the Gospel, and others who may wish to have ready at hand the results of biblical investigation in a convenient and condensed form. It consists of four parts; the first part contains a concise view of the Evidences of Revealed Religion; the second and third parts are introductions to the Old and New Testaments, giving a history of the original texts, and a notice of each particular book, to which is appended an account of the Apocryphal books and the writings of the apostolic fathers; the fourth part is devoted to a consideration of the Principles of Biblical Interpretation, and the volume concludes with some facsimiles of ancient New Testament manuscripts.

The study of the Evidences of Revealed Religion is, we consider, one of the most important studies which can possibly be pursued. We have in years gone by for ourselves experienced its value, and therefore we would strongly recommend it to others. It would be well if every Christian could be thoroughly grounded in it, and that the attention of those who are inclined to scepticism could be directed to it. The Christian religion stands upon a noble basis; it is supported by indubitable proofs, and it is of the utmost importance that that basis and those proofs should be universally known.

In the volume before us the Evidences of Revealed Religion are thus treated: First, the genuineness, authenticity, and credibility of the Gospel narratives are shown from external and internal evidences. Secondly, the genuineness, &c., of the other books of the New Testament. Thirdly, the inseparable connexion between the New Testament and the Old. And, fourthly, the authenticity and credibility of the various books of the latter. How excellent is the following on experimental evidence!—

“We come now to the argument from personal experience. To receive Christ in sincerity and truth, is to know that His salvation is from God. Many thousands have thus a full and joyous conviction of the truth of Christianity. They were oppressed by a deep consciousness of guilt, which no tears of sorrow nor supposed good works could remove. But they read in the Holy Scriptures that Jesus is ‘the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.’ They put their trust in His atoning sacrifice, and thus obtained peace of conscience, and joyous access in prayer to God as their Father in heaven. They were earthly in their affections, and able, therefore, to render to God’s holy and spiritual law only an obedience of the letter, which they knew would not be acceptable. But through faith in Christ they have been lifted up to a holy and blessed communion with God, and thus enabled to render to God’s law an obedience of love ‘in the spirit, and not in the letter.’ They were oppressed with a painful sense of the empty and unsatisfying nature of everything earthly; but they have found in Christ and His glorious service an all-sufficient portion. In a word, they are assured that the Gospel is from God, because it meets all their wants as sinners. They have the same evidence that God made the Gospel for the immortal soul, as that He made bread for the stomach, air for the lungs, and light for the eyes. The sincere believer has in himself the witness that the Gospel is from heaven, for he is daily experiencing its healing, strengthening, and purifying power. To tell him that the Bible is a cunningly-devised

fable, is like telling a man who daily feeds on 'the finest of the wheat,' and is nourished and strengthened by it, that the field of golden grain which waves before his door is only wormwood and gall; or that the pure water from the bosom of the earth, which daily quenches his thirst, is a deadly poison; or that the blessed air of heaven, which feeds his lungs, is a pestilential vapour. Not until error becomes the nutriment of the soul, and truth its destruction, can this argument from personal experience be set aside or gainsaid."

Heart Life. By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., Pastor of Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn. Pp. 189. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

SHORT papers by an American writer, intended to be a closet and travelling companion to Christians; to which is added an interesting account of some of our most popular hymns and celebrated hymnists. The following quotations will give some idea of the contents:—

"Where does the dividing line run between true religion and the world? We answer, that it runs just where God's Word puts it; and a conscience which is enlightened by the Word and by prayer does not commonly fail to discover it. Where God is dishonoured, or even ignored, is the wrong side. Where Christ would be likely to go, if He were on earth, is the right side. But where a Christian would be ashamed to have his Master find him, there he ought never to find himself.

"There is a class of weak-handed and feeble-kneed professors in Christ's Church who are self-made invalids. Their spiritual debility is the direct result of their own sins and shortcomings. In their case, as in the physical hygiene, disease is the inevitable punishment of transgressions against the laws of health. . . . If this brief paragraph falls under the eye of any spiritual dyspeptic, let us offer to him two or three familiar counsels.

1. You need a wholesome diet. Instead of the surfeit of daily newspapers and political journals, or the spiced stimulants of fiction, give your hungry soul the *bread of life*. Your moral powers are weak for want of nourishment. There has been a starvation of *Bible-truth*, of sound experimental works, of inspiring religious biography, of 'books that are books.' Nothing will give sinew and bone to your piety like the thorough reading and digestion of the Bible. All the giants in the history of the Church have been large and hungry feeders on the Bible. 2. You want exercise. God has given you powers and faculties and affections to serve Him with. But from want of use those limbs of the soul are as powerless as the bodily limbs of a fever patient who has not left his couch for a fortnight. Never will you recover your appetite for the Word and the ordinances, never will the flush of spiritual joy mantle your countenance, until you have laid hold of hard, self-denying work. Nothing will impart such earnestness to your prayers as to spend an hour before them by the bedside of the sick, or in close conversation with an inquirer for salvation. . . . Dyspeptic brother! we commend to you the double remedy—Bible-diet and Bible-duty.

"The Lord of glory bestowed on Charles Wesley the high honour of composing the finest heart-hymn in the English tongue. If the greatest hymn of the cross is 'Rock of Ages,' and the greatest hymn of providence is Cowper's 'God moves in a mysterious way,' and the grandest battle-hymn is Martin Luther's 'God is our refuge,' then it may be said also that the queen of all the lays of holy love is that immortal song, 'Jesus, lover of my soul.'

"The one central, all-pervading idea of this matchless hymn is the soul's yearning for its Saviour. The figures of speech vary, but not the thought. In one line we see a storm-tossed voyager crying out for shelter until the tempest is over. In another line we see a timid, tearful child nestling in its mother's arms, with the words faltering on the tongue—

'Let me to thy bosom fly!
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.'

"Two lines of the hymn have been breathed fervently, and often out of bleeding hearts. When we were once in the valley of the death-shade, with one beautiful child in its new-made grave, and the other threatened with fatal disease, there was no prayer which we uttered oftener than this:—

'Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.'

Bede's Charity. By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer," &c. London : Religious Tract Society. Pp. 228.

An excellent story, depicting the evils of pride, and the patient resignation of a Christian woman under circumstances of peculiar trial. It is got up in an attractive style, and is well bound and illustrated.

Acceptable Words for every Day of the Year. Collected and arranged by S. M. L. London : Religious Tract Society. Pp. 282.

CHOICE extracts from old Divines on various passages of Scripture, arranged for every day of the year. Such as the following:—

"December 16.—'The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God' (Gal. ii. 20). Consider, oh! Christian, whoever thou art, God hath not trusted thee with grace enough beforehand for one month, no, not for a week, a day. Nay, thou hast not grace enough beforehand for the performance of the next duty, or the conquering of the next temptation. Why so? That thou mayest learn to live by continual dependence upon Jesus Christ; study that life, it is very mysterious, but exceeding precious. Had we our stock beforehand, we should quickly spend all, and prove bankrupts. God hath laid up all our treasure of wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption in Jesus Christ, and will have us live from hand to mouth, that so we might be safe, and God's free grace exalted."—THOMAS CASE, 1644.

Our Own Fireside, The Day of Days, and Home Words. These excellent periodicals are all under the able editorship of the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, of Worcester. They are worthy of a place in every home.

The Gardener's Magazine. Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq. Most useful to all who take an interest in gardening. The number before us contains "Short Notes for Small Gardens," "Cultivation and Pruning of Fruit-trees," "Calendar of Garden Work," "An Account of Stamford House," with two illustrations, &c.

The British Workwoman. Well illustrated, and filled with useful matter.

We have also received *Pastoral Letters*, by the Rev. JOHN HOBBS; *The Bible Plan Unfolded*; *The Epistle to the Hebrews, a Revised Translation*; *The Story of the Nile*; *Sunshine and Shadow in Kattern's Life*; and *Sturdy Jack*.

THE LORD'S PASTORAL.

PSALM xxiii.

JESUS allays those agonies that rend my soul in twain,
He gently probes and "bindeth up," and "maketh whole" again.

No brother's love for "gentleness" with His can ever vie,
Assuaging ev'ry bitter pang of sin's deep malady.

In wondrous visits of His skill, He sheds such health abroad,
His presence all my "want" supplies, and gives me rest in God.

"To pastures green" He guides my soul, and there, "restored," I stay,
"Beside the waters, still" and clear, "He leads me" day by day.

Oh! the sweet pressure of His hand! it vibrates through my frame;
His smiles distil like honey-dew, of everlasting fame.

In the dear whispers of His love, what thrilling joy I find!
Such well-springs to my thirsty soul! such heart's-ease to my mind!

Oh, quenchless, "over-running" stream, of Shepherd-goodness free!
"His staff to comfort," "rod to guide," "in mercy follows me."

"My head" He gladly consecrates with rich "anointing oil,"
 And from "salvation's cup" I share His priestly life and spoil.
 He "spreads His table" bounteously "with corn and oil and wine,"
 But is "Himself" my sustenance, though "all He hath is mine."
 Safe in the grace by which I know the peace of cancell'd sin,
 "I eat His flesh, and drink His blood," and "life eternal" win!
 Now, "in the footsteps of Thy flock," oh, let me daily go,
 And "follow on to know Thee, Lord," as Thou Thy fold doth know!
 'Tis for Thy righteous "name's sake," Lord, that I this place possess,
 And in Thy "saints' inheritance," "the crown of righteousness."
 No "shadow" in that pasturage "of death or evil fear,"
 But "valleys" cloth'd in living green, for Thou, "the Lamb," art there.
 Lord Jesus, all Thy tender flock Thy gentle voice doth guide,
 And all their way to glory Thou dost "shew Thy hands and side."
 Oh! with what longing, breaking heart they watch, in faith and love,
 The promised day that calls them home within "Thy house" above!
 "Light of *that* morning without clouds," come, break this dreary night!
 Thou Pole-Star of their pilgrimage, their Day-spring and delight.
 "Chief Shepherd" of Thy ransom'd flock, "appear, and quickly come!"
 And fetch Thy Bride-elect away with hallelujahs home!
 There shall she chaunt the nuptial-song, in full seraphic chord,
 And at Thine own right hand shall "dwell for ever with the Lord."
Plymouth. C. F. C.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

THE LATE LOVED AND LAMENTED BISHOP OF CASHEL.

STRANGE to say, particulars respecting the death of our late loved and much-lamented Bishop have only just reached us. We hasten, therefore, to place them before our readers. The extracts which we shall give in our present number are from a very interesting document entitled, "The Report and Proceedings of the Synods of Waterford and Lismore, held in the Session of 1871—72." This pamphlet is especially interesting to ourselves, inasmuch as it contains so much information, in connexion with the recent changes in the Church of Ireland, about localities and the brethren with whom we were so long and agreeably associated.

DEATH OF THE LORD BISHOP OF CASHEL,

On Friday, February 16th, 1872.

ROBERT DALY, Bishop of Cashel, has gone to "the rest" which remaineth "for the people of God." At eight o'clock on Friday night the note of the funeral bell from the steeple of his Cathedral announced to the citizens of Waterford that a great and good man, who had long dwelt in their midst, was departed. It was well-known during the day that his hours were numbered, and that the end was nigh at hand. Rich and poor, old and young, heard the tidings with solemnized feelings. Death levels all ranks, and draws forth sympathy from every child of Adam. The good old patriarch's end was calm and peaceful;

he "fell asleep," and so passed from "the miseries of this sinful world" to the joyful presence of the Lord and Master whom he served.

He was second son of the Right Hon. Denis Daly, of Dunsandle, in the county of Galway, by Lady Hariett, only daughter of the Earl of Farnham. His father was a noble patriot, the friend of Flood, of Curran, and of Grattan; and one of the leaders of the tried and trusted band of country gentlemen who loved their native land, and struggled for its independence in 1782. Mr. Daly died young, and left a numerous progeny. His eldest son, James, who also represented the county of Galway, was raised to the peerage as Lord Dunsandle.

The Bishop of Cashel was born at Dunsandle, on the 10th of June, 1783. He was educated, first at Dr. Stocks' famous school, at Delganny, in the county of Wicklow, and subsequently at Dr. Moore's at Donnybrook. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1799, and graduated A.B. in 1803, A.M. in 1832, and D.D. in 1843. His collegiate career was a distinguished one. At the commencement of 1803 he came out as a "gold medalist." This distinction was at this time awarded only to those students whose answering at every examination was of a most superior character. At the same "commencements" his fellow-student and friend, Francis Blackburn, afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was also a "gold medalist." He afterwards proceeded to St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, where he took an "*ad eundem*" degree. After the Bishop had graduated he was for some time undecided as to his profession, and at one period intended to enter the army. He even held a commission in the Galway Militia for a few short months. At last he made his selection and determined to take orders. He was ordained deacon, by letters dimissory, at Kilmore, May 17th, 1807, and was admitted to priest's orders at Ferns in 1808. He preached his first sermon at Mulrankin Church, in the diocese of Ferns, June 14th, 1807. His next curacy was at Toemhaggard. Here he ministered from 1807 to 1810. He was then from 1810 to 1814 curate of Newcastle, diocese of Dublin and Glendalough. In 1809 he was appointed to one of the prebends of St. Finn Barr's (Christ Church), Cork, which stall he held until 1843.

From 1814 to 1840 he was prebendary of Stagonil, which gave him a seat in the Chapter of St. Patrick's, Dublin, and with it he was the Rector of Powerscourt. By this title his name was a household word in the Irish Church. In every "good word and work" Robert Daly of Powerscourt was first and foremost. Early in his ministry he became thoroughly evangelical in his doctrinal views. He was one of a devoted band who preached "Christ and Him crucified" in His fulness and freeness. Amongst his predecessors or associates were Matthias, of the Bethesda; Peter Roe, of Kilkenny; Henry Irwin, afterwards Arch-deacon of Emly, and men of like mind. Through "evil report and good report" he proclaimed "the grace of God which bringeth salvation," and many were "the seals" to his ministry. In Powerscourt the fine band of Protestant yeomen to whom he ministered adored him.

Robert Daly was a plain but sound and earnest preacher; at times eloquent; always impressive. Prophetical meetings and meetings of the clergy were continuously held at his rectory, and the younger clergy gathered to a spot where they were ever welcomed with genial kindness and warm hospitality. The great societies which sprung up in the Church in the early part of the century called forth his hearty support. The Jews' Society, the Sunday School Society, the Irish Society, and

such causes, found him a warm and zealous advocate. But, best of all, he loved "the Bible Society." Much of its success was owing to him.

One of the most exciting scenes of his eventful life took place in Carlow, where, in the year 1824, and on the 18th November, he attended a meeting of the Bible Society held in that town. Colonel Rochfort presided. The deputation consisted of Rev. R. Daly, R. B. T. Pope (who afterwards had the celebrated discussion with Mr. Maguire), and W. Wingfield. A number of Roman Catholic clergy attended the meeting, and a most exciting discussion took place between the deputation and six of the priests, who were—Rev. Mr. Kinsella, Rev. Mr. Nolan, Rev. Mr. Sweeney, Rev. Mr. Clowry, Rev. Mr. O'Connell, and Rev. Mr. Maher. The discussion continued next day, and ended in a tumult in consequence of a challenge from Rev. Robert Daly, inviting six Roman Catholic priests to meet six Protestant clergymen in the Rotundo, in Dublin, in January, 1825, to discuss "the sufficiency and authority of the Scriptures." The priests refused to do so. Some days after, the Rev. R. Daly sent the same challenge to the Rev. Mr. Clowry from Powerscourt. The letter inviting the discussion is dated from Powerscourt, November 22nd, 1824, and was published in the *Carlow Post*.

A fearless champion of God's Word and of Protestant truth, Robert Daly never quailed before the face of man. In the stormy times of his earlier career his pen was ready and his tongue was not silent. With O'Connell, in his most powerful days, the Bishop measured his strength and was not defeated; and the ablest controversialists of the Church of Rome were fearlessly encountered, and full often smitten "hip and thigh."

Archbishop Whately and the Rev. Robert Daly had, in the olden time, many polemic encounters, although in late years the Archbishop learned to honour his consistency and to appreciate his worth. The vexed question of Scriptural Education was the great bone of contention. An open Bible for every child in the school-room was Robert Daly's rule of faith. This was his standard, and his motto was "No surrender." The present Archbishop was his loved and loving friend.

In the year 1840 the important Deanery of St. Patrick's, Dublin, became vacant. The appointment rested with the Chapter. The Evangelical party put forward the Rector of Powerscourt. The Archbishop's party chose Dr. Wilson, afterwards Bishop of Cork. Wilson was declared elected, but two of the votes given for him were objected to, and, after a lengthened suit, disallowed by the delegates. The Rev. Robert Daly was declared duly elected to the Deanery, and was soon after installed. His term of office was, however, but short. The death of Bishop Sandes made the See of Cashel vacant, and in 1843 the Queen, on the recommendation of Earl de Grey, then Lord-Lieutenant, appointed the Very Rev. Robert Daly, Lord Bishop of Cashel.

He has filled the See for more than twenty-eight years, and he has ruled it well. With strong will and great determination his force of character was soon apparent. He may not always have done what was most judicious or expedient, but his single aim was to do what was right in the sight of God regardless of the world's opinion. He was respected by all, and loved by his clergy. He gathered them about him like a father, at his great clerical meetings, and he presided with judgment, learning, and ability. His hospitality to his clergy was unbounded; his generosity to full many of them, in their season of sorrow, was large-

hearted, and known only to themselves. He "was a lover of good men," and, although often apparently brusque in manner, his heart was full of kindness, and his good nature was never deficient. He was greatly opposed to the Ritualistic party. Faithfully preaching the Gospel himself, he encouraged others to follow in his track. Many beautiful churches and schools were erected in every part of his diocese. To these he was a large contributor, and to the cause of Scriptural education he was ever true. One of his last gifts was the noble one of £5,000 to the "Sustentation Fund." The Bishop never married. He has lived long beyond the term of man's life. All his old friends were gone before him. He is the first of the prelates, of the United Church of England and Ireland, who has been taken, and he was one of the most godly and devoted on the bench. Like the ripe shock of corn he has fallen at the last, and the Great Husbandman has "bound him up in the bundle of life." He has gone to the home he looked for long and patiently. He knew that, "when our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" so he departed to Jesus, which is "far better." He is face to face with the Saviour whom he loved and served. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

THE FUNERAL.

During the early hours of Tuesday, the 20th, and up to the time the funeral *cortège* was formed, the Cathedral bells (which were muffled) rang forth at intervals their slow, solemn, and thoroughly significant peals. Most of the places of business in the city were closed. The shipping had their colours "half-mast high," and the city flags on the Town Hall and Reginald's tower were also lowered. The doors of the Cathedral were opened shortly after ten o'clock, and in a very few minutes the spacious building was crowded to excess by an assemblage anxious to take part in the last solemn service over the remains of the departed.

THE PROCESSION.

A few minutes after half-past eleven o'clock there was considerable bustle in the vicinity of the Palace, and it became evident that the procession was being formed in the Palace Hall around the coffin that contained the remains. A large body of police, under the command of County-Inspector Loeh, did good service in keeping back the great mass of people. The procession appeared in the following order:—

PHYSICIANS:

Drs. Elliott, Cavet, and Mackesy.

SOLICITOR AND REGISTAR:

H. V. Mackesy, Esq., solicitor; J. L. Hickey, Esq., registrar.

DOMESTIC SERVANTS:

' William Curley, his butler, who had been for upwards of forty years in his lordship's service, and to whom he was sincerely attached. On either side of Mr. Curley walked Thomas Thompson, his footman, and Richard Manly, thirty-six years the faithful coachman of his lordship.

THE COFFINS.

The coffins were three in number. The shell was of fine cedar, the

second of very heavy lead, the third massive oak, covered with Utrecht velvet, and lined with lama. On the lid was a beautifully-designed sarcophagus top, on which was placed an engraved gilt plate bearing this inscription :

ROBERT DALY,
LORD BISHOP OF CASHEL, EMLY, WATERFORD AND LISMORE.
Born 10th June, 1783. Died 16th February, 1872.

The following clergymen carried the bier:—Rev. D. Foley, Rev. J. F. Parker, Rev. A. M'Laughlin, Rev. J. S. Fletcher, Rev. A. H. Leech, Rev. J. A. Long, Rev. W. H. Kerr.

CHIEF MOURNERS.

Hon. Bowes Daly, Hon. Skeffington Daly (nephews of the deceased). Rev. Dr. Bell (private chaplain); the Archdeacon of Emly, who had been his curate many years ago; Rev. Thomas Gimlette (domestic chaplain); Rev. Thomas Acton Drought, Rev. John Morgan, Rev. F. T. Brady, Rev. W. Sandford, Rev. Charles Fry, Rev. John De Rinsy, chaplain of Foy's School; Rev. George Phair, curate, Waterford Cathedral.

THE CLERGY.

The clergy of the diocese then followed. The Cashel clergy headed by the Dean of Cashel; the Emly clergy by the Archdeacon of Emly; the Waterford clergy by the Dean of Waterford; the Lismore clergy by the Archdeacon of Lismore.

THE DISSENTING MINISTERS

came next, represented by Rev. Mr. Kingsboro' (Primitive Wesleyan); Rev. John Donald (Wesleyan); the Rev. Andrew Burrowes (Presbyterian); the Rev. W. Owens (Baptist).

THE DIOCESAN COUNCILS

of the United Diocese followed, preceded by Sir Robert Paul, Bart., after which came a large number of the gentry from both city and county. Then came the poor, to whom he had ever been a kind and generous benefactor. The Cathedral Church was full to overflowing.

THE SERVICE.

The remains were slowly carried from the Palace to the western entrance, and were borne up the aisle, preceded by the Dean of Waterford, the Archdeacon of Waterford, and Rev. Dr. Bell. During the time the procession was passing up the aisle the organ pealed forth in solemn strains "The Dead March" in Saul. On the coffins being rested in the aisle, the Dean of Waterford read the 89th and 90th Psalms.

The Archdeacon of Waterford then read the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, after which he ascended the pulpit and addressed the assemblage from the following text:—

"Brethren—In the word of life it is written, 'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection; on such the second death hath no power.'"

The sermon was powerful, eloquent, and impressive. At its conclusion the organ again burst forth with "The Dead March." The procession was reformed, and proceeded through the western entrance door to the vaults on the north side of the chancel. The concluding portion of the service was then read with great feeling and solemnity, by his lordship's chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Bell. The vault in which the remains were buried was that of the Rev. Daniel Sandoz, son of the old Huguenot minister of the French Church. Here loving hands piously laid the good old Bishop down, and his mortal remains were placed in the silent tomb, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest."

A little over a quarter of a century ago we received ordination at the beloved Bishop's hands, in the same Cathedral, when the Rev. Dr. BELL, who now read the funeral service over our mutually-lamented Diocesan, then as Archdeacon, answered the important questions put on these occasions to those holding that responsible position.

Annexed is a copy of the last letter we remember to have received from the beloved Bishop:—

Waterford, March 27th, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. DOUDNEY,—Accept my thanks for your kind and Christian letter. I am gratified by your thinking of me. I am grown old, and every year I lose some of those whom I considered as my friends—some younger, and very few older than myself. "All flesh is as grass, but the word of the Lord abideth for ever," and He of whom the Word testifies, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

It is very wholesome to be led to feel alone, as far as man is concerned, that we may be led to cultivate a closer and more sensible union with the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and that we may be the more enabled to say with feeling, "Our conversation is in heaven, from whence we expect the Lord, who shall change our bodies of humiliation, that they may be fashioned like unto the body of His glory."

May the Lord be with you as a man and a minister, and abundantly bless you, is the sincere prayer of

Yours most truly in the bonds of the Gospel,
ROBERT CASHEL, &c.

It was in a previous letter (if we mistake not), when speaking of many who had been called away, his lordship said, "In the midst of *life* we are in *death*," adding what a mercy it was to be able to exclaim, "In the midst of *death* we are in *life*."

It will be seen, by comparing the dates, that it was only two months or so before the letter just quoted, the Bishop wrote the annexed most touching and affectionate pastoral address.

TO MY MUCH-ESTEEMED NEIGHBOURS RESIDING IN AND NEAR THE
CITY OF WATERFORD.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—At the close of the past, and the beginning of a new year, I am led to reflect upon the many years that have passed since I first came among you as the overseer of the ambassadors of Christ in this city, set over those whose high office it is to beseech you in Christ's stead to be reconciled unto God.

I am now, I may be assured, very near drawing to a close the days of my office—very near finishing my course. The time of my departure

being at hand, I desire to say a few words to you in faithfulness and affection.

I cannot, in the presence of God, look back upon the past time without deep and sincere acknowledgment of deficiency—of having left undone much that I ought to have done, and done much which I ought not to have done; but, with all my deficiencies, my conscience bears me witness that in the main I told you the truth. I preached among you “repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.” I spoke to you, both in public and in private, as (what I know myself to be) sinners in the sight of God; and it was my happiness to tell you what was the comfort of my own soul, that Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

I called on you to look back to Him bearing our sins in His own body on the tree; to look up to Him where He is now, at the right hand of God, making intercession for us, and to look forward to Him when He shall come again with ten thousand of His saints to receive to a participation of His glory all who trust in Him—to receive to Himself all those who, through faith, have been drawn out from the mass of a sinful, perishing world, and led to join His little despised flock.

Standing on the borders of eternity, I have no new truths to put before you. I have only, as a parting word, to repeat to you the same important truths, and to press them, with all earnestness and affection, on your attention.

I think of the many that from among us have passed out of this world in the past years. They, all of them, whether lost or saved, know now the importance of those truths. There are many, I am happy to think, who are now thankful for having heard of God’s inestimable love in the redemption, and have through it entered into “the rest that remaineth for the people of God.” There are many of whom I cannot think but with extreme pain, who have learned the value of these truths by experiencing the misery which has been the result of having neglected them.

But I turn from the crowds that have passed away to address myself to the many that still remain amongst us, and to the flock that has grown up in the midst of us in the interval.

I would speak to them as divided into two classes, into which the Scripture constantly divides the dwellers on this earth.

1st.—I would speak to those who are still walking according to the course of this world—according to the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience. I would say to this class, as I have said to them before, “Repent, and believe the Gospel.” I would entreat them “seek the Lord while He may be found; call upon Him while He is near.” “Now is a day of salvation.” “Now, if ye do hear His voice, harden not your hearts.” “Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and He will abundantly pardon him.”

To the 2nd class I say, in all earnestness and affection, to those who were by nature dead in trespasses and sin, but have been quickened and raised up, and made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus—Be thankful for your fellowship in the Gospel. Be thankful that by grace ye have been saved through faith; that you, through mercy, have passed from death unto life. I entreat you, my Christian friends, to lean close to Christ—to live up to the full privileges of the Gospel, as pardoned sinners accepted in the beloved heart of God, and joint heart of Jesus Christ. As risen with Christ, seek the things that are above, and not

those that are on the earth; cultivate and exhibit no friendship with the world; come out from among them and be separate; touch not the unclean things; be as God's witnesses; shine as lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Thus shall you give diligence to make your calling and election sure, and an entrance shall be ministered abundantly unto the everlasting kingdom of the Son and Saviour Jesus Christ. Live as new creatures this new year, looking, according to His promise, for a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.—I remain, in much sincerity, your unworthy Bishop, but affectionate and faithful friend,

1st January, 1867.

ROBERT CASHEL, &c.

When the Archbishop, clergy, and laity assembled within the walls of St. Mary's Church, Clonmel, on Tuesday, 19th of March, 1872, for the purpose of electing a successor to Dr. DALY, the late beloved and lamented Bishop of Cashel, the Archbishop thus spoke of the deceased:—

"My dear brethren of the clergy and my dear brethren of the laity, I am sure it does not need any word of mine to remind you of the very great and solemn task which has this day brought you together. An Episcopate of some thirty years, or nearly so, has just come to a close. He who was your revered chief pastor during all that time has now passed away—full of years and full of that honour which cometh from God—to his rest and to his reward. Let it be granted that we did not all of us in all things see eye to eye with him, and yet I am sure that no one could have ever come to any near contact with him without feeling in his heart of hearts *this* was indeed a man of God—a man rooted and grounded in the faith; one to whom heavenly things were very near; one whom no favour would ever flatter—whom no fear would ever have terrified from that which he believed to be the right and the truth. Such a man has passed from among you. To me, if I may speak so much of myself, it is a very grateful memory that all my relations with him were cordial. Towards myself—I would almost venture to say, though late in life we knew one another—they were affectionate. To him I ever rendered that reverence and respect which on so many grounds he had a right to claim, and it is pleasing to me to know, and I treasure it up with thankfulness, that he would speak to me in terms of kindness, and I would almost say of affection. Such a man has passed from us, and your task is now to find a fitting successor for him—for him who can no longer go in and out amongst us as he did for so long a time."

At the same meeting, the Rev. CHARLES FRY, A.M., Rector of Mealiffe, then rose and said—"My Lord Archbishop, I trust your Grace will pardon me if I presume to interpose here, and request you to suspend for a moment the prescribed order of the proceedings, while I propose a resolution in reference to the melancholy event which has caused us to be summoned here to-day. And, in the first place, I am sure it is the sentiment of every member of this Synod that we are deeply indebted to your lordship for the graceful and touching tribute you have paid to the memory of our lamented Bishop, and for the kind words in which you have expressed your sympathy with us in our present bereavement. We do, indeed, feel that we have sustained a great loss; and we who knew him best, and who had full experience of his worth, cordially subscribe to the eulogium you have pronounced on that

valiant soldier of Christ. But, my Lord Archbishop, we desire to go somewhat farther, and to leave on record a written testimony of our feelings on the Minutes of this Synod—so that those who shall come after us may know how loved and venerated was the Right Rev. Robert Daly, Bishop of Cashel, by those who had the privilege of an intimate connexion with him in his official and private life. I beg, therefore, my lord, to propose for adoption by this Synod of Cashel and Emly the following record, and to move its insertion on the Minutes of this day's proceedings:—

“The clergy and representatives of the laity of the united diocese of Cashel and Emly, Waterford and Lismose, in Synod assembled, under the presidency of the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, this 19th day of March, 1872, desire to give expression to their deep sorrow at the decease of their revered Bishop, the Right Rev. Robert Daly, D.D., which melancholy event has taken place since they last met together. They feel that, in his removal by the hand of death, a great loss has been sustained by the united diocese over which he presided for more than twenty-eight years, with a devotedness and singleness of purpose that won for him the love of his clergy, the veneration of the Church at large, and the respect of the general public. But, in their sorrow they can rejoice, knowing that to him to die was gain—that having died in the Lord, he now rests from his labours, while his works do follow him.”

The Archdeacon of WATERFORD seconded the resolution, which was unanimously agreed to.

In his first sermon in Waterford Cathedral, the present Bishop (the Right Rev. Maurice F. Day, D.D.), whilst preaching from Jude 3, thus spake of his lamented predecessor:—

“I cannot come among you here for the first time without referring to the bright and holy memory left by the aged and venerable servant of God who so long occupied the place which I have now been called to fill. The text which I have dwelt upon to-day will describe the spirit which was in him. He firmly held and faithfully bore witness to the faith once delivered to the saints, and, whenever occasion required, he manfully contended for that faith against all who would seek to darken or corrupt it. He was a man of fervent love for our blessed Redeemer, a man of faith and prayer, a man of upright heart, who did not swerve himself, and could not bear to have others to swerve in any measure from the path of truth and righteousness. That sincerity and uprightness of character gave him a sound judgment, and a clear view of what was right to be done in any case, such as men of more acuteness of mind, but less honesty of purpose, sometimes fail to possess. I honoured this venerable man more almost than any man whom I ever knew, and I feel it to be an additional honour which the Lord has been pleased to put upon me, that, when He was pleased to call me to this high and responsible office in His Church, He so ordered that it should be in the room of one who so long and so faithfully laboured in His service. I earnestly desire, and, I hope, will not cease to pray, that the same blessed Spirit who made him what he was, and wrought powerfully in his character and life, may endue me with grace to walk among you in like manner, and may bless us all, ministers and people together, so that we may glorify His holy name.”

In proof of the clearness of perception and soundness of faith of the beloved departed Bishop, we annex an article published by him, a few months before his death, in a pamphlet, entitled—

A Short Criticism of the Rev. Arthur Dawson's Remarks on the Report of Master Brooke's Committee. By the LORD BISHOP OF CASHEL, ETC.
Dublin: George Herbert, 117, Grafton Street, 1871.

TO THE REV. ARTHUR DAWSON.

DEAR SIR,—I, a few days ago, received from you a copy of your Remarks on the Report of Master Brooke's Committee, and in the title-page there were, in your hand, some kind words. This led me to conclude that more was intended than merely furnishing me with a copy of your pamphlet, and that probably you wished it to be understood that you would not be displeased if I gave you my opinion of its contents.

I shall, therefore, give a few words of criticism, not in the harsh spirit of controversy, but endeavouring to speak the truth in love. Praying the Lord to lead us both into the way of truth, *for the difference between us is vital; for, if the system you hold and teach is the truth, and is the revealed way of salvation. I am not in the way of salvation; and, on the other hand, if what I hold and teach is what God has revealed by His Son and by His apostles, then you are preaching another gospel (which is not another), in danger to yourself and endangering others.*

You put the controversy very clearly in a short paragraph which I transcribe:—

“These are the two leading points in the ‘heresy of Sacerdotalism.’ The power of the priest to consecrate the bread and wine, and thus make them the body and blood of Christ: and the power of the priest to convey to the penitent the absolution and remission of his sins.”

Such then, according to your view, is God's machinery for the salvation of sinners. It is not, “He so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that all that believe in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;” but He has established a priesthood taken from among men, who should have power to change the bread and wine into the very body and blood of Christ, and, giving it, gave Christ to be fed upon by the people.

He should have established a body of priesthood, taken from among men, to convey to the penitent the absolution and remission of sins, thus supplementing the priesthood of Christ, and supplying that without which it would have been of no effect.

That would be Sacerdotalism in reality. But the question is, Is that stated in the Word of God to be His machinery for the salvation of man? Let us look to what the Apostle tells us of the gifts that Jesus Christ received, and gave to man. He tells us (Eph. iv. 11, 12), “He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ.” You say this is Sacerdotalism. But can you give a reason that will satisfy yourself or others why, when He enumerated apostles, prophets, &c., He did not put into the catalogue “Priest,” “*ιερευς*,” “Sacerdos”? You plead for Sacerdotalism; St. Paul excludes it.

And this is not the only place in which we might expect to find, on your system, priesthood—Sacerdotalism—presented to the Church as an essential part of God's machinery for the salvation of man. Let us turn to Heb. x. 17, &c.—“And their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of sin is, there is no more offering for sin. Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which He hath consecrated

through the vail, that is to say, His flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God (*ιερεα μεγαν* in the singular number, not a company of priests); let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."

I would direct your attention, and that of the readers of your remarks, to one passage, which is a gross *petitio principii*. "If the due consecration of the bread and wine by a priest be a necessary preliminary to the body and blood of Christ being surely and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper, this involves the whole principle of Sacerdotalism, or the need of the intervention of human agency, commissioned by Christ, to convey His graces to the souls of men."

I would ask, On what ground do you assume the necessity of a priest to consecrate the bread and wine, *when in the New Testament there is not one word that asserts that the office of priest is kept up in the Christian Church?*

In the same strain, you speak of a priest endowed with power to absolve sinners, assuming and asserting that, beside the one great Priest, there is a company of priests. I have only to repeat here what I said on the former question, that in the whole New Testament there is not a text asserting the existence of this priesthood, and consequently absolution by a priest.

If we turn to the texts that speak of the forgiveness of sin, we shall find the one Priest spoken of, and no other, as in Acts xiii. 38, 39—"Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this man (in the singular number) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses."

Again, if we look at 1 John ii. 1, 2—"These things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father (one Advocate), Jesus Christ the Righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world."

You deserve the praise of candour and open speaking. You defend Sacerdotalism in the features which are beautiful in your eyes, *but are most ugly and distasteful to me and many others*. "The whole principle of Sacerdotalism is the need of the intervention of human agency, commissioned by Christ to convey His grace to the souls of men." The first question with regard to this is, Is it true? Has the Heavenly Father set up a human agency for conveying His grace to the souls of men? Was this Christ's last comforting words to His troubled disciples, "I will not leave you comfortless. I will commission a large company of human agents to convey my grace to you and other men?" No; He said, "I will not leave you comfortless. I will send the Comforter to you, and when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth. He will show you things to come." You teach a far lower system than that which was in the mind of David when he said, "Let me fall into the hands of God, and not into the hands of men." But let us shortly see what the Lord said to His apostles and ministers, when He would urge them to do their duty—"Preach the Word: be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine."

Let me reason with you as to the state that you are in, and also those who are led by you. *You and they want for the life of your soul the bread which came down from heaven, of which it is true that whoso eateth it, shall*

*live for ever, and of which it is equally true, except ye eat it, ye have no life in you; but according to your doctrine, you cannot have this life-giving bread except through a priest, a human agent, to convey this grace to you. But, in the Christian economy, there are apostles, prophets, evangelists, and teachers, but no priests.** In what state, then, are you, and those taught by you, according to you, as there is no priest, there is no living bread? *You, and those who are led by you, stand in need of the absolution and forgiveness of your sins, but, as according to you, none can absolve but a priest, what state are you in when there is no priest?*

I remain, dear sir, with prayer for God's blessing on His Church, on you and me, yours sincerely,
ROBERT CASHEL, &c.

In a future number we shall (D.V.) furnish some Personal Recollections of the late loved Bishop, which, we doubt not, will interest our readers.

THE LATE MRS. DENING, OF BATH.

Fontainebleau, France, Aug. 15th, 1872.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have just learned, with a sorrow which I cannot express, of the death of Mrs. Dening, formerly Miss Hooper, of Bath, who was well-known as a talented preacher of the Gospel of Christ. Many opinions have been expressed by those who heard her, or were told of her labours, as to the propriety, in a Scriptural point of view, of female preaching; but no one ever heard Geraldine Hooper or Dening deliver the divine message, who did not feel that she exercised a power over the minds of her hearers which few male preachers could rival; and I believe that God owned and blessed her labours, as many living examples of the power of the Word which she preached can attest.

From a foreign land I write a hurried memorial to my beloved and gifted friend, which I hope you will not refuse to insert in the forthcoming number of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE. I have received from my esteemed brother in Bath, the Rev. J. M. Dixon, an invitation to preach the funeral sermon of the dear departed one; but, being bound to this place for a week or two longer, I have been most reluctantly compelled to decline.

I have known and loved the dear sister in Christ for several years. I believe she loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and her arduous labours in His service in many parts of England will be long remembered by many, and by not a few, I feel assured, for eternity. I have known many clerical brethren, who were disposed to condemn her assumption of the

* There is a very remarkable corroboration of this in the fact that in the earlier days of our Reformation, when many editions of our Articles were printed, some in English, and some with equal authority in Latin, while they used the word "priest" in English, in many copies, now extant, in Latin, they used the word "presbyter," showing they did not acknowledge the sacrificing priest, the *sacerdos*, among their officers. For example, in the later edition of the Articles of 1563, we have "Episcopis, presbyteris et deaconis non est mandatum est coelebatum voveant." In the MS. of Convocation, 1562, "Episcopis, presbyteris et deaconis, nullo mandato divino preceptum est ut aut coelebatum voveant aut a matrimonio abstinenceant."—See Library T.C.D. I had some early editions of Articles which I sold with other scarce books; among them one in Latin, in which the words were "Episcopi, presbyteres, et deaconi." There is a later edition of these Articles in Latin printed in Oxford, 1636, and there is this title of one of the Articles, "Libellus de consecratione, archiepiscoporum et episcoporum, et de ordinatione presbyterorum et deaconorum." They are the Articles of the London Synod of 1562.

office of preacher, acknowledge themselves startled and charmed out of their prejudices by hearing her for themselves. How many will now think of those wonderful addresses which she delivered at the Clifton Conference! At the hour when they were announced to take place, other meetings, whatever their character, broke up, and all rushed to hear Mrs. Denning. And then her lovely and powerful voice, as one of the leaders of the singing in the great hall, who ever heard it without delight? That voice is now still. Those magic powers have ceased to charm, but Geraldine Denning has not lived in vain. We may still hear severe reflection on female preaching in general, and hers in particular; but who will say now that it had been better for her that she had confined her attention to the ball-room, the theatre, the promenade, or even to the tatting, knitting, sketching, piano-playing, &c., which form the ordinary routine of female occupation? It was her peculiarity to be a female preacher of the Gospel of Jesus; to be an exceptional labourer in the Lord's vineyard. Well, we may hold our different views on the subject, and, perhaps, it may not be easy to come to the right one; but I have a strong suspicion that, in the great day, my dear friend, with her peculiar gifts, and desire to use them for Jesus, will be found to have chosen the better part, guided by the Holy Spirit, who divides His gifts and graces to every one severally as He will.

But a few weeks ago I parted from her in her own house, after having, at her desire, delivered an address to a large number of persons assembled in a hall which Mr. Denning has erected in Bath, and where he and she held services at times which did not encroach upon the stated services of the Church of England, of which they were both attached members. Little did I think then, as she gave me her usual warm and cordial shake of the hand, that I should see her face no more. But her time has come, and she sleeps in Jesus. O that many who loved and valued her may be led by the Spirit to the same Saviour, whom she loved and proclaimed! May I ask the prayers of your readers for the dear one's bereaved husband and child?

Your dear brother affectionately in Christ,

S. A. WALKER.

[Four months ago, the deceased Mrs. DENNING left London by the same train by which we were travelling, in all the vigour and animation of one in the enjoyment of uninterrupted health—she, as her now-mourning husband informed us, to fulfil engagements on the coming Sunday, at Bath—he tarrying in London to preach in its suburbs on that day. How mysterious and inexplicable are the ways of God! How little did either of us for one moment imagine how nearly that animated one had run her earthly race! How soon was she to be numbered with the dead! We sympathize most deeply with her bereaved husband. It is painful—exceedingly so—to be called to part companionship, when both the one and the other are declining in years, and when it is but natural to anticipate at least a temporary separation. It is, however, additionally painful for human friendship to be severed, when scarcely having attained the meridian of life, a lonely and a sorrowing pilgrimage seems to await the survivor. Some of us have known the acuteness of separation under these circumstances, the re-union, from the very nature of the case, appearing in the far-off future. But, at longest, time is short and we would say to our bereaved and sorrowing

brother, although we personally, at about his age, were called to the self-same agonizing severance, the one-and-thirty years which have since run their rounds, seem, in the retracing, but as a day! "We spend our years as a tale that is told." Perhaps our dear brother *now* feels as we *then* felt: "Would that *we* could die, too! Would that that open grave were about likewise to receive our poor mouldering ashes!" But, oh! how different our thoughts now! Had it been so—had our then wishes verily been gratified—oh, what an immensity should we have mis-seed of the Lord's wonderful goodness, His marvellous wisdom, His boundless love, His tender compassion, His astounding forbearance, His divine faithfulness! Had we then been called, all the wilderness mercies which have been spread over that one-and-thirty years would have been lost to our own personal knowledge and apprehension. May this thought cheer our weeping brother; and, with the additional hope of being at least of some little service in his day and generation, may it prompt him, in connexion with the importunate cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" to exclaim, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, until my change come." The longer we are detained on earth, the more shall we see of the Lord's gracious dealings, and the greater cause shall we have to bless, praise, and adore Him when we reach home!—Ed.]

THE FORTHCOMING CLIFTON CONFERENCE.

23, Berkeley Square, Bristol.

"We will not have this man to reign over us."—LUKE xix. 14.

"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings."—MAL. iv. 2.

BELoved BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD,—As the season for holding our Tenth Clifton Conference draws nigh, I feel you are looking for the invitation which now for so many years I have been permitted to address to you, and to which so many of you have responded so cordially, and with such manifest assurance, that while man was employed as the instrument of our meeting, the summons to it came from a far higher source, even from Him who promised to be in the midst of those who are met together in His name.

It yields me heartfelt pleasure to learn, after each Conference, how much spiritual blessing was mingled with the spiritual enjoyment experienced at our gatherings. There might be a sense of gratification without fruit in attendance upon such meetings as ours; there might be a transient excitement, calming down into a spiritual deadness and indifference; but that would be far from answering the purpose which our Conference is intended to serve. We desire to meet together in the name of the Lord, and under His influence. We come together as members of the family of God, to be fed, and strengthened, and guided. We have practical objects in view, and we look for practical results. The children of God in this rebellious world occupy the most important and responsible positions; they are the salt of the earth, resisting corruption; and they are the preservation of the earth itself, until God's time for the ingathering of the spiritual harvest, and the consummation of all things; they are the light of the world, testifying for the Triune Jehovah in Satan's kingdom of darkness, and having their Father's name written in their foreheads. They "arise and shine," while the world around them slumbers. They receive and reflect the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, while it may be

said of all around them, as regards Jesus and His truth, "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people."

More than ever, my beloved fellow-inheritors of life and glory, must we, by God's grace, make full proof of our relationship to the crucified and risen Saviour. Satan is busy, sin is busy, intellectual pride is busy, priestcraft is busy, scoffers are busy, earthly policy is busy—all "taking counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed." We must be busy too. We "must be about our Father's business." There is no time for trifling now, for eager pursuit after money, position, pleasure, or earthly fame—"after all these things do the Gentiles seek." Our heavenly Father knows what we need, and will give it. We must seek the glory of our God and the good of His people. We must put on the Christian panoply, and contend "against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." We must be prepared to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, not entangling ourselves with the affairs of this life, that we may please Him who hath chosen us to be soldiers."

We come together, then, dearly beloved brethren, to rekindle our spiritual fire at the altar of divine love; to be stimulated by the Word and Spirit present in our midst, into increased zeal for our exalted Master and Friend; to stimulate and encourage each other to run with renewed patience and faithfulness the race set before us, so that when we return to our respective spheres, our hearts may so burn, and our faces glow with the radiance of the Divine presence to which we have been admitted, that those around us may see and feel, from our zeal for Jesus and His cause, that we have been with Him, and that our hearts and lips have been touched with a live coal from off the altar of His grace and self-devotion.

Many believers are now trembling for the ark of God, and they say, "Is there not a cause?" In one sense there is a cause for deep anxiety, but in another there is none. The battle that is being waged between light and darkness is the Lord's, and they who fight against Him shall not prosper. Since man's fall the war of principles has been fought with apparently varying success, but the issue has never been doubtful. Jesus has ever gone forth "conquering and to conquer." His triumphant progress has never for a moment been checked. His word is still to His trembling followers, "Go forward," and He directs their eyes to His blood-stained banner which waves on high, on which are emblazoned the assuring words, "KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS."

Under that banner, beloved friends, we shall by God's grace meet. Pray continually and earnestly that we may recognize it, and that, as it floats over us, it may be to us, love—love to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—love to the inspired Word—love to all them who love Jesus in sincerity, and love to everything that breathes of Him in this world where He was hated, rejected, and slain; and where now He is only loved by those who by grace have been made to feel that He loves them.

The Conference will be held, if the Lord will, on **TUESDAY** and **WEDNESDAY**, the 1st and 2nd of October, 1872.

The subjects suggested for consideration are:—

HE HATH NO FORM NOR COMELINESS.—Is. liii. 2. John xix. 5, 6.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?—Is. xxi. 11. Rom. xiii. 12.

Hospitality will, as heretofore, be provided for those brethren who will kindly signify to me, on or before Saturday, September 20th, their inten-

tion to be present at the Conference, and their need of accommodation during their stay.

I am, my dear friends, yours affectionately in the hope of the Gospel,

SAMUEL ABRAHAM WALKER,

Rector of St. Mary-le-Port, Bristol.

The Conference will, as usual, assemble (p.v.) in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, each day at Eleven o'clock, A.M., and at Seven P.M. Dinner (for which Tickets, at 2s. each, will be issued during the Conference) will be provided within the building at Half-past One o'clock, and Tea at Five. The intervals between the Meetings will, as heretofore, be devoted to Prayer Meetings, Bible Readings, Addresses, Free Conversations, &c.

Our local friends are reminded that Meetings for Prayer will be held at the Victoria Rooms, on the three Friday Evenings, September 13th, 20th, and 27th, preceding the Conference, and also on Monday Evening, September 30th, to ask the Lord's blessing on our proceedings.

Protestant Beacon.

BEGGING SISTERS.

ON a recent morning, as I was busily engaged in my office, two visitors entered in the garb which is now so familiar to English eyes, as that of nuns, or "sisters of mercy." I suspected their errand was to obtain money for a Roman Catholic institution, but I thought it right to hear what they would say, in order that my refusal to comply with such a request might be shown to proceed upon a definite principle, and might be in some degree explained to the applicants. A conversation was quickly commenced upon the subject so readily suggested by their appearance, as, in answer to the usual inquiry for the purpose of their visit, one of them informed me they had come to solicit a contribution towards a home for "poor old people." I should state that there appeared to be a difference in age, as well as in education and refinement, between the two, and the "sister" who seemed the elder, and also the less refined, was the first speaker. In answer to her request for money, I intimated that I could not give it, whereupon the younger sister, in a really pleasing and attractive manner, assured me that "gentlemen never refused" them, and the same assurance was more than once repeated by both. It may be that, if the demure look and downcast eyes are necessary for the interests of Romanism in the public streets, the pleasing manner and words of, I may almost say, *finesse* are equally useful in their proper place, even though they come from a nun in dreary cloak and with bandaged head. This appeal was, however, ineffectual; and, notwithstanding repeated assurances that gentlemen never did refuse, I ventured to resist the arts that were employed. The tactics then were changed, and great care was taken to impress me with the fact that a very small contribution would be received, and, indeed, only such was asked. Here was a plea which I know from former experience is constantly urged, and to which amiable Protestants too frequently yield. They give something to appease the applicants, they give but little to satisfy their consciences, forgetting that the gift breaks down the distinction between Protestantism and Popery, and induces the rising generation to ignore the real distinction which was once known by

the English people. The principle being thus surrendered, a breach is made in the fortification, and right well our foes know how to use it.

I endeavoured to explain that, whatever was given, were it little or much, the gift would be either right or wrong in itself; and, starting from this point, I stated a few of my reasons for believing that any donation, even the smallest, would be wrong. Of course this involved an allusion to the doctrines, practices, and teaching of those by whom the institution is conducted. But immediately, with earnest protestations, I was told that their object was to relieve the bodily wants of the "poor old people" apart from any religious motive or preference. Here, again, is an argument persistently employed by Roman Catholics, and too carelessly allowed by unsuspecting English people; and yet it is idle to suppose that the Church, which has many agencies for absorbing all Christendom, and concentrates special efforts upon the spiritual conquest of England, would send its messengers to relieve the bodily wants of our poor without any ulterior motive. Evidently, however, I was expected to believe this to be the disinterested conduct of modern Romanism, and it was, therefore, necessary to bring the matter to a test. Taking the opportunity afforded by a vehement assertion of freedom from all religious bias, I asked such questions as these: Does the priest attend the home? Does he wear the Roman Catholic vestments? Does he hear confessions? Does he offer "the sacrifice?" All these questions were answered in the affirmative, and I asked once more how the applicants could expect me, as a conscientious Protestant, to contribute towards such an institution?

But, in no way daunted, my visitors renewed the attack, on the one hand begging me think of the poor old people's bodies, and, on the other, assuring me that the religious teaching was optional. I pointed out that the bodily relief would be identified with doctrines which to me were utterly false, and tried the boasted freedom of religion by offering to take a Bible—any Bible—and read it to the inmates of the home. The reply was that no person could be allowed to read the Bible unless specially fetched for one of the "poor old people," and even then not in the hearing of the others. I ventured to push my inquiries so far as to ask whether there was a Bible in the establishment, and was informed by the sisters that they believed one or more of the old people had such a book, but they did not dare to assert that it was one of the books provided or encouraged by the managers of the institution, who are priests and sisters.

I asked the sisters to show their authority for any doctrine peculiar to their Church, as distinguished from Protestant Churches, and told them that, until they could do this, I dare not give even a small sum to one of their institutions. "Then," said the younger sister, "you allow your reason to overcome your charity. Remember, charity should be supreme, and it covers a multitude of sins." Our interview was closing, and I could but briefly explain that charity is a word used to signify love, and there must be love for God and His truth, as well as kindness towards our fellow-creatures. When I had done this, and added a word upon the difference between the Protestant Christian believing in the Lord Jesus alone, and the Romanist praying to dead people and confessing to sinful men, the two sisters promised to repeat their call in the expectation of finding me changed, and left me more opposed, I trust, to their system, while more sorrowful for its victims.

It is needful, in these days, to give our money under a conviction of duty, and, when professing to give to God, we ought not to give with indifference or carelessness, such as may be seen when a penny is tossed to a beggar in the streets. And yet, while discrimination is being urged in that kind of charity, the Protestant who exercises discrimination in religious matters is said to be narrow and bigoted. But, nevertheless, true charity or love, even for the sisters of mercy, not less loudly than allegiance to God's truth, bids us stay our hand, and not encourage them in their miserable creed by giving even a small contribution.

A PROTESTANT LAYMAN.

Correspondence.

THE RIGHT, THOUGH ROUGH, WAY.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

DEAR SIR,—We live in a world of change and unrest. Mutability surrounds us on every side. What a mercy it is that we have an immutable God to confide in; immutable promises to rest on; an immutable path to draw strong consolation from!

"They build too low who build beneath the skies." Earthly unions dissolve; ties are broken; partings ceaseless; change constant. Sweet it is to remember that with the Father of Lights there is *no variableness*, neither shadow of turning. Sometimes confusion seems to reign, but "*we know that all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose.*" If our minds ponder the seeming chaos of circumstances, are we not made to feel our *littleness*? do we not feel what poor contracted minds ours are? and are we not lost in wonder at the greatness of Jehovah, who "*worketh all things after the counsel of His own will*?" In the midst of tumult, contention, uproar, confusion—in the midst of wars and rumours of wars—God worketh, and none letteth! Sweet truth, "*The Lord reigneth!*" Sometimes we are fretful Jonahs; sometimes short-sighted, hypochondriacal Jacobs; sometimes disappointed Peters, toiling all night, and catching nothing. On the other hand, when the Lord is pleased to encourage our hearts, by sweetly whispering, with "*a still small voice,*" a gracious "*Fear not,*" what serenity is produced! And then we willingly and happily pray, "*Thy will be done!*" When we can recognize the nearness of Jesus, and see the fulness of the promises, we become exulting Davids, and say, "*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.*" When the Lord leaves us to ourselves, what poor, frail, tottering things we are! There is no doing without the Lord. The Antediluvians, the Sodomites, the Babel-builders, the Babylonians, the Ninevites, the Jews, all show us this: "*Safety is of the Lord.*" And His promise stands fast: "*I will cause them to dwell safely.*" Oh, for grace to sing with the Psalmist, "*God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.* Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof!"

Though life be chequered, and trouble attend our pilgrimage, all is

made subservient to our best interests by the overruling and sanctifying grace of Him who doeth all things well. Peace, unmolested, can never be ours below. Blessed be the Lord's name for the moments of sweet peace enjoyed! "*There remaineth a rest for the people of God.*" "There the wicked cease from troubling;" there is joy unbounded, peace eternal and complete.—I remain, dear Sir, yours in Jesus,

S. GRAY.

DEATH.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through Death He might destroy him that had the power of Death, that is, the Devil; and deliver them who through fear of Death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."—HEB. ii. 14, 15.

"BUT TIM'ROUS MORTALS START AND SHRINK
TO CROSS THAT NARROW SEA,
AND LINGER, SHIV'RING ON THE BRINK,
AND FEAR TO LAUNCH AWAY."—Watts.

POOR trembling soul! what dost thou fear?
What makes thee so distressed appear,
Whenever thou the name dost hear—
Of Death?

Hast thou not hope in Jesus' blood,
That thou dost fear to pass the flood
When the call comes—by none withstood—
Of Death?

"I fear lest, in that awful hour,
Satan should use his utmost power,
And fiery darts around me shower—
In Death.

"Lest, when my heart and flesh are failing,
When friends around my bed are wailing,
My faith should then prove unavailing—
In Death."

Who knows the anguish of the breast,
The body's parting with its guest,
When by the mighty arm oppress—
Of Death?

The agony, the mortal strife,
The last fond clinging unto life,
And all the scenes with terror rife—
Of Death?

The launching into boundless space—
The scene before the Judge's face?
Who can the soul's wide wand'rings trace—
At Death?

One has returned from Death's cold grasp—
He will in arms of mercy clasp
Thy soul, when thou for breath dost gasp—
In Death.

He knows its terrors, felt its smart,
His loving, His all-gracious heart
Was pierced by the envenomed dart—
Of Death.

He knows the fears that heave the breast,
And He will calm each fear to rest,
And thou shalt be no more distressed—
At Death,

When heart and flesh and spirit fail,
Jesus shall cheer thee in the vale,
And angels thine approach shall hail—
To Death.

Yea, He shall come in form so sweet,
That thou shalt joy with Him to meet,
And with glad smiles th' approach shall greet—
Of Death.

Then, landed on the further shore,
Thou shalt take leave for evermore
Of that which thou didst dread before—
Of Death.

E. H. R. G.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE discoverer of Dr. Livingstone has met with a very cordial reception in this country, and well he deserves it; for he has shown remarkable heroism, courage, and perseverance. The *Record* observes that his case "stands out alone in the annals of adventure as the most enterprising and successful war ever waged against all geographical and ethnological difficulties by the personal daring of one man. Learned bodies and sympathizing coteries had sent caravans, pioneers, and explorers from the Zanzibar coast to the interior of Africa in quest of the great traveller; and, though much money was spent, much excitement created, and much time wasted, nothing was practically done, and nothing accurately ascertained. One reported that Livingstone was dead of fever, another that he had been murdered at Nyanza, a third that he had been sold as a slave and was a victim of African oppression at Unyanyembe, a fourth that he was at Nyassa hale and hearty, a fifth that he would never be 'discovered,' and so on. Whilst ignorance was thus contending with imagination a magnificent idea flashed across the brain of the wealthy Mr. Bennett, jun., of *New York Herald* fame, whilst at Paris. Accordingly he telegraphed to Madrid for an unknown Mr. Stanley, who was quietly working away as a correspondent to Mr. Bennett's newspaper. Mr. Stanley at once obeyed the summons, and travelled express to Paris. On his arrival he instantly went to the Grand Hotel, where Mr. Bennett was staying. The newspaper proprietor was in bed, but immediately gave orders for Mr. Stanley to be shown up. The interview lasted a few minutes, and all was settled. 'Have you any idea where Livingstone is?' asked Mr. Bennett. 'No,' answered the laconic Mr. Stanley. 'Well, I think he is living, and to be found. Will you try and find him?' adds Mr. Bennett. 'Yes,' replies Mr. Stanley, still with Spartan brevity. 'Good; you can have unlimited credit. Use your own means, carry out your own plans. Good night!' And so from these few words, according to the

received report, Dr. Livingstone has been discovered resting quietly at Ujiji, determined, God willing, to explore to the end the great watersheds of the Nile, the vast African inland seas, the mountains and valleys of the hitherto unknown land." The problem of the Nile is yet unsolved. Captain Speke believed that he had discovered the true sources in the Victoria Nyanza, and Sir Samuel Baker made the same claim for the Albert Nyanza. Dr. Livingstone asserts that they are both wrong. He asserts confidently that the true sources of the Nile lie 500 or 600 miles southward of the Victoria and Albert Nyanza. He expresses his own belief—a belief yet to be tested by further exploration—that the fountains of the Nile differ in kind from the sources of other great African rivers. The watershed of the Nile is, he states, a broad upland between 10 degrees and 12 degrees south latitude, and from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, with mountains on it of 6,000 feet or 7,000 feet of actual altitude. He has explored this for 600 miles, and finds all over it innumerable springs of one general character—an ooze at the head of a slightly-depressed valley, and then a few hundred yards down a brisk perennial brook, a few feet broad, and deep enough to require a bridge. But in the last one hundred miles yet to be explored he expects to find the true fountains of the Nile, not rising "from oozing earthen sponges, but from an earthen mound, and half the water flows northward to Egypt, the other south to inner Ethiopia." Should this be found to be the case, it will confirm the account given by Herodotus, and the result will be to prove that the ancient geographers were right, and had a more accurate and exhaustive knowledge than ever has been possessed since.

Dr. Livingstone speaks in very strong terms of the horrors of the African slave trade. It seems that not less than 100,000 persons are annually captured for the purpose of being carried into slavery, but such are the hardships to which they are exposed on their journey to the sea-coast, that four-fifths of them perish on the way. In 1851, Dr. Livingstone described flourishing villages in the Lake Nyassa district—mills grinding corn, workmen weaving cotton, and the people, as a rule, living in happiness and contentment. Ten years afterwards, when he went there, he said the country was not to be recognized, and that wild beasts overran the villages. Districts near Kilwa, extending to ten or twelve days' journey, which a few years ago were thickly populated, were now entirely uninhabited. An Arab, who had lately returned from Lake Nyassa, informed him that he had travelled for seventeen days through a country covered with ruined towns and villages, which a few years ago were inhabited by two great tribes, but in which a living soul was not now to be seen. A striking contrast to this is seen in the case of Lagos, on the western coast of Africa, where slavery has been extinguished. Commander Hugh M'Neile Dyer, of H. M. S. *Torch*, thus writes to his father:—"Lagos, June 19, 1872,—The town of Lagos quite astonished me, and I felt, as I looked on the busy wharves, the quantity of shipping, the well-built houses, neatly-formed streets, well-dressed people, and, above all, the churches (a large one to hold 1,500 people is in course of construction), that our dear John's blood [his brother had been killed there in action, when attacking the Barracoons, in 1850] had not been shed in vain, when such things had arisen in the dismal swamp, the very heart of slavery twenty-two years ago. I was so struck with the good order and apparent wealth of the place, that, when I describe it in my journal, I hope I may not give an exaggerated view of it."

There is probably no nation upon earth which can so readily rally after misfortune as the French. It might reasonably have been supposed that the late fearful war would have left them in a bankrupt and despairing condition for many years to come. Instead of this, they are already rising, Phoenix-like, above their troubles, and seem to be well-nigh as prosperous as ever. We are told that, "In order to make the payment of the bulk of the indemnity to Germany, and thereby to liberate the country still held by German soldiers, the French Government asked the monied public of the world to lend it one hundred and twenty millions of English pounds sterling, at six per cent. per annum interest. The monied public of the world, by their offers in the course of one day, answered, 'We will lend you, not one hundred and twenty millions sterling, but sixteen hundred millions sterling!'—and, actually, the instant deposit of 14 per cent. upon the applications amounts to more than the total of the loan. The spectacle is unprecedented, and the details are quite as wonderful. Three milliards of francs were asked for, and forty-four milliards have been subscribed—about one-half by France and (curious to say) a considerable part of the other half by Germany, where the capital itself has to go."

The *Rock* draws attention to an important matter, viz., the spirit of compromise which exists with reference to Rome and historical facts. It observes:—"A priest lately said to a friend of ours, 'Do you suppose that we will be satisfied with getting rid of your Bible from the public schools? We must also get rid of your histories.' It is certain that, next to the Word of God, Rome hates the exposures which history makes of her past misdeeds, and virtually exclaims in regard to this also, 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' We do not suppose that our respectable publishers would willingly promote such a scheme, but they may be led into it inadvertently. The literary men whom they employ may think it a duty gradually to soften down what they may regard as too strong expressions, although in the accomplishment of their object they may gradually polish away the stern facts of history. From this Rome will gain an advantage and the country a loss. Whatever is the cause of it, no one who has been carefully observing can doubt the fact that such a change as we have adverted to is going on. Take, for example, as a specimen of what we mean, a well-known school book, viz., *The History of the British Empire*, by William Francis Collier, LL.D., and let any one compare the old with the more recent edition, and he will see illustrations of the softening and retrenching process to which we have referred. We beg to submit the following specimens:—(1.) Page 160. *Old Edition*.—"To raise funds for the building (St. Peter's at Rome) Leo X. had sent out monks to sell indulgences. *These were pardons from the Pope of even the grossest sins.*" The words in italics are omitted in the new edition. (2.) Page 160. *Old Edition*.—"But God inspired Martin Luther to oppose the impious falsehood." *New Edition*.—"But Martin Luther opposed this doctrine of indulgences. (3.) Page 160. *Old Edition*.—"He (Martin Luther) defended the *great truth* of justification by faith in Christ alone." *New Edition*.—"He (Martin Luther) defended the *doctrine* of justification by faith in Christ alone." (4.) Page 160. *Old Edition*.—"The *once* terrible decree of excommunication." *New Edition*.—"Once omitted." The *Rock* gives many similar instances, and adds, "All this is instructive, and

ought to engage the attention of earnest Protestants and true patriots. Unless our children are made fully to understand the nature and past doings of Popery and the blessings of the Reformation, we cannot expect them to act firmly and intelligently now that the old enemy is coming in again like a flood."

We are glad that public attention has been directed to a case of hardship in the army. It appears that two soldiers, corporals in the Royal Marines, preached in the open air; they did this in opposition to the order of their commander, and, being tried by court-martial, they were sentenced to be reduced to the ranks, and to eighty-four days' imprisonment with hard labour! This is a terribly severe sentence, and there is every reason to believe that it is quite illegal. An officer of high standing—Major C. H. Malan, late of the 75th regiment—writes to the *Times* to say that, having for years studied the question of "lawful command," as it affects the liberty of officers and soldiers; and, having often discussed this very point with one of our best generals, on whose staff he had the honour to serve, he considers that the order of the commandant was entirely contrary to law. "The mistake lies in supposing that when a man enters the military service, either as officer or soldier, he sells himself body and soul to the State. He does no such thing. He does not lose his liberty as a subject. He merely gives to the State as much military duty as it demands; if necessary, every hour of the day and night. But, his duty done, he may enjoy his liberty as a subject during his leisure hours. Military authority has no power over officers or soldiers when off duty, unless they infringe the law of the land. This is a point most strongly maintained by officers of the army, and, as the liberty of the subject is the same for the poor as the rich, they should maintain it for their soldiers. Preaching in the open air is no crime in England. It is practised by noblemen, gentlemen, and hundreds of working men. If a riot ensues, or a public road is obstructed, the preacher may be lawfully punished for creating a breach of the peace. But that there be no open-air preaching for fear of riot is not the law of England. Therefore, if to preach in the open air is not contrary to the law of England, it is an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject, and an abuse of military authority for a commanding officer to order a soldier not so to preach. Such command is not a lawful command. Mr. Goschen stated that the men apparently wilfully disobeyed their colonel to try the question. Only 'apparently.' I went to Gosport on the 10th inst. to see them, and to advise them as a friend and as an old officer, in the interests of discipline, until the question be lawfully settled. They told me that in each instance they left barracks purposing to do as their colonel wished; but, being with their friend, the city missionary, and led by a power they could not resist, they preached. I have seen the place where they preached. It was not in the streets; but in a large open space in an out-of-the-way locality in Gosport, where they were welcomed, and in no way interfered with public traffic. The greatest sympathy was felt for the corporals by the poor of the neighbourhood, by whom they are much respected, and also by their comrades." The men have been released from prison, and in one case seventy-seven out of the eighty-four days' imprisonment have been remitted; but they ought also to be reinstated in their rank of corporal, and to receive their pay back in that grade.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAVOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL"

No. 82,
NEW SERIES. }

OCTOBER 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,282,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. 1. 4.

CHRIST OUR LIFE.—LIVING—LOOKING—LEANING— LOVING.

*"Jesus said unto her, I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?"—*JOHN xi. 25, 26.

THERE are sundry facts in connexion with the circumstances which led to the above declaration that are deeply interesting, and equally encouraging, did time and space permit our dwelling upon them. We must, however, forbear touching upon these, as we wish to come at once to the language before us. It is evident that, well-instructed as Martha was up to a certain point, and in a certain degree, still there was a further knowledge of the person and omnipotent power of Jesus, into which the Lord intended graciously to lead her. The position in which she was now placed was to be overruled for this express end and purpose.

We cannot help thinking that the terms in which Martha addressed her Lord savoured at least somewhat of petulancy: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;" as much as to say, "Did you receive my message about his illness? I sent to you at once. I thought you loved him. I believed you cared for us. Why did you not come? I can't account for your dealing thus with us. Oh, think of the anguish you might have saved us! This state of things never would have been, had you come."

There is a something peculiar in the words, "But I know, that even now, whatsoever Thou wilt ask of God, God will give it Thee." Here she evidently grasps a something beyond appearances. Her language bespeaks confidence, and great confidence too, in the prayers of Jesus. She looks at Him as a Mediator, an Advocate, an Intercessor; and, as such, she feels He has power with God. Moreover, it was a wonderful thought she was entertaining, even that, though her

brother was dead, yet there was a possibility of his being restored; still this idea would seem to clash with what she subsequently said, "Lord, by this time he stinketh; for he hath been dead four days." Now this contradiction seems unaccountable, except upon the ground that sometimes the Lord's dear children, under the power of a faith of which they are not aware they possess, venture to cherish certain hopes, to express certain desires, and to put forth certain pleas, the which, if duly considered, might almost startle themselves, as being unreasonable or presumptuous, when what is involved in such hopes, desires, or pleadings, is taken into account. Under the power, and in the exercise, of the precious property of faith, they are carried out of themselves, raised above the narrow boundary of the poor finite creature, and are indulged with access to and wrestling with Him who allows Himself to be challenged with the mighty inquiry, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" Reader, do you know anything personally of this blessed experience—this going out of self—this taking flight, by precious, all-powerful faith, from the creature and all creature-circumstances, and fleshly reasonings, and finite arguments, into the very heart of Him who is "mighty to save and able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think?" Ah, sweet, blessed experience this! Lord, Lord, give us to know more and more of it!

But again, we remark, it was of the person—we had nearly said, it was the personal person—of Jesus; it was of His own divine and essential Self, that the Lord intended Martha and His own dear disciples to have a more blessed and glorious apprehension. This was His object, as step by step He led her into a personal knowledge of the mystery.

Now mark, dear reader: Jesus says, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." Here, we conceive, He testifies of Himself in a two-fold point of view. First, He is the Deliverer from death—spiritual death—the death in trespasses and sins, in which all by nature are involved. "And you hath He quickened," saith the Apostle, "who were dead in trespasses and sins." Jesus intended to illustrate this great fact by what He was about to do in calling Lazarus from the grave. Great and glorious as that act was, we believe it fails in greatness and glory, as contrasted with the still mightier and more glorious exercise of Divine majesty and power, in the infusion of life, and the deliverance from spiritual death. Ah, how the dear children of God fail to estimate this unspeakable mercy! It is only to contemplate their own former condition of death, ignorance, and alienation from God, as presented by the worldly and the carnal by whom they are surrounded. What knowledge, taste, or desire Christward and heavenward have they? There is neither spiritual perception nor spiritual participation. They see not nor feel aught spiritually. They are dead—spiritually dead. They have eyes, but they see not; ears, but hear not; mouths, but taste not; hearts, but feel not; feet, but walk not; hands, but handle not. They are dead—really,

vitality, absolutely dead, in a true, spiritual, and saving point of view. Then what a mercy to know this—to feel this; whatever one either feels or fears with respect to one's present state and condition, to be brought to the plain matter-of-fact conviction to which the blind young man was brought, when he exclaimed, "One thing I know, that whereas I was once blind, now I see." Now, we maintain, to be brought here—and even for the time being no further—is indeed a distinguishing—yea, an inestimable—mercy. We repeat, that to effect this required the exercise of far greater power than that which Jehovah Jesus put forth when He commanded Lazarus to come forth from the grave; and we see plainly what that power was. Scarcely another instance is left upon record, in regard to the myriads upon myriads which have, from Abel down to the present hour, been called to pay the debt of nature. Oh, reader, it is a wonderful thing to quicken the spiritually dead; to open the blind eyes; to unstop the deaf ears; to take away the heart of stone and to give the heart of flesh; to infuse an altogether new and distinctive life, with its appetite, taste, and desire; with feet to walk in Zion's ways, and hands to handle the things of God. A marvellous mercy this!

But we said we believed that Jesus testified of Himself in a two-fold light, when He declared Himself to be "the Resurrection and the Life." Not only was He, and is, the Deliverer from spiritual death, but He is likewise the Maintainer of the life He thus sovereignly and graciously bestows. Hence the saying—"And the Life." Now, observe, not only is it a moral impossibility to quicken the dead by any finite or creature power, but equally impossible would it be, on the part of man, to maintain true spiritual life when once bestowed. As no man can quicken, so no man can keep alive his own soul. Hence it is sweet to contemplate Christ as the Nourisher and the Maintainer of the life He has bestowed; and where, ye quickened and spiritually-living ones, we fail is, in seeking to keep perpetually in view, that our very vitality, as well as standing and growth, is all inseparably and indisputably connected with our oneness of life in Jesus, with whom and by whom and through whom—yea, in whom we are in a oneness of life; yea, in one inconceivably-blessed identity; as it is written, "We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones." "As He is, so are we in this world." "That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." "I in them, and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." "Christ in you, the hope of glory." "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."

These Scriptures go to prove that oneness and identity of which we before spake; but now, dear reader, in proof of the maintenance and nourishment of the life once given, and which exists in and by

this covenant, positive and absolute union, mark what the Apostle says, "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ: from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love" (Eph. iv. 15, 16). In further illustration of this great truth, in His remarkable conversation with the woman of Samaria, Jesus said, "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life" (John iv. 14).

Reader, we repeat, it is here we fail. We do not sufficiently realize the great fact of our life being in Christ, and Christ being our life. Alas! alas! that we should be so foolish, notwithstanding our better knowledge and clearer judgment—we seek to live alone, to walk alone, to act alone. We strive for independence. Like poor silly children, we want to step or to run on in advance of the tender, loving, watchful parent; and how many trips and falls do such get in consequence! We talk about Jesus; we confess our need of Jesus; we say, "His words were perfectly true, 'Without me ye can do nothing;'" notwithstanding, we appeal to the reader: Are we not continually, by our conduct, belying our creed? We deny in works the very truths we defend in words. Thus our words and our works are at issue. If, beloved, we fully comprehended what is really involved in that utterance of Jesus, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," two things would necessarily follow—the looking to and the leaning upon Him. There is a blessed combination—a divine intermingling—a holy connexion, in the matter of this true spiritual and supernatural existence. It may be expressed in four simple words—

LIVING—LOOKING—LEANING—LOVING.

And sure we are that the more we realize Christ, in His own Divine Person, as the Resurrection and the Life, the more constantly we shall *look* to Him, the more entirely shall we *lean* upon Him, and the more ardently and intensely shall we *love* Him.

Oh, for more of this *looking, leaning, loving*, as the sweet and blessed fruit and effect of Christ in our hearts the hope of glory—Christ the Resurrection and the Life!

Here for the present we pause.

Sept. 6, 1872.

* * * * *

Now, dear reader, as the Lord may enable us, let us look at the subject, for a few minutes, in the simple light to which we have just alluded.

1. To Christ as our *life*. It has been well said, that outside of Christ, or short of Christ, or without Christ, all is death and dying! We have already quoted the words of the Apostle, "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me;

and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Again the same Apostle says, "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead." Again he says, "Death worketh in us, but life in you." By which we understand that, when ministerially he or his brother apostles sought to set forth the deathliness of spirit, the darkness, the blank, the void spiritually, the coldness, the hardness, the listlessness, the insensibility, the distance from God, the carnality, the worldliness, the distrust, the unbelief, the total absence of all present feeling after Christ, and the realization and enjoyment of the things of God; when he and his brethren sought to set forth these things as part and parcel of that daily warfare which they were called to wage, this very declaration so wrought upon the minds of those to whom they ministered as to raise them to hope and prompt them to "thank God and take courage," inasmuch as they were now led to perceive, by the testimony of the Apostle, that theirs was not the isolated, the rare, the uncommon condition of the really living in Jerusalem, the Spirit-quickenened and the grace-taught. Hence, by this very opening up of the death-like workings in the Apostle, he was thereby, in the hands of the Spirit, made the means of "lifeworking" in others.

And here, beloved, is one of the true features and blessed effects of an experimental ministry, not the dwelling exclusively upon the black, the dark, the gloomy, the death, but the touching upon these—the opening them up—as a means to an end; yea, that great purpose to which we just now referred, "that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God, which raiseth the dead." If we are journeying by railway, we have no wish to tarry in the tunnels, but glad again to strike forth into the light, although we are not sorry to reach the tunnel, with its darkness and its gloominess, when we know it lies between us and our destination, and remember, whilst passing through it, we are brought thereby so much nearer home! How often, for example, have some of us, who are familiar with the line between London and Bristol, listened for the whistle at the entrance of the last of the several tunnels between the latter place and Bath, and why? Because we knew that in a couple of minutes we should have passed through that last tunnel, and that that whistle was a signal at the terminus that the train was coming!

Dear reader, when you have heard your case opened up, or explained, in the way we have named, have you not again and again argued within yourself thus: "Oh, then, why should I regard my case as exceptional, and thereby hopeless, whilst I at the same time hear such an one, about whose safety I cannot entertain a doubt, describing precisely the same things as what I am the subject of, and what I more or less daily pass through? Surely, then, I may thank God, and take courage. "I will trust, and not be afraid." Now, for example, dear reader, if we tell you that nearly the whole of the day

upon which we write this—and it is on a Saturday, and we have (God helping us) to preach twice on the morrow—the Bible has been like a sealed book. We have been cold and dark and dead. Not a spark of spiritual life or vitality sensibly in operation. No text; no power; no savour; no unction; no dew; “shut up, and cannot come forth.” This has been our state this day; and now, in saying so, we doubt not many a poor trembling reader will be cheered and encouraged, and say, “Well, if an old pilgrim feels thus; if *he* for the time being sees nothing in and feels nothing from the word, how can *I* expect it to be always light and always bright with me? If *he* is thus to be taught how to walk by *faith* and not by *feeling*, by simple *trust* and *hope* and *expectation*, may I not venture to believe that the Lord is intending the self-same lesson for *me*?” Yes, verily, dear reader, and this is how we come at the meaning of such passages as these: “Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? *Hope thou in God*, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.” “Although He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!” “Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God.”

We come now to our second point, namely, *looking*; and, although whilst in the state of darkness and deadness to which we have adverted, it is scarcely, if at all, perceived, yet that very condition, under the gracious ministry of the Holy Ghost, contributes to this very end of *looking*—aye, and *longing*. To touch again upon the figure of the railway tunnel, whoever is satisfied to remain there? The *talkers* become silent, the *readers* lay down their books; it is only the *sleepers* remain unmoved. The *living* and the *lively* are *looking* and *longing* for the *light*; so that the very darkness and obscurity lead to a *looking* and *longing* for what was previously enjoyed and hoped for again. So is it spiritually, beloved. Can there be a contentedness or a satisfaction in the aforementioned circumstances? Does not the discomfort thereof, the very darkness and deadness—especially where the light and enlargement, the holy freedom and the blessed liberty, have been aforetime experienced and enjoyed, prompt to a *looking* and a *longing* after the same? The *renewals* and the *revivals* are craved. The “Come again,” the “Return, O holy Dove, return,” the “Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where Thou feedest,” the “Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?” are now not the mere cold, formal utterances of the lips, but the very language of the heart of those who are sick of love. Both in the less and in the greater sense of the word, there is verily a “looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ”—first, in the coming again in renewed and blessed manifestation over all the hills of sin, darkness, unbelief, and apparent desertion; and, next and primarily, in His coming again, as He has said He will come again, to gather home His beloved ones for ever and ever to Himself, and to those mansions

which He has gone home to prepare for them, when (blessed be His glorious name!) they shall be "for ever with the Lord," and all darkness, bondage, sin, and death shall never more be either felt or feared. Oh, blessed prospect! glorious hope! As dear DAVID DENHAM (of blessed memory) used to say, "No Saturday nights there. No Saturday nights? No, no Saturday nights. No Monday mornings there. No Monday mornings? No, no Monday mornings." Ye preachers of the everlasting Gospel, ye ministers of Christ, ye hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Lord's worn and weary pilgrims, need no enlargement upon the meaning of these Saturday nights and these Monday mornings. Ye who know experimentally what "the burden of the word of the Lord" is, will readily understand dear DAVID DENHAM's meaning. Yea, such as feel, as they turn over their Bibles from Genesis to Revelation, and back from Revelation to Genesis again, and say, as Elijah's servant to his master, "There is nothing!" will well know what Saturday's heart-travail is, as well as what the Monday morning's apprehension is, that all which can be said has been spoken, and that the cruse has failed, and the oil exhausted. However, it is well for such, in spite of the blank, to give heed to the prophet's counsel, "*Go again seven times,*" and then they shall see for themselves, that "there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." Assuredly, they shall be repaid for their *looking*.

Thirdly, the *leaning*. Dear reader, what fools we are, that we should ever attempt, even for a moment, to *walk*—yea, or even to *stand*—alone. Intimacy with Christ, fellowship with Christ, implies nearness to Christ, and who so near as those who *lean* upon Him? How most highly favoured of all His disciples was he who "leaned upon His breast at supper!" We shall never forget the words of a poor old inquiring sinner who, some twelve years ago, called to talk with us about his state. Those words have rung in our ears from that day to this: "*I want to get nearer to Him—nearer to Him!*" and, when we have seen that poor old inquirer sitting weeping under the preached word, how has the heart put forth its cries, that the Lord would specially bless that poor man! Reader, the different positions of the dear child of God have thus been spoken of: the poor Gadarene "*sitting* at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind;" "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, *leaning* upon the beloved?" Both privileged persons indeed; but the still even more highly-privileged position is that craved by the bride: "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth, for Thy love is better than wine." Beloved, there is many a Divine secret illustrated by nature or natural things. Among these secrets is this, that as in nature so in grace, the *older* a man grows the *weaker* he grows, the less is he able to *walk* or *stand* alone; he has indeed need of a *helper*; he must *lean* upon another. Reader, this is *almost* unexceptional in nature, it is without exception in grace. The very patriarchs in grace must *lean*, and that upon Jesus, for they cannot stand or walk alone, and so they will tell you. *Their* strength

faileth, and, therefore, they must of very necessity lean—ay, and lean hard, too—upon the arm of Omnipotence. But, oh, how sweet is the thought that none can lean too hard or too heavily! Moreover, what myriads upon myriads are day by day, and moment by moment, leaning upon Jesus! and yet He is quite competent—ay, and equally willing—to bear up; yes, and to bring through, too. Reader, that is a sweet word, “leaning upon the Beloved.”

Lastly, *loving*. And, depend upon it, dear reader, that the *living* and the *looking* and the *leaning* leads to the *loving*; not that there was an absence of love before; oh no; for the moment they *lived* spiritually they *loved*. When the precious germ of eternal *life* was dropped into the previously dead soul by the Almighty Quickener, the Holy Ghost, that moment *love* divine was likewise infused; but we speak now of the development and operation of love. We repeat, therefore, that the actual *living* and *looking* and *leaning* by faith upon the Beloved leads to the *loving* of His own divine and adorable person. Dear reader, that is a precious portion of the Holy Ghost, by the Apostle Peter, and do mark how it stands so immediately connected with the *trial of faith*, which the Apostle declares to be “more precious than of gold that perisheth.” Speaking of the appearing of Jesus Christ, he says: “Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.”

St. Luke's, Bedford, Sept. 21, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

MOSES ON MOUNT PISGAH.

DEUT. xxxiv. 1—6.

THE prospect brightens o'er me,
Now beams the promised ray;
The vision of the glory
I realize to-day.
The summit of my mountain
Reflects the tinted glow:
I hear the rippling fountain,
I see the river flow.

Shake off, my soul, thy slumbers,
And don thy garments white:
Now tune to blissful numbers
The glories of the sight.
Wake, wake, thy golden lyre
In songs for royal ears—
Strike, strike, the love-note higher—
The King himself appears!

Fair Egypt cannot charm me,
Its vanities are past:
Nor desert-foes alarm me,
I see “the Land” at last.
No striving, no complaining,
No sin can mar my rest:
No giant Og disdaining—
No Sihon—me molest.

Lindfield.

As Autumn yields her blessing
To promise Summer made,
The husbandman confessing
That he is amply paid:
As man by wise tuition
Is brought to love the light:
As Hope buds to fruition:
As faith is lost in sight:—

So now, its fame outshining—
On Pisgah's Mount I stand
Its glorious lines defining—
I see Immanuel's Land.
I see the many mansions,
Its hills and dales behold:
I mark its vast expansions,
All one in Jesu's fold.

The bright'ning scene inspires me!
I drink its scented air;
'Tis balm: but oh! it fires me
With joy to enter there!
I hear the voices nearing—
I catch the sun's first ray—
The Lord Himself appearing—
He calls me—“Come Away!”

T. B. L.

Wayside Notes.

THE MYSTERIES OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

"It is given unto you to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given."—MATT. xiii. 11.

It is the glory of God to conceal a thing, especially precious things. This He will often do in connexion with earthly matters. For example: Where is to be found the diamond that sparkles in our Queen's crown, but amidst the mud and sand of the mountain stream? Where is to be found the pearl that decorates the brow of a princess, but deep down in the ocean's bed, under the coverlid of an oyster shell? Where is to be found the glittering gold, without which it would be difficult to carry on the commerce of a nation, but deep down in the bowels of the earth!

But step a little higher from the region of that which is material to that which is invisible, yet real. It is the glory of God to conceal a thing; for instance—*breath*. Who can tell me how it is I breathe and live? I know it—I feel it—but I cannot explain it otherwise than God said, "Let there be life, and there was life." Again—*the immortality of the soul*. What is the soul? Where is it? Who can explain the mystery? Something that is immortal—something that lives for ever! The rest is veiled in the fact—it is the glory of God to conceal a thing. Again—*life spiritual*. What is it? "I passed by and said, Live, live." "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." And the same law God practically carries out with His children, for His choicest saints are often hidden from the eyes of the world. One of the sweetest Christians we ever met with was a poor motherless girl, who had been laid down for fourteen years with a spinal complaint. Her good aunt had carried her down from her bedroom, morning after morning, and laid her on the couch where we saw her; and then, evening by evening, carried her upstairs again. Never during that long period had she been outside the cottage door; and yet her aunt told us "she had never known her to murmur." Her conversation was most sanctified—full of thankfulness and gratitude to her Redeemer. We left the scene, inwardly feeling, "Well, if ever there was an angel on earth, it is the dear afflicted creature we have just left;" and yet the world knows nothing of her, nor even the Church; but God does. He knows her; but it is His glory to conceal a thing. And, as there is concealment in the earthly, the invisible, and the spiritual, so also is there perfection. In nature all is perfect. Pluck a leaf from a wayside shrub; how beautiful it is! what a network of fibres curiously and marvellously wrought, yet perfect in all its parts! "Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, they spin not; yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," which is literally true. We have seen the leaf of a lily magnified. It is the most beautiful, spotless, and velvety thing you can imagine; but magnify a piece of Honiton lace, and it will appear like twisted cart-ropes, bringing out the fact that the more you look into God's work, the more perfect it is; the more you see of man's work, the more imperfect it is. Now, men

will allow this with regard to the works of creation; they will admire, acknowledge, and even adore; but, when it comes to the higher regions of grace, oh, then there must be no concealment, perfection, or mystery here! and so salvation is made a scheme of confusion, dependent upon man's free will; but, whether men will have it or not, God is perfect in all His works. It is the glory of God, then, to conceal a thing.

“He moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.”

And we shall see this if we proceed to trace out some of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. There are many mentioned in the sacred Scriptures; but, before noticing those that especially refer to the kingdom, we should like to point to two of a contrary character, namely,—

I. The mystery of iniquity; and,

II. The mystery that blindness in part hath happened unto Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in.

1. *The mystery of iniquity.*—This we find described in 2 Thess. ii. 7: “For the mystery of iniquity doth already work: only He who now letteth will let, until he (Satan) be taken out of the way.”

What is this mystery of iniquity, and where its headship? It is a curious fact worth noticing, that formerly the Greek word for “mystery” was inscribed on the front of the Pope's tiara; it was removed by Justus III. But let the Scriptures answer the question. Note the description which the Apostle Paul gives of the man of sin, to be revealed the son of perdition, in 2 Thess. ii. 4, and it will not be difficult to point from that description to the headship of the mystery of iniquity. He is described as he “who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God (mark the words), *showing himself that he is God.*”

Now, the Popes of bygone days have always done this. The testimony of dear Mr. Rough, a martyr who died A.D. 1558, was that the Pope was very Antichrist. He declared, in the presence of the cruel Bonner, that he had seen the Pope carried on men's shoulders, and the false sacrament borne before him; yet was there more reverence given to him than to God; which bold statement caused Bonner to rise up and pluck off a piece of the dear saint's beard, exclaiming, “Dost thou blaspheme our holy father the Pope thus?” But it is reserved to the present time to behold fully the Pope as head of Antichrist, for he has boldly and arrogantly promulgated the awful dogma of his own infallibility, thereby (to the dishonour of our Lord Jesus Christ) declaring himself to be God on earth! Upon the promulgation of that dogma we believe God blasted the poor old man. But the painful part of it is that, while the shield of France no longer protects the Papal sovereignty, and Italy claims and takes possession of her capital—while the Pope himself is not infallible, nor yet fallible enough to retain his own throne—and while other nations of the earth are throwing off the Papal yoke, this mystery of iniquity—this Nebuchadnezzar's image—is rearing with greater effrontery his hideous head in this our beloved island home, while at the sound of Ritualism's sackbut, increasing numbers of our poor deluded countrymen are falling down before it. God save our country from further prostration before the mother of harlots—the mystery of iniquity—and preserve to us our Protestant constitution and privileges!

Another proof that the Pope is the “man of sin,” the head of the

mystery of iniquity, we draw from this fact: Jesus said, "I will pray the Father, and He will send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever." Now the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, is sent to be the Representative of Christ in the Church upon earth. When, therefore, the Pope proclaims himself to be the Vicar of Christ, and the head of the universal Church upon earth, he thereby blasphemously usurps and publicly pretends to and assumes the office and place of God the Holy Ghost, "so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."* This must suffice to prove what is the mystery of iniquity, and its headship. The other mystery that we must refer to is—

2. *The mystery that blindness in part has happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in.* This we have in Rom. xi. 25: "For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits; that blindness in part has happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."

The Jews had been specially honoured of God. To them were committed the oracles of God, and they were favoured with a divine revelation of His will and worship; but blindness in part—and a most important part, too—happened to them: *they knew not God in Christ.* They were and are still totally blind as to the Messiah. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." They saw no beauty and comeliness in Him, and rejected Him, notwithstanding the clearest evidences before them of His being the Mighty God; a veil was upon their hearts.

And then the blindness in part is seen also in the fact that a remnant according to the election of grace shall be brought to the knowledge of the truth, and, in many instances, proclaim it, too. We remember our Herschels and Abrahams, and we are told that there are upwards of one hundred ministers labouring within the pale of the Established Church who are converted Jews. The blindness, therefore, in this sense also is in part; for some shall have the light until the fulness of the Gentiles, when the whole number of God's elect, both Jew and Gentile, shall be perfected, according to covenant arrangement. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counsellor? Or who hath first given to Him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

Having, therefore, referred to these two mysteries, we will come at once to some of those which appear to us more particularly connected with God's kingdom of grace, as follows:—

1. The mystery of God's will.
2. The mystery of the Trinity.
3. The mystery of the election of God in forming a kingdom unto Himself.
4. The mystery of the incarnation of our Lord—"God manifest in the flesh."
5. The mystery of the Gospel of Christ.
6. The mystery of the work of the Spirit, by which His people are brought into vital union with a precious Christ.
7. The mystery of the raising of the dead, and the change of living saints.

* *The Christian Annotator*, vol. ii., p. 165.

"The works of the Lord are *great*, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."—We have pleasure therein. May God direct us to search out that which is according to His mind and will! Certainly, with the Word of God before us, we shall advance nothing that we cannot prove from its sacred pages. We are to notice—

1. *The mystery of God's will*, and the passage that refers to this is Ephesians i. 9: "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will, according to His good pleasure which He hath purposed in Himself."—We sometimes find ourselves asking such questions as these: "Who is God? What is He like? What was His origin? What was there before God?" Ah! poor finite man, thy mind expanded to its highest intellect cannot find out our glorious Him. Who by searching can find out God? "If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

As there is mystery about His Person, so must there be about His will. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light;" but from whence did light come but from the mystery of His will? And when He says, "Let there be light in the soul"—when He passes by and says, "Live," how do we live? From whence cometh the light and the life but from the mystery of His will? He doeth as seemeth Him good in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. But the grand concentration of God's will is in the gift of His dear Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ. In Him is sublime mystery, as we shall try presently to see, in connexion with His incarnation, death, and resurrection, showing how completely it was the glory of God to conceal a thing; and, by reversion as it were, we find each Person in the Trinity honouring each; hence our dear Lord, when on earth, declared that all His work was the carrying out of His Father's will. "I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me." "And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." So that—oh, mercy of mercies!—the will of the Father and the work of Christ are developed in the love, grace, salvation, preservation, and glorification of the Church.

Now, God might have shut up the mystery of His will from us, but the mercy is, He has and is revealing it through His Word; hence the value of the Scriptures. Never could His will be made known but by Revelation, and in that precious Book we have the revelation of His will; and, by an allwise discipline and teaching, He is making His covenant people understand Him and His working more and more. It would be an interesting contemplation, did space allow, to trace out this in the cases of some His prophets and saints—such, for instance, as the career of Moses, Gideon, David, Saul, and many others. But, dear fellow Christians, our own experience—does it not mark the mystery of His will? Our call by Divine grace—the revelation of Christ to our souls—our experience of Him day by day, and the discipline we are passing through—all, all is traceable to the mystery of His will.

2. *The mystery of the Trinity*. This we have in Colossians ii. 2: "That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ." And the Catholic faith is this: that we worship one God in trinity, and trinity

in unity—neither confounding the Persons, nor dividing the substance—for there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son, and another of the Holy Ghost. But the Godhead of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost is all one; the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal. Such as the Father is, such is the Son, and such is the Holy Ghost. The Father uncreate, the Son uncreate, and the Holy Ghost uncreate. The Father incomprehensible, the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible. The Father eternal, the Son eternal, and the Holy Ghost eternal; and yet there are not three eternal, but one eternal, as also there are not three incomprehensibles, nor three uncreated, but one uncreated and one incomprehensible—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, almighty, co-equal, co-eternal. What sublime but strange language is this! How can it be that there can be three in one and one in three? How can you explain it? We can no more explain it than we can explain the secret of God's will, for, mark, it is *the mystery* of God, and the Father, and of Christ—the mystery of the Trinity—and, because it is so, my faith is to grasp it; and wonderfully is our faith helped by the evidences of the Word, for proofs of it abound in the Scriptures, which are the revelation of His will: for instance, "I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, the clouds established, or the foundation of the earth appointed, then I was by Him as one brought up with Him; and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." What a sublime retrospect of the council-chamber of the Eternal Three! And when the depths were brought forth, and the foundations of the earth laid, the same glorious truth is proclaimed, for God said, "Let us make man," while just afterwards it is declared, "The Spirit breathed upon the waters." Think, again, how the same fact shone forth on the baptism of our Lord; see how the apostles taught the same truth, and how the ordinance of baptism is to be administered in the name of the Trinity; and how the saints have fellowship with—and will have fellowship to the end of time with—each person of the Deity. While the first chapter in the Bible, as we have seen, declares it, so does the last, for in Rev. xxii. we have a description of the throne of God and the Lamb. But we pass on to refer to—

3. *The mystery of the election of God*, in the forming of a kingdom unto Himself; and this we have in Mark iv. 11: "And Jesus said unto them, Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God: but unto them that are without" (clearly intimating two distinct classes—those that are without, and those that are within), "unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables: that seeing they may see, and not perceive; and hearing they may hear, and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them." Now we know that, under the term of "the kingdom of God," everything is included—the secrets of the Gospel dispensation—the mysterious doctrines of grace, and all that pertains to salvation. But, as it is the mystery of the "*kingdom*"—and where there is a kingdom there must be subjects and citizens—so we think the expression more particularly brings out the fact of the election of grace. We know, also, that this subject is not palatable to the so-called professing world; but our business is to learn if it be according to the will and purpose of God, and then to bend, believe, and rejoice in it.

We have already dwelt upon the mystery of God's will, as bringing out His divine sovereignty, for "He doeth as seemeth Him good in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say, What doest Thou?" Now, in the development of that will is seen the fact of the election of grace; and, that there can be no doubt of this, we may remind you that the Holy Spirit directed the Apostle Peter to address the household of faith as "elect according to the foreknowledge of God;" therefore, if a man will not, in the wilfulness of his spirit, admit God's choice of His people, he denies His foreknowledge, and, in denying His foreknowledge, he ignores His divine sovereignty, and thus is inevitably driven into Deism. Nor does his difficulty stop here, for to resist the doctrine of election is, also, to deprecate the fact of the Trinity, and for this reason, that each Person in the Trinity is concerned in that election, as laid down in the Scriptures. Thus, with regard to the Father, it is declared, "God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation;" while the Son is declared "to have laid down His life for the sheep;" and it is said of the Spirit, "that God hath chosen His people to salvation through the sanctification of the Spirit;" so that to resist God's sovereign election is to annul the work of the Trinity, and throw into disorder the Lord Jehovah's perfect scheme of grace.* The Word of God tells us that electing love was according to the will of Jehovah, even before He laid the foundation of the world—hence angels were elected.

Christ was the elected one of the Father, and the same after He laid the foundation of the earth, for God's ancient people were His elected, and they best typified His spiritual Israel. The same truth Jesus preached in His memorable sermon on the mount, and it was the burden of His last prayer: and His apostles, having learnt of Him and drank into His Spirit, taught it also. Well, then, putting these things together, concerning the mystery of God's sovereign, electing love, we will say:—

"Let proud free-will dispute Jehovah's right
To choose a people for His holy name,
And carnal minds revolt at fixed decrees;
I'll glory in the thought that all my peace,
My pardon, life, and joy, yea, all my hope,
My faith and love, flow down in sacred streams
From this grand source: God's free, electing love."

4. *The mystery of the incarnation of our Lord*, and this we have in that memorable passage (1 Timothy iii. 16): "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

We have already seen how it is the glory of God to conceal a thing, but you will observe that the incarnation of the Lord Jesus Christ is called a *great mystery of godliness*—and so, indeed, it is.

Jesus in the fulness of time was born: "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." To accomplish this in the infinitude of Jehovah's mind, we are told, the Virgin Mary—the elected and appointed earthly vessel—was "*found of child of the Holy Ghost*;" and, to seal that mysterious fact, the angel of the Lord appears unto Joseph in a dream, telling him, "that which was conceived in her was of the

* See GOSPEL MAGAZINE, 1867, p. 345—"God's Sovereign, Electing Love."

Holy Ghost." Oh, mystery of mysteries! who can fathom or explain this wondrous coalition? Who can understand the unity of the essential life of God with a nature corrupt, resulting in "the *God-man*?" It must be God only who can explain it; it is for man to bow to it. "Great is the mystery of godliness." God was manifest in the flesh. It was the masterpiece of Jehovah. It is worthy of notice that, while the three evangelists, Matthew, Mark, and Luke, refer at once to this fresh manifestation of God in the flesh, the beloved John looks back into the ages of eternity, and shows that the Lord Jesus had an existence long before He appeared in the flesh. He says: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." And then, after describing the Logos thus, he gives us an expansive view of His Godhead power: "The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not any thing made that was made." The stupendous works of creation were made by Him; the starry firmament above was made by Him; the sea and all that therein is was made by Him; and yet this Infinite One became clothed with flesh—this Bountiful One became the Babe of Bethlehem—this Creator of the universe became the Crucified One. Oh, marvellous mystery! oh, inexplicable conjunction! oh, mercy most adorable! this Son of God and God the Son manifested in the flesh! True, His birth was attended with circumstances of external indigence and meanness, but it was also marked with a dignity and majesty far surpassing the pomp of kings, and the splendour of palaces and retinues; and, as if to carry out the mystery of godliness, although angels were the heralds of the new-born Saviour, the first tidings of Emmanuel's birth was given to some poor humble shepherds, who were keeping watch o'er their flocks at night. And then, not merely at His birth was it evident He was the *God-child*, but ever and anon the Godhead power would shine forth, although veiled in humanity, and forming the wondrous conjunction of the *God-man*. It was the God that turned the water into wine at the marriage in Cana; it was the Man that, thirsting, said to the woman of Samaria, "Give me drink." It was the God that fed the multitude with five barley loaves and two small fishes; it was the Man that, returning to the City of Bethany, Himself "hungered." It was the God that rose up in the ship and commanded the angry waves to be still; it was the Man that, from very weariness, was asleep in the vessel. It was the God that cast out devils from men; it was the Man that, manifesting all the tenderest feelings of our nature, wept at the grave of Lazarus. Oh, wonderful combination of natures! I find many things ascribed to Him which cannot belong to Him as God; I find others ascribed to Him which cannot pertain to Him as man; and here is the solution of the difficulty: "God was manifest in the flesh, a combination of grandeur and abasement;"* and then, while we cannot understand this mystery, we can see its necessity. It was necessary that "the Word" should become incarnate, that He might fulfil His mediatorial work; for a Mediator in the matter of eternal salvation must be God to take hold of God, and Man to take hold of man, representing both in Himself: for there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. "Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the

* Rev. W. JAY.

sins of His people." Here, then, is a wonderful subject—a wonderful mystery—God manifest in the flesh. It is fraught with importance—nay, upon it hangs our eternal salvation and destiny. It is an inexhaustible theme; but we must pass on to notice—

5. *The mystery of the Gospel of Christ.*—This we have in Eph. vi. 19: "And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel." But many open their mouths and make no mystery of it; they offer salvation to all, and leave all to reject it or receive it at pleasure; but how does God's Word put it? There we find the Gospel described as a mystery for the following reasons: because—

(i.) *It is the dispensation of the grace of God.*—"You have heard," says the Apostle Paul, addressing the Ephesian Church, "of the dispensation of the grace of God, which is given me to you-ward." "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of grace,"—not, as many suppose, for man to work in the matter of salvation—but now is the dispensation of the grace of God for the Spirit to work—as our Lord said, "I will send the Comforter, and He, the Spirit of truth, will lead you into all truth," and which shows us a second reason why the Gospel is a mystery, viz.—

It is the ministration of the Spirit of God, as it is written (2 Cor. iii. 7): "If the ministration of death, written and engraven in stones, was glorious, so that the children of Israel could not steadfastly behold the face of Moses for the glory of his countenance; which glory was to be done away: how shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious?" And it is glorious, for it reveals Christ—ministers spiritual things, such as peace, pardon, righteousness and salvation, spiritual joy and comfort. The Gospel is a mystery, because—

(iii.) *By it life and immortality are brought to light* (2 Timothy i. 10). The ministration of the Spirit has worked a mighty change, and now the Gospel brings it to light, and life and immortality, the work of the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, is manifested in fruits and effects. Christ, the Covenant Head of His people, first rose again from the dead to an immortal life. When by the Gospel the inward call comes home to the soul, and the new creation is effected, it is the life of God in the soul. "You hath He quickened who were dead;" and thus life and immortality are brought to light, making the poor unworthy sinner a miracle of grace. Thus viewed, oh, what a holy and sacred office is that of a minister of the Gospel, and a faithful ambassador, who will preach Christ as the sum and substance, the all and in all of the Gospel, leaving the ministry of the Spirit to produce life and immortality, and bring the same to light! And this reminds us that the reception of the Gospel in heart-felt experience is also *mysterious*, for it is called "*the mystery of faith*"—that secret acting power—not put forth by the creature, for he does not possess it, but—put forth by the new creation as an evidence of life divine; "*for he that believeth hath everlasting life,*" and its genuineness can be at once seen by the object upon which it rests. "Christ is all and in all" to the faith of God's elect, as we often sing,—

"Faith, 'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

"Jesus it owns as King—
An all-atoning Priest—

It claims no merits of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.
"To Him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress,
Flies to the fountain of His blood,
And trusts His righteousness."

Thus, then, with regard to the mystery of the Gospel: it is so because it is the dispensation of the grace of God; it is the ministration of the Spirit of God; by it life and immortality are brought to light; and it is received by faith, which gives Christ all the glory.

We pass on to remember—

6. *The mystery of the work of the Spirit* resulting in union with a precious Christ, and the passages are as follows (Romans xvi. 25): "Now to Him that is of power to stablish you (the Holy Ghost) according to my Gospel, and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of the mystery, which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest"—and this work resulting in a mystery within a mystery, even the spiritual union between Christ and His Church, as it is written (Eph. v. 30): "For we are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh. This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." And how wonderful and precious is this mystery of the work of the Spirit! You may be sitting in your pew in a place of worship; much that drops from the minister's lips, it may be, only enters the head, and is soon forgotten; but presently the Word is fitly spoken, and the set time to favour Zion has come, and the Holy Spirit works,—ah! works as "the wind," that bloweth where it listeth; "the fire," that melts and purifies the soul; "the rain," that refreshes and invigorates the graces; "the dew," that works silently, secretly, and effectually; "the dove," that bears the olive branch of peace within, and the "still small voice" that whispers words of comfort and assurance; and this same gracious Spirit draws the soul into vital union with a precious Christ. Though this union is planned in eternity, it is effected in the fulness of time "to the Lord's own." Can you ever forget that fulness of time to you, when the Spirit brought you into the felt realization of covenant love—when Jesus captivated your soul by the revelation of Himself, and inspired you with a corresponding love for Him—and when the declaration came home to thy soul, "Thy Maker is thy Husband, the Lord of hosts is His name?" Oh, what a memorable "day of grace" was that to you!—how marvellously the Lord wrought for you the realization of pardoning love and mercy! Well may the Apostle say, "This is a great mystery"—one, indeed, the world never can understand, nor yet the Church, unless it was revealed and realized by her. Let the contemplation of it cause us more and more to value and honour the Spirit of God, by whom alone we are brought to the realization of these great things which make wise unto salvation.

"'Tis by His agency alone
That every saint receives
The word by which the heart of stone
Is melted and believes."

Oh, how much might be said upon this precious, hallowed work of the Spirit! But we must pass on to our last mystery, viz:—

7. *The mystery of the raising of the dead*, and the change of living saints; and this we have in 1 Corinthians xv. 51: "Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed," &c.

It has been thought by many persons, in all ages, "a thing incredible that God should raise the dead." The Sadducees said, "There is no resurrection, neither angels or spirits;" and, even among our Lord's disciples, —though some of them, like Lazarus's sister Martha, believed that the dead would rise again in the resurrection of the last day—others doubted and wondered what rising from the dead could mean; and when Paul preached to the philosophers at Athens, and declared to them the resurrection of Jesus, they were astonished, and said, "He seemeth to be the setter forth of strange gods," because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection; and, when he urged the matter on the occasion of pleading before Agrippa and Festus, the latter interrupted him the moment he adverted to the resurrection of Jesus, exclaiming, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." Pliny classes it amongst the impossible things which God cannot accomplish—"to call back the dead to life"—but why should it be impossible? He who causes life natural, and life spiritual, what is to hinder Him from causing life eternal? He is able—He will do it—He has done it. The body of Lazarus was re-animated at the voice of the God-man: "Lazarus, come forth;" and Lazarus was but a type of the saints who sleep in their graves, and who at His command shall rise again.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the dead is, therefore, one of the great articles of the Christian faith. We believe that Jesus died and rose again; but more than this—oh, soul-encouraging fact!—we are taught, also, that them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him—that Christ by His rising became the first-fruits of them that slept—that the dead shall be raised incorruptible—that the sea shall give up their dead—that at this resurrection the dead in Christ shall rise first, and that the Lord Jesus Christ will change "our vile body, and fashion it like unto His glorious body, according to the working of that almighty power whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

We have thus brought before you, for your further meditation and rejoicing, some of the mysteries of Jehovah:—The mystery of God's will—ah! who can fathom it?—of the Trinity in unity, and unity in Trinity—of the election of grace, evidently according to the mind and purpose of God—of the incarnation of our Lord, the grand centre truth of all—of the Gospel brought home to the poor sinner, and received by a faith that rests in Jesus—of the work of the Spirit of God, bringing the soul into an indissoluble union with Christ—and of the raising of the dead in Him, an expectation which shall not be disappointed. We cannot, however, leave the subject without reminding you of the climax of all these wonderful mysteries, namely, Revelation in its fulness, which must be *glorification*.

Oh! dear friends, what will it be to take our place amidst patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and the noble army of martyrs, and join them in their hallelujahs of praise to Him, who will clear up all mysteries in the manifestation of Himself in glory—"our glorious Him?" "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." Then shall we behold Him without a veil between, and dwell with Him in whose pre-

sence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

"No eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor words,
Nor thoughts, nor mortal power can comprehend
The glory that awaits the ransomed soul."

Wanstead, Essex.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

SABBATISM.

IN the 4th of Hebrews we have four rests spoken of; and, with respect to order in time, we shall begin with the Sabbatic rest: "For He spake in a certain place of the seventh day on this wise, And God did rest the seventh day from all His works." Labour and rest were the two great institutions of God before the fall. Man was put into the garden to work: "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." Thus, before sin had desolated God's fair and holy world, these two institutions were appointed for the benefit and blessing of mankind: daily labour and a seventh day's rest.

In the Old Testament we trace the blessings or judgments upon God's ancient Israel, according to their estimate and observance of His Sabbath; but, when we come to the Christian dispensation, we find the rest preserved, though the day was changed. The resurrection of Christ, the Word by which all things were spoken into existence, was the great event that in Gospel days precedes the memorial of earth's creation; and the early gathering of the saints on the Lord's day was owned by His presence, even as now. At the present time there is a marked distinction between the nations that honour God in the observance of the Sabbath, and those who despise this divine provision for the benefit of man and the good of His Church. "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Woe be to England when a Continental Sabbath of revelry and amusement takes the place of an outward observance of God's holy day. If unfallen man needed rest when the thorns and briers were not to be found, how much more does fallen man, after the toil of the week, either in brain or hand, need a day of rest to recruit the body, to restore vigour to the mind, to hear of the way of salvation, to acknowledge there is a God! But the drift of the objections to a rest-day is to blot out God from His own creation. Therefore the devices of men are multiplied to get rid of the Sabbath altogether, and make it a day of amusement. The following testimony from the correspondent of a daily paper is valuable as showing the contrast between us and our Continental neighbours, the use of the Sabbath being taken on the low ground of physical rest only by the writer, who knew nothing more:—

"Political news is quite in abeyance, and no newspapers will appear until the evening, Easter Sunday being one of the few holidays enjoyed in this country by journalists and printers. Englishmen, stick to your Sunday, with all its faults! If you once let the thin end of the wedge

into your right to one day's rest in seven, the whole will sooner or later disappear. There are some of us here on the Continent who have not enjoyed the boon since we turned our backs upon your favoured shores."

The following advertisement which appeared in a daily paper may well alarm those who have no desire for a Continental Sabbath to be established on English ground:—

SUNDAY EVENINGS for the PEOPLE.—St. George's Hall, Langham-place.—To-morrow, March 17, at Seven, W. H. C. NATION, Esq., on "The Poetical Expression of Moral and Religious Thought," in a Selection from Dickens's story of "Little Dombey." Selections from Haydn's "Creation." Miss Emmett, Mr. J. H. Pearson, Mr. R. Temple. Full Band and Chorus. Conductor, Mr. Geo. Arnold. Tickets at the doors (open 6.30), 3d., 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

But we have another rest spoken of in this chapter, of which we have the type in the people of Israel taking possession of the promised land, which represented the Gospel of the grace of God in contrast to the old legal dispensation. "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left, any of you should seem to come short of it." The pronoun "us" is not recognized in the original, for the promise is sure to all the seed; but the Apostle writes in the way of warning to the Hebrews, "A promise being left (to the Church of God), any of you should seem to come short of it." The apostacy of many who professed Christianity, and like unto their forefathers, who feel in the wilderness it was true of them, "the Word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard." Thousands and tens of thousands of such hearers of the Gospel are found in every age. Like the literal rest of the literal land, "They to whom the Gospel was preached (in the type) entered not in because of unbelief," even so is it now. "Let us therefore fear," saith the Apostle, "lest, a promise being left (the Church of God), any of you (professing the Gospel) should seem to come short of it." The true seed—the Church of God chosen in Christ, called by grace and redeemed by blood,—can never come short of the blessings comprised in the Gospel. They may come short in their experience, and exceeding short in their feelings, but short of salvation none of the elect can ever come. This was the end God had in view before the worlds were made; and as Jesus, it was declared, "should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied," He cannot be disappointed in the salvation of the least member for whom He travailed. The security of God's people rests upon what God has done for them; but the Apostle, throughout this epistle, makes use of solemn exhortations, grounded upon Old Testament history, to warn his converts of falling after the same example of unbelief, as in chapters iii., iv., vi., x., all of which bear some allusion to the old Jewish law, which was presented to them for outward obedience only, and upon which condition they retained the promised land. God asked nothing spiritual of the literal Jew. He had then His elect in the midst of the land, who, taught by the Spirit, looked to Christ through the types, and were saved just as God's redeemed are saved now, even as we see in Heb. xi. But the Jews, nationally, failing as witnesses for God, neglecting His ordinances (Lev. xxiii.), the weekly Sabbath, and that most severe test of outward obedience, the seventh-year's Sabbath (Lev. xxv.), the passover, and other appointed ceremonials—which cupidity, idolatry, and neglect of God's Word, made them give up—the Lord visited them for these sins, "and tossed them like a ball into a large country," and thus fulfilled the ancient prediction: "I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish,

wiping it, and turning it upside down." Again, "I will forsake the remnant of mine inheritance, and deliver them into the hand of their enemies; and they shall become a prey and a spoil to all their enemies" (2 Kings xxi. 13, 14). Thus God dealt with His literal Israel. In a land not larger than Wales God planted His people, and established His worship with this covenant, "that they should observe His statutes and keep His laws." But, instead of being God's witnesses to the surrounding idolatrous nations, "They served their idols, which were a snare unto them" (Ps. cvi. 36). "Therefore the wrath of the Lord was kindled against them, so that He abhorred His own inheritance. And He gave them into the hand of the heathen; and they that hated them ruled over them." Now, to this conditional covenant the Apostle refers the Hebrew converts, showing the contrast between the covenant of grace and the covenant of works—the covenant of grace being founded upon the sovereign, irrespective, and invincible will of Jehovah; all conditions being placed in the hands of the Son to accomplish, and God the Holy Ghost to reveal to the elect, on whose behalf the covenant was entered into by the Trinity in unity, the terms being thus: "I will put my laws into their mind. I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. They all shall know me from the least to the greatest, for I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Here we have an epitome of the Gospel of the grace of God, which was set forth and shadowed out in the Jewish dispensation, through the types which the elect looked at by faith and saw the Mediator between God and men—the God-Man, Christ Jesus.

Now, this leads us to the third rest spoken of in this chapter, and this is a personal matter: "For we which have believed do enter into rest." "For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His." Here we see the Sabbath rest, and the rest enjoyed in the promised land carried out to the full in the Divine enjoyment of spiritual rest in Christ, whereby the sinner and the Saviour are brought into fellowship, so to speak, and where God says to the soul, "Thy sins and iniquities I will remember no more," and so fulfils the terms of the new covenant in point of experience, though the oldest in point of time, as spoken of again in Heb. x. 16, 17. This is the day of jubilee to the believer, the day of reconciliation, the great day of atonement in the soul's experience. No servile work is now done. "We which have believed do enter into rest." The clouds and thick darkness have passed away, and the Sun of Righteousness has risen with healing in His beams. The soul knows something now of joy and peace in believing. "The days of weeping for Moses" are ended, and Joshua leads the true Israelite into the Gospel land. Often the child of God, in an after day, is led to question all this. Distressed by sin, and for wise though hidden reasons left to grope for the wall as the blind, he begins to fear it was all a delusion, and to cry out:—

"Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?"

Perhaps some idol has got into the heart, or worldly conformity has crept in. The love of ease, of money, of the good opinion of empty professors—all this will produce separation between God and the soul,

and then the cry is, when the Spirit of God begins to bring the believer to book—

“The dearest idol I have known,
Whate’er that idol be,
Teach me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.”

Then, humbled before God, and restored by Divine power, the soul again finds joy and peace in believing, and “that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”

But there is one point more of which the chapter speaks—the final rest—the eternal glory: “There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.” The reality of a hell and a heaven are matters of experience to a taught child of God. When the terrors of God are set in array in the conscience of a sinner, he knows and believes there is a hell, for he feels he deserves the due reward of his sin.

“’Tis judgment shakes him,
That’s the fear.”

All the arguments of all the wise men in the world cannot shake his belief in the solemn fact that *there is a hell, and he deserves it.* The Scriptures told him this truth, but there was no impression made till the Spirit of God began to work, then the awful consequence of sin was revealed to view. A deserved hell—a fiery law in the conscience—the torments of condemnation—a sense of divine wrath—all this, less or more, prepares the way of the Lord, and makes the sinner value the blood of Christ; and, when this peace-speaking blood is realized in the soul, there is a taste of heaven in the heart. The joy of pardon and acceptance is akin to the condition of the blest, and all the arguments of men or devils, so long as the power of the Spirit brings the things of Christ into the soul, cannot shake the blessed belief that there is a heaven, nor the sweet persuasion of the soul’s interest in it. The wise men of our day, who tell us there is no such state as hell, will, after a while, tell us there is no such home as heaven. “Evil men and seducers will wax worse and worse.” The professors of the day, who have fallen into this awful error, and yet declare their attachment to the doctrines of grace, are described in the Word as men who “hold the truth in unrighteousness”—never were the subjects of a sound experience—never were brought to the bar of God—never condemned in their feelings—never saw themselves as fit fuel for hell, and never had pardoning love and blood revealed to their souls. From all such teachers (and they are many at the present time), we may well cry, “Good Lord, deliver us!”

L.

LABOURERS, ARTISANS, AND PROFESSIONAL MEN OF THE BIBLE.

JOSEPH, the last of the Patriarchal shepherds, died, being an hundred and ten years old. His brethren also had finished their course, and were no longer shepherds over Pharaoh’s flocks and herds, and all that generation had passed away; but not so God’s faithful promise to Jacob, “I am God, the God of thy father: fear not to go down into Egypt; for I will there make of thee a great nation;” and, accordingly, we read in Exodus i. 7, “The children of Israel were fruitful, and increased abun-

dantly, and waxed exceeding mighty; and the land was filled with them." And now it was that Satan, the adversary of the Lord and of His people, strove to overturn the purpose of the Most High. A new king—Satan's emissary—arose, who knew not Joseph, and he said unto his people, "Behold, the people of the children of Israel are stronger and mightier than we; come on, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply." Ah, poor sinner! God hath said, "They *shall* multiply, and heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word shall never pass away;" and so, the more they afflicted them, the more they multiplied and grew, because, *even because*, "Greater was He that was with them than they that were against them." "You seem," said one to his friend,—"you seem to be very much afraid of Satan, and to think him omnipotent." "I am very much afraid of him," was the reply, "and potent he certainly is, but, thank God, not omnipotent." Ah, no! for while he can and does do much as the troubler of God's Israel, there is still the restraining decree, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." A Job cannot be touched till permission is first granted to try him; how far? *only so far* as regards all he hath, *but*—no new word to Satan—but "*upon himself*," saith the Mighty One, "put not forth thine hand." "Not on *himself*!" some may say; "how is this? Was he not one mass of sores from head to foot?" Is the *shell*, we ask, the *nut*? Is the *body* the *man*? We have only to read the closing chapters of these ancient records to see how completely Satan was held back from doing any real harm to one of whom God Himself bears this wondrous testimony: "*My servant, Job*—none like him in the earth—a perfect and an upright man—one that feareth God and escheweth evil."

So was it with Israel. All the oppressions of Pharaoh only served to show that men and devils could not overthrow, or even disarrange in the smallest minutiae, the carrying out of Jehovah's mighty decrees. As in later days, "In Rama a voice was heard; Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." Well, what of that? They, poor innocents (at least, as far as any of Adam's seed can be so called), were taken from the evil to come, while heaven was being peopled with a noble army of tiny martyrs; but again, we ask, what of that? Could Pharaoh—could Satan himself—hinder *one* infant boy escaping the sword of the destroyer, when, on Jehovah's book, it was recorded that the baby-boy Moses *must* live—*must* be first the adopted son of Egypt's princess—then, as a shepherd, feeding Jethro's "flocks on the back side of the desert," and finally be the leader and deliverer of his people, and the king in Jeshurun?

But, further, while closely studying our subject, it is profitable to note that, while the sovereignty of Jehovah is alike supreme and unmistakable, He chooses to employ means and agencies. Thus, *the babe must be saved*, but also *the mother must hide the child for three months, but no longer*—this would be a tempting of Providence—then she *must*, with the faith imparted to her, very carefully prepare the ark, into which her child must be placed, and, after leaving him in it, she must leave it in the flags by the river's brink. But is the mother's agency exhausted yet? No! she must not crush and smother (as some would have us suppose God requires) those sacred emotions and affections He Himself has implanted, and which, we think, death itself cannot and will not sever. No! she must be the *mother* still—tender, patient, trustful, *brave*—yes, and *enduring*; for easier far to be in Miriam's place than quietly at home in all the

agony of suspense and uncertainty—at least, in as far as the old nature might be listened to.

But, more, God uses *unconscious* agencies as well as conscious ones. "An ass is made to speak with man's voice, in order to forbid the madness of the prophet;" and his babe *must weep*, in order to touch the woman-heart of his deliverer, who, moreover, *must* choose for his nurse the child's own mother. Well may an apostle exclaim, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

Chap. ii. 11.—Strange is our next view of Moses when he was grown; he is brought before us a murderer. One word as we pass on. Is it not strange how, in reading sacred history, we find a proneness to judge after human judgment, and to excuse or commend according to man's code of what is generous, or "above-board," as the saying is? Thus, do we not find an advocate within for the young prince who so unselfishly took the part of his weak and oppressed countryman? though it is true he did look this way and that way, and, when he saw there was *no man*, he slew the Egyptian, and *hid* him. How differently does the Holy Ghost deal with sin! No palliating—no excuse even for an Abraham's lie, though he was the friend of God, or for a David's sin, though he was the man after God's own heart. Penitent and pardoned though he was, God's honour as a *Holy* God must be vindicated, "because," said the prophet, "by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die." So was it in the case of Moses. He had yet to learn that the God of the Hebrews was, according to the song of Moses (Rev. xv. 3), not only great and marvellous in His works, but also just and true in His ways as the King of saints; and, if His saints forget His presence and commit sin, He will show them by His after-chastenings that "He that is higher than the highest regardeth."

Pharaoh did hear of "this thing," though Moses thought no man saw him, and, to escape the punishment of a murderer, he had to flee; and now comes the second stage in Moses' experience, and the training necessary to fit him to be the leader and deliverer of God's Israel. He without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, led him to a certain well in Midian, just when his future wife came with her sisters to water her father's flock. The story is somewhat similar to that of Jacob, true to nature, and to the pastoral habits of that age. Under the protection of the priest of Midian, Moses was content to dwell; and, while keeping the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law, he no doubt learnt many lessons of endurance, courage, and patience.

It was while a shepherd that the Great I AM revealed Himself to him in the burning bush—the Great I AM—none other than Jesus, the good Shepherd, who "goeth before His sheep, and they follow Him, and know His voice"—the good Shepherd, who gave His life for His sheep, who careth for His sheep, and knows each one of them, and calleth them by name—a name known to Him—yea, entered by Him in His own Book of Life before the foundation of the world (Eph. i. 4).

M. C. C.

THE FEARLESS.

Is there anyone, dear reader, save a Christian, who can truly be said to be placed above the need of fear? There have been men, like that remarkable man, Lord Nelson, to whom the fear of man was almost unknown; men who have not quailed at the sight of man or beast, and before whom difficulties, that appeared to ordinary minds insurmountable, have vanished, and who conquered all who withstood them; but where will you find a person, unless endowed with the grace of God, who can exclaim with the Psalmist those confident words, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me?"

Everyone naturally dreads some person, or thing, poverty, loss, imprisonment, enemies, pain, shame, or death. The Christian alone is privileged to be placed above the fear of evil.

Everything that a human being need be afraid of is comprehended in the word evil. The natural question thus arises, What is evil? We reply, Nothing more nor less than disobedience to God's holy laws, and its fearful and manifold results. And the origin of evil is strangely astounding; for, as far as we know, it first developed itself in the courts of Heaven. Our Lord appears to refer to this, when He said, "I beheld Satan fall as lightning from Heaven." The very creature who had been made bright and glorious by his Creator, thought himself equal to God, and, in the pride of his heart, snatched at that sceptre which has always been wielded in love and uprightness.

Paul speaks of the mystery of iniquity. Evil is not only so in its origin, but in its continuity and universal influence. Men say, Why did not God stamp out this abomination? Why allow the arch enemy of souls to lead captive so many at his will? All we can say upon this point, were we to reason for ever, is, God has so permitted it in His infinite wisdom; and, as He is the wisest of all beings, we are bound to bow with reverence before Him, and to utter the words of the patriarch, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" They who are rightly taught are well assured that He will. We may be certain of this, that no evil shall hurt His children, and that all that have fled to Him for refuge will truly find that He is able, as well as willing, to protect them.

The influence of evil appears to be similar to that of goodness. Solomon says, "One sinner destroyeth much good." And of the righteous, it is said that they "turn many to righteousness." These two principles are always in antagonism to each other—they are as diametrically opposed as the east is to the west. God has unmistakably stamped His approbation upon the one, and His condemnation upon the other. This is very encouraging when we remember that man is beset with evil. From his cradle to his grave, evil in some form or other surrounds him. Such is the way of human life. It is the King's highway, but it is beset with robbers and snares, and nothing but the grace of God can preserve us from them, or give us the victory over them. Evil works insidiously in the heart of man by questioning God's judgment and goodness. In so many words, we say we do not believe Him. We do not think there is any harm in many of the things which He has forbidden us to do. They appear to us little things, and we will not believe for one moment that the Almighty will take account of such trifles. Thus an evil heart argues, and forgets that everything begins with what is apparently small and insignificant. Take, however, the

first step, and be assured that unless prevented by God's help, we shall, without doubt, fall into the pit of destruction.

What necessity for the prayer of the Psalmist—

"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe."

It is a consoling thought to the child of God, that, though evil is so rampant and universal, yet goodness must eventually triumph. Evil, after all, is but working out the complete will of God. He that sits in the heavens will laugh it to scorn. It can no more hurt Him, or thwart His designs, than the night can hurt the day, or prevent the sun from fructifying the fruits of the earth. It is this knowledge which accompanies the fearlessness of the believer. To suppose with some persons that God is every day thwarted by evil; that it is a thing which took Him by surprise, and over which He has little or no control, is about the most dishonourable view we can entertain towards Him who "doeth whatsoever He pleaseth among the armies of Heaven, and the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay His hand, or say, What doest Thou?" But "what we know not now, we shall know hereafter."

"God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Whatever difficulties surround the subject of evil, God will make goodness in the long run to triumph. The days of evil are numbered; the years of goodness are everlasting. God is not unrighteous. Over the portals of Heaven we shall see this inscription, "The Lord our God is holy." Every mouth shall be compelled to acknowledge that He alone is the just One, and that all the world is guilty before God.

"Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores, and death obeys."

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

1. THE PRESENCE OF GOD IMPLIES THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIM IN THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all." Sin contains within it everything to alarm—to unnerve. It is not calculated to afford assurance or calmness to the mind. It lives in excitement—it is an utter stranger to peace and consolation. We might as well expect the clearness of an Italian sky on a murky November day in London, as anything like satisfaction from the pursuit of sin.

Ignorance of the divine Author of the Commandments is the chief reason of our dislike and disobedience to them. He who gave them is the God of love; and not one of them can be broken without discovering to our cost that it was given to us in loving-kindness and tender mercy. And, as "in keeping of them there is great reward," so in breaking of them a time is sure to come when conscience must be aroused, and that which is now pleasant will become intolerable; and, without the assurance of God's forgiveness, the soul will become fearful, alarmed, and full of despair.

The presence of God, however, in the forgiveness of sins implies an accurate knowledge of Him. Before this the soul thought Him "a hard Master, reaping where He had not sown, and gathering where He had not strawed." But now being brought to His footstool with weeping and

supplication, and finding that there is "forgiveness with Him that He may be feared"—finding that He is far more willing to forgive than we are to ask that forgiveness—the soul is drawn to Him in love and confidence, and thus feeling what great things He has done his confidence is strengthened—

"No more a child of wrath,
Thy smiling face I see;
And praise Thee for the work of faith
Which Thou hast wrought in me."

Thus he may well exclaim, "I will fear no evil."

NEXT, THE PRESENCE OF GOD PURIFIES THE HEART.

Men do not like to be told that their hearts are like nests of unclean birds; that "except they be born again they cannot see the kingdom of God."

Yet these things are true. "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?" "We are all," says the sacred oracle, "as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags." "Every imagination of an unrenewed heart is evil, and that continually."

We all know how greatly we are influenced by earthly companions. How much greater must be the friendship and communion of God! He cannot come into the human heart without diffusing His light, and shedding abroad His love. "In His light we see light;" in His love we enjoy the exquisite delight of love unknown to the carnal, unregenerate mind.

And this, to a greater or less extent, is the lot of all God's children. For, though the believer is discontented with the degree of his love, yet he knows that there is love in his heart to God, and he can truly say with Peter, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." There is no object that he so willingly contemplates as that of "the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither the shadow of a turning," and the daily wish of his heart is—

"Give me a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee."

What a power there is in purity of heart! It resists evil, and there is nothing else to alarm a child of God.

THEN, AGAIN, THE PRESENCE OF GOD AFFORDS STRENGTH IN TIME OF TROUBLE.

"Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." This seems to be ordained in the Providence of God, in order that man should not make this earth his resting place—this life his all in all. Hence trouble and anxiety are to be found, more or less, in every circumstance of human life, and from them none are exempt. Rich and poor, learned and unlearned, strong and weak, are all the subjects of care and sorrow; yea, even royalty itself is no exception; and, as a rule, the higher the station the greater the solicitude. None are so fearful of a reverse as those who have the most to lose. The greater the height we attain, the greater will be a fall from that altitude. What fearful tragedies have been committed on account of trouble! Persons without a tower of defence and refuge have vainly rushed to suicide, to put an end, as they thought, to their unbearable trials. Others have been bereft of their reason; and some have become misanthropes—haters of their fellow-creatures—being "set on fire of hell."

The believer has an unfailing promise to rely on: "I will be with

him in trouble," says his faithful God. How different this conduct to man's fickle friendship. Our acquaintances stand aloof when we are reduced in our circumstances, when we have fallen from our social position; but God is nearer to us in the hour of distress than at any other. He is "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the floods they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon you." The history of the Church contains the most convincing proofs that these great and precious promises have been abundantly fulfilled in the experience of all true Christians.

"Courage, my soul, Jehovah speaks,
His promise is for thee:
I never will forsake nor leave
The soul betroth'd to me."

THE PRESENCE OF GOD IS THE ONLY ANTIDOTE TO DEATH.

"He that believeth in me," said our divine Lord, "shall never see death." And in another place He says the believer shall not "taste death." The reason is that the child of God has the presence of Him who conquered death, removing its sting, taking away the victory of the grave, and thus making the change from earth as gentle as an infant's sleep, calm as the summer wave, and glorious as the setting sun.

"Sin entered into the world, and death by sin." Death is so unnatural that everything struggles against and dreads its approach. It is the fly in the pot of ointment of human life and its enjoyments.

"What a melancholy thing it is," said a worldly man, "that we must all die; that after the attainment of wealth and honour and fame, we must all succumb to the king of terrors." Melancholy indeed to them who have laid up their treasures upon earth! For we are assured by God's word, that "as we brought nothing into this world, so we shall carry nothing out." And, if we look further, and see not only the loss of all earthly comforts, but a fearful punishment to all impenitent and ungodly men, the view becomes truly dismal, if we are among the unregenerate and impure. But to the believer the period of death will be a time of hope, when the brightness of the everlasting day is dawning, for in Heaven there shall be no night.

"Thrice happy they who sleep in God,
Securely wafted o'er the flood,
To Canaan's peaceful shore."

What multitudes of the Lord's people, on account of the Master's presence, have gone through the valley of the shadow of death shouting aloud of His faithfulness and love! How many have died with the most heavenly smiles on their faces! They have seen and felt underneath them the everlasting arms of Him who alone hath immortality; and the icy waters have become as balmy as the ocean under the meridian sun.

"Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

Yes, the death of the Christian; of him who has made Jehovah his trust; who remembering that all earthly comforts must die; all earthly affections perish; has "laid up his treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and where no thieves cannot break through and steal."

Does the child at school fear to return home to the roof of a loving

parent? Neither should Christians dread the prospect of death. It is but going home to our Father's mansions. It is but lying down to sleep, and disencumbering ourselves of a weak and vile body. It is bidding adieu to all our sins, all our fears, all our burdens, and all our infirmities.

"Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him:
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.
Safe is the expanded wave;
Gentle as a summer's eve.
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there."

E. W.

THE MINISTRY A JOY.—A WORD FOR THE YOUNG.

THE ministry is not a sorrowful life of self-denial, hardship, and privation. It is the most soul-comforting, heaven-inviting work that has ever engaged the sons of men. They who would be useful in any calling will find that they have to bow their backs to heavy burdens.

The soldier and sailor give up home, and often life, for their country. The loneliness of the wounded and dying on the battle-field is as sharp a cross as the missionary's death in any foreign field. The toiler in any worldly avocation grapples with real difficulties; he is as often weary in his work, thwarted in his plans, discouraged in his hopes, as the minister of Christ. The record of every village will show among its lawyers, physicians, merchants, and craftsmen, more failures than among the clergy of the Church. It is not the ministry which alone offers trials. They belong to every lot. The thorns are in every path. The grace of God may help us to bear them like men. It may even make the way of trial a way of roses. These callings may all bear the stamp of a higher service; and yet it is true that the happiest life that God ever gave to any man is that of a faithful minister. It is above all other honours to be the servant of the Church, the ambassador of God, the steward of the mysteries of the Gospel.

Think how short life is! Think how sad it is to work and toil and die, and carry nothing of this weary work to the world unseen! And yet this is the life of thousands. How much better for us all to seek, in our vocation and calling, to be God's messengers of love to the sad, the sinful, and the sorrowing! Can there be a holier joy than to be permitted in Jesus' name to bind up broken hearts, and tell a sinful world of redeeming love? Is it not a call to thrill a young heart with joy that he is called of God to be His ambassador?—that by God's authority He may receive men into His kingdom?—that he may in Jesus' name feed them on that bread which came down from heaven, and which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger? There is no earthly calling which has such sunlight from heaven. No life is so blessed as that of one who, like Samuel, is consecrated from childhood to God's service. Saved from the snare of youth, trained in guilelessness to manhood; who can tell of the joy of dying, when we can look back upon life with no bitter consciousness of having betrayed innocence, or perverted the way of others, when we have never by example or precept caused others to fall? To such a life Jesus calls our youth. It has its sacrifices, but then sacrifice is the law of

love. These hearts of ours are never satisfied until we go out of ourselves to love others. Love deepens. Love unseals sympathies. Love unloosens affections. Love brings work, and work brings gladness and peace and rest with God.

Such, dear brethren, is the work of the ministry of Christ.

BISHOP WHIPPLE.

Correspondence.

THE MONASTERY OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—You will be astonished to hear from me from such a place, but here I am enjoying the hospitality of the monks of St. Bernard. I arrived here with my young companion yesterday, on our way from Italy to Switzerland, and, as we did not wish to travel on Sunday, “the brotherhood” have kindly permitted us to stay till tomorrow. Nothing can exceed their kindness and hospitality, but, alas, all is darkness and superstition in a spiritual sense. I went to their “office” yesterday; my heart sunk within me; such a feeling of sadness and pity came over me that I was obliged to leave. I have visited the *morgue*, which contains the bodies of those who have perished in the snow. Many of them are almost perfect, the cold preventing decomposition. Amongst others was a mother with her child wrapped up in the same sheet in the position they were found. It was a painful and mournful sight. My companion has purchased one of the far-famed St. Bernard dogs to take home to England.

We have been over five weeks away, and have crossed the Alps several times, passed over the St. Theodule last Tuesday into Italy, and were three hours on the snow and ice; reached Val Tournanch in Piedmont late at night, and slept on a bed of dried Alpine moss; but rest was sweet, and I felt a hope that the Lord was my Keeper, and could say in some measure of humility and love, “He doeth all things well.” Oh, how richly I have experienced His mercy since I left home! Several times I have been ill, very ill, and full of fears and dark apprehensions; but He has proved better to me than all my fears. Adored be His precious name. Well may the poor Christian say, “Who is a God like unto our God?” One thing has struck me wherever we have been,—in France, Belgium, Switzerland, and especially in Italy,—the degrading nature of Popery. I have seen the darkness of its superstition, and am impressed more than ever that it is a system from beneath, and not of God. Oh that England but knew and prized its mercy in an open Bible and in its spiritual privileges! Oh that as a nation we were wise and honoured God in His rich goodness and mercy! May He be pleased to send times of reviving and refreshing from the glory of His presence!

Whilst at Lucerne I was in a very low state of mind, and took from my pocket a few lines which I had composed before leaving home; I found them very comforting to my own soul, and enclose a copy.

I am, sir, yours very truly,

8th Sept., 1872.

D. M. P.

CHEERING WORDS.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ. Your Magazine has for some years been a very welcome guest, and has comforted my soul amidst all the conflict, we children of God are called to endure, and I look forward when one month's has been read to the next. When I have done with them I lend them to a few other poor children, who are in the same warfare as ourselves, and from which I have reason to thank God they also glean comfort. Among other reasons I love your monthly, is that it is free from all controversy, which I cannot say of other monthlies of the same faith and order. I thank God for many of your leading articles, as the press would say, one of the late ones in particular,—that on "As thy days so shall thy strength be,"—and the one in the current number is very refreshing. Go on, my brother. Your drinking deeply of trials from within and without is only that the consolation they bring may gush out the more freely into the channel of the GOSPEL MAGAZINE, and come to other hearts who are similarly assaulted. "He that watereth shall himself be watered," and you know that the earth is sometimes watered by hailstones as well as by rain, and sometimes by drenching storms as well as by the gentle shower; and as in nature so in grace. Yet, blessed be God, neither the hail storms, nor the drenching rains, nor even the "gates of Hell" shall ever prevail, because we who are in Christ are built upon a rock, and that rock is Christ. Keep, my dear brother, to your present standard,—don't study the palate of the epicure. We want the children's bread. Care not for the popularity of the multitude—study the family. "He that careth not for his own house," &c., &c. You have, I believe, a living family—it may be scattered, but the day is not far distant when we shall all be at home; and you know how it is even on earth, when the family is at home. But how much more then? Why then—

"We'll make the heavenly arches ring
With loud hosannas to our King!"

Yes, my brother, not to you, but to Him, who alone is worthy to receive honour and glory for ever and ever. May God in His mercy spare you, and make you more and more useful; and, when your work is done, send another to take your place! And this He will most assuredly do, if the GOSPEL MAGAZINE is to continue a channel for divine communication to the seed royal.

I should take it a favour if you will convey my thanks to "G. C.," and tell him how acceptable his communications are. The Lord bless him and help him! "The Man behind the Wall" was very much blessed to me last night (Sunday). I read it with much comfort. I am glad to find he is a "lapper of water" like myself. We know what the bustle and hurry of business is, and its worry and distraction. Our friend Wallinger's matter is always good. The Lord has spared him to do battle, and even to hoary hairs he has been brought; but I must conclude my hasty scribble.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

Shrewsbury.

G. D.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

Pastoral Letters of the Rev. John Hobbs, late Minister of the Gospel at Haberdashers' Hall Chapel, Staining Lane. Oxford: J. C. Pembrey. Pp. 511.

MR. HOBBS was very deeply taught in Divine truth, and these letters will be valued by many beyond the circle of his congregation. The volume commences with an autobiographical fragment giving an account of his early life, his conversion, and his call to the ministry. He was led in a most remarkable way, and was especially blessed under the preaching of Mr. Huntington. He fell asleep in Jesus on the 1st of June, 1871. The letters were for the most part addressed to his congregation on various occasions of absence from his pulpit. The following is an extract from one of them:—

"Furthermore, the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. Observe the Father's promise made to His dear Son, and to all His spiritual seed in Him:—'As for me, this is My covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit is upon thee, and My words, which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth, and for ever.' It is the Holy Spirit who is the Author of the whole work of grace in every saved sinner. And, as it is promised that the Spirit shall never be taken away from Christ and his spiritual seed, so the good work which He begins in the saints must be continued even to the end. Our Lord said to the woman of Samaria: 'He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst' (that is for any other water); 'but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' The Holy and ever-blessed Spirit, with all His saving operations, is here intended; and our Lord told His disciples:—'I will send you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever.' Therefore, whatever fears may distress the hearts of those who are quickened into life lest the work of the Lord in them should cease through their own unbelief, the prevalence of sin, or the temptations of Satan, the immutability of God in His promises secures the perfecting of His work in the souls of all His regenerated family. It is because Jehovah changes not that the work of grace can never cease where it is begun until it is perfected in eternal glory. He that gives grace will crown it with glory. Gifts bestowed upon bond-servants may be withdrawn, but the inheritance of the children must and shall be theirs for ever. And why? Not through any merit in themselves, but because their Father is immutable. He is in one mind, and none can turn Him. It is this, and this alone, that secures the temporal, spiritual, and eternal welfare of all the saints. God's immutability is the foundation of all our hopes and expectations here and hereafter. Every poor, tried, tempted child of God is hereby encouraged to say:—

'How can I sink with such a prop
As bears the world and all things up?'

The Beauty of the Great King, and other Poems for the Heart and Home. By W. POOLE BALFERN. London: James Clarke and Co. Pp. 215.

WE are informed in the preface that "most of these poems were written when the writer was laid aside from preaching the gospel by ill-health; under such circumstances it was a solace to him to take down his harp from the willows and try to ring out a few notes of praise to Him who, although He may afflict His servants for a time, never forsakes them." These poems are of no high poetical merit, but many of them are pleasing, and all of them seem to be sound in doctrine. The following is, we think, a fair specimen:—

There is a face more fair by far
Than nature can portray;
No morning's sun or evening's star
Its beauty can convey.

We need not say whose face we mean—
 Jesus the pierced and marred;
 Faith sees no face so fair as His,
 Or by her sins so scarred.

From His majestic, awful brow
 Imperial truth looks down;
 While wisdom moulds His moving lips,
 And hands to Him her crown.

Sweet purity His cheeks adorns,
 Love fills His piercing eye;
 While meekness through each feature beams,
 In pensive majesty.

O holy, beauteous, loving face,
 So pierced and bruised by sin,
 Reveal Thy glory to our hearts,
 And reign supreme within.

Anoint our sin-dimmed eyes, O Love,
 Thou fairest of the fair,
 Where'er we go, O let us see
 Thy beauty shining there!

The Story of the Nile; and Sunshine and Shadow in Rattarn's Life. London: Religious Tract Society.

Two small books for young people, suitable for presents or prizes. The former gives an interesting account of the efforts made to solve the difficult problem of the source of the Nile. The latter is a story, with an excellent moral for these days of extravagance in dress.

The Bible Plan Unfolded. By JAMES BIDEN. London: Elliott Stock, Paternoster Row. Pp. 213.

THIS is one of the most absurd books that we ever remember to have met with. The author appears to imagine that he has made a great discovery—viz., that all previous interpretations of the Scriptures were completely wrong, and that he has discovered the only true interpretation. He says:—"No commentator has discerned the principles which have governed the construction of the Bible. The writers, having no knowledge of the whole scheme, have necessarily failed in discerning the meanings and analogies of the several parts. Hence have arisen misunderstandings and a Babel of opinions." Well, what is this great discovery—this perfect interpretation—never before thought of? It is that the Scripture narratives are to be understood *figuratively*—that they "supply imagery for language in which a spiritual converse is maintained." So that, notwithstanding the testimony of the whole nation of the Jews, the witness of ancient monuments, and of the Holy Land, and the corroboration of secular history, the Scripture narratives are not to be understood as literally true—only figuratively so! The author, of course, can give no proof of this, but he merely asserts it, and then proceeds to show the results. He says:—"The patriarchs' lives are not historical; they are predictive;" they "present predictively phases of Christian life." "The patriarchs were not living persons; they represent phases of religious life. The narrative is apparent history, but in truth is a prophetic allegory." "Eve is the spiritual or religious wife of Adam, so the offspring must be spiritual or religious." (!) "He (Cain) was a tiller of the ground; that is, engaged with the ceremonial

law." [2,500 years before the ceremonial law was given!] "Abel was killed by Cain—that is, Christ and infant Christianity were slain by 'Hebraism.'" (!) "Hell" in Scripture means, he says, "heathenism." (!) "Locusts" mean "the clergy." (!) The "fifth trumpet mentioned in the Revelation proclaimed the rise of the doctrine of eternal punishment." (!) But enough of such nonsense. If men will not read the Scriptures with simplicity—if they will pretend to be wise above that which is written—they may expect to fall into all sorts of error. "Professing themselves to be wise," they become "fools." How precious the faith of a little child, which, as it reads, says, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." There may be deep spiritual truths beneath the surface, but the surface is sound and true, nevertheless.

The Sea-Weed Collector. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD. London: Groombridge and Sons. Pp. 152.

A BEAUTIFUL little volume, containing full directions for collecting and preserving sea-weeds, together with much useful information respecting them. It is illustrated with eight coloured plates and numerous wood engravings.

The Anti-Papal League Magazine, The Birmingham Protestant Association Magazine, The Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission, and The Wiltshire Protestant Beacon.

FOUR staunch opponents of Romanism. May their readers and supporters be multiplied!

Quicunque Vult. By SALISBURY WYNTON. London: Provost and Co. A PAMPHLET in rhyme on the Athanasian Creed. The writer is very anxious that this creed should be abolished, and that the Church of England should open her portals more widely.

Query—Are they not already too wide open? His opinions and wishes seem to be clearly expressed in the following verse:—

"Broaden thy church, oh Mother! take us in,
We love not bald dissent, sectarian cant,
We're weak and weary, conscious of much sin,
And care not to join those who scoff or rant.
Full many a hearty, staunch communicant
Would gladly at one common altar kneel
If thou a broader, firmer foot wouldst plant,
Content with what Christ saw fit to reveal,
Nor dare to lift the veil that Godhead doth conceal."

Harvesting Hay in Wet Seasons. By WILLIAM A. GIBBS. London: Provost and Co.

WE are not agriculturists, and therefore are not competent to pass an opinion upon the process recommended in this pamphlet; but, if the statements contained in it are perfectly correct, and the circumstances alluded to not exceptional, we think that it must be of immense value, more especially in such a wet season as the present. It refers to corn as well as hay. The writer says:—

"With this arrangement (as shown and described in the drawing) we were able, last season, to render drenched wheat fit for thrashing-out in fifteen minutes. The drying shed which was used in these experiments was only 12 feet square, and held thirty-two sheaves in each compartment; but, with a shed of 12 by 24 feet, which is the size best suited to large farms, sixty-four sheaves could be dried in a quarter of an hour—256 per

hour. These 256 sheaves represent about the average produce of half an acre of land; and hence, by dividing the harvestmen into two gangs, and working on through the night, between ten and twelve acres might be cleared in the day and night, at an average cost of 2s. per quarter on wheat thus dried."

We have also received *An Address to Working Men*; the *Open-air Mission Annual Report*; the *Gospel Standard*; and the *Sower*.

The Triumphs of Grace over Death and the Grave.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LATE BELOVED E. B. M.'s LETTERS
TO "GEORGE AND MARY," DURING 1869—71.

(Continued from page 329.)

January 4th, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE ONLY ENDURING BONDS,—Once more I take up my pen to hold converse with you, through the medium of pen, ink, and paper. What a great mercy it is that our dear Lord has given us this means of communication! Oh, how little many of our mercies are appreciated by us!—at least, *I* feel verily guilty in this matter. I send you now, dear brother, a complete list of all my pieces; if you have not all, please to let me know. Some two or three are out of print, for I find it requires a little capital to keep my printing up. When I am at a *stand-still* in this matter, I am obliged to spread it before the Lord, and He *generally* sends me help in ways and means *I* could never have thought of; thus, dear brother, He helps me on in my little work from time to time, and strengthens faith for future emergencies.—E. B. M.

Dear reader, do you know in any measure the blessedness, when you are at a "*stand-still*," of spreading the matter, whatever it may be, before the Lord God of Israel, the "*faithful* God?" May the dear departed one's testimony encourage us to do so more and more! Depend on it, it is soul-humbling, and soul-rejoicing too, to look on afterwards, while He does *wondrously*, and exclaim with thankful joy, "Himself hath done it! Himself hath done it!"

"If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.
"Depend on Him, thou canst not fail,
Make *all* thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, *His* merits must prevail,
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done."

March 15th.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE ONLY ENDURING BONDS,—Accept my loving thanks for your kind remembrance of my birthday. * * * It seemed to come as a special gift from my heavenly Father. Oh, how His watchful care amazes and melts my heart! I only want to praise Him more, dear brother, in heart, lip, and life.

I have been very ill since I last wrote, and quite thought I was *going home*, but am now beginning to gain strength again, so I suppose I have a *little* longer to brave the "battle and breeze" of this wilderness life.

The Lord is very gracious to me, and keeps my mind calm as the summer's eve; in life, or in death, *all is well*.

Thanks, dear brother, for the precious birthday portions you gave me. I found them both very sweet. Upon a review of the past seventy-two years, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, at the mercy of my God, who has borne with all my wanderings, and ever been faithful to His word and promise to His poor worm. I trust my dear sister is better in body, and happy in the Lord. May the Lord bless you both, and give you "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" so prays yours, in much Christian love and affection,

E. B. M.

What a testimony to the power, faithfulness, and love of Jesus! "My mind calm as the summer's eve; in life, or in death, *all is well*." Well might the Psalmist say, "Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!" "*Laid up*" in store against the time of need. Dear sister, love did indeed "gild thy setting sun!"

Blackpool, July 11th.

You will no doubt be surprised, dear friends, to find me here. I came very much against my own wishes and inclinations, at the urgent request of some dear friends who were coming here; hoping the Lord would grant me a little relief from the warm sea baths as formerly, having suffered so much the last few months from those distressing internal neuralgic pains. All is in the dear Lord's hands, and oh! dear brother, I would not have it otherwise. "*My Father knows*." He knows it *all*; and, though the body is weak and feeble, "the joy of the Lord is my strength," and "*Home, sweet Home*," is full in view; the mansion is prepared and waiting, and I am favoured with "*a hope full of immortality*" to bear me up from day to day. Oh! dear friends, "magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together."

I am once more spared, dear brother, to congratulate you upon the return of another birthday. May the Lord bless you this day, and, while you are reviewing all the way by which He has led you these forty years in the wilderness, may you take down your harps from the willows, dear brother and sister, and tune them afresh to the praise of redeeming grace and dying love! This will be our song by-and-by; let us begin it here, for it is a blessed, soul-ravishing theme. Excuse more, dear brother, I am so suffering; am only just come, and hope, if the Lord will, to remain for two or three weeks.—Yours in loving wishes,

E. B. M.

July 20th.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN THE LORD,—What can I say to you for this fresh expression of *brotherly kindness* to a poor worm like me? I feel quite overpowered with your Christian love and sympathy, dear friends; and, as no words of mine can convey to you the feelings of my heart, I find I must have much to do with our dear Lord upon the matter. Oh, may He bless you a *thousand* fold! and, as He has promised that "the *liberal* soul shall be made fat," so, dear brother and sister, may your souls be enriched abundantly with *spiritual* blessings, as shall make you "fat and flourishing in the courts of the Lord." I thank Him for giving you some sweet and loving messages from His own mouth. Dear brother, there is no mistaking this! No voice speaks to the *heart* like our Father's: we *know* His voice, and *love to hear it*.

I am thankful to say that I am already somewhat relieved by the baths, but very weak and feeble. If my dear Father's will, may He bless the means used here for the comforting and strengthening the outer man; but, if not, dear friends, *all is well*. He has given me "a hope full of immortality," without one anxious thought as to the future. "My life is hid with Christ in God." Blessed be His dear name for this rich and unspeakable mercy!—Believe me, yours in much Christian fellowship,

E. B. M.

Have we not good reason to say, "And He blessed (her) there?" Is He not indeed the faithful God—faithful to His promise made to His poor worm Jacob, and, therefore, to all who, like him, feel themselves to be poor worms, "not worthy of the least of all His mercies?" "And, behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." Listen to His servant David exclaiming, "when strong in faith," "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." Was He not with the dear departed one at Blackpool? Did not goodness and mercy follow her there? Read her precious testimony again—"Though the body is weak and feeble, the joy of the Lord is my strength." "Home, sweet home, is full in view; the mansion is prepared and waiting." "I am favoured with a hope full of immortality, without one anxious thought as to the future." "*All is well*." "My life is hid with Christ in God." Dear reader, can you read this without your "eyes beginning to swell?" Do not tears of thankful joy flow from them? Oh! may it encourage us to trust in the Lord as she did; "for blessed, thrice blessed is the man that trusteth in Him." Lord, grant it!

"Who is a God like unto Thee?
Or who hath grace so rich, so free?"

But into the furnace she must again go, "not in anger," but that she might have a fresh proof of His power, His faithfulness, His loving-kindness.

August 20th.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Truly "God moves in a mysterious way." Your kind letter has just reached me here, where I have been detained the Lord's prisoner for the last three weeks. Just when I was preparing to return home, an internal tumour burst, which has made me very ill, and made travelling an impossibility. I was in a *very* trying position, but the Lord sustained and in a wonderful way and manner provided for me; blessed be His dear name for all His watchful, loving care! I am very weak, but shall return home as soon as it is possible for me to travel. I much regret not being at home to see your friend, but such is my Father's will, and who shall say unto Him, "What doest Thou?" I only desire, dear brother, to "*know no will but His*;" but how little I realize or enjoy this precious privilege! * * * I send you a sweet and savoury letter that I have received from India. It has warmed my heart, dear brother and sister; may it warm yours!

I hope, dear brother and sister, you are tasting much of the merciful kindness of our dear Lord, and that, amidst the din of war, and fearful times around us, you find the Lord to be a strong tower, into which the righteous run and are safe.—So prays yours in much grateful Christian love, dear friends,

E. B. M.

August 31st.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST,—I pray that you may have a birthday blessing to-morrow, and some sweet and precious words whispered from the Beloved! I am too weak just now to say what I would wish to you, dear sister, but shall have much to do with our dear Lord for you on the morrow. Oh! may He hear and answer my poor petitions, and, in reviewing all the way the Lord has led you in the wilderness, beloved sister, may He give you such a sweet heart-melting, as shall leave a sweet savour behind for days and years to come! I hope in an hour to be on my way home. May the dear Lord come, and give me strength for the journey! Accept much sincere love, dear brother and sister. May the Lord blessedly knit your hearts together on the morrow, till you exclaim, "Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way?"

Accept these little love-tokens, dear sister in Christ, with much love. The little ruff for the throat I have made for you here.—Your ever affectionate
E. B. M.

Sept. 3rd.—And now, dear brother and sister in Christ, the Lord has once more brought me to my own little home, which is endeared to me from the many gracious manifestations of His own loving heart, which He has given me here.

I felt the journey painfully trying, but was relieved now and then by standing instead of sitting; so that even here was mercy! I can but stand amazed at my dear Lord's tender love and care in *various* ways in this time of trial, in sending me so many orders, and giving me favour in the sight of those where I was lodging to meet and help me in many ways. Oh, what a wonder-working God is ours!

I am sorry to hear that my dear sister is still suffering from those trying spasms. May the Good Physician bless you both, and bring health and a cure!—So prays, dear friends, your affectionate sister in Christ,
E. B. M.

Dear reader, is "the fiery cloudy pillar" leading thee where thou wouldest not? "Fear not to go down into Egypt." The God of Jacob, Joseph, and Daniel is still the same; His wisdom, love, and power "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He knows the end from the beginning *now* as in days of old. Look at Joseph, put into prison, "suffering wrongfully." "But the Lord was with Joseph, and showed him mercy, and gave him *favour* in the sight of the keeper of the prison." "All things were working together for his good," to bring him to honour, yes, to *great* honour. Think of "the end of the Lord" (the end the Lord had in view), in permitting such cruel and painful things to befall him, and say, is He not "very pitiful, and of tender mercy," though He may even suffer evil men to ride over His people's heads for a time? "But as for you," says Joseph to his brethren, "ye thought evil against me, but God meant it for good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive." It is indeed true, that—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Look again at Daniel, carried a captive into Babylon, but the KING OF KINGS was with him. "Now God had brought Daniel into *favour* and *tender love* with the prince of the eunuchs." Now read the beloved

departed one's testimony again—"I can but stand amazed at my dear Lord's tender love and care in various ways," * * * "and giving me favour in the sight of those where I was lodging," and say, Is He not the same God now? Well might the Apostle say, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Oh! what an unspeakable mercy to be known by Him by name, and to have found grace in His sight! "Ah," say you, "but have I found grace in His sight? This settled, I fear nothing else. All is well." Well, let us remember—

"Tis not for good works, nor feelings, nor frames,
All, all is of grace, and proceeds from the Lamb."

The distinguishing characteristic of Bible saints is—they feared God, which led them to depart from evil. "I fear God," said Joseph. Again, they loathed themselves—they groaned over inward corruption and sin. "Behold, I am vile," said Job. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags," said Isaiah. "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened," said Paul.

Again, they "thirsted for God, even for the living God." His presence they desired above everything else—could not be satisfied without it. "I entreated Thy favour with my whole heart," saith one. "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" said another. Have we these family features? Do we mourn over ourselves as they did, saying, "I would be holy?" and yet, with Paul, say, "When I would do good, evil is present with me?" Oh, what a mercy if we have our features, as it were—and may I not say our names?—written in the Book of books! Oh, how few such we meet with!

Again, is the language of our hearts concerning the things on which the hearts of the children of men in general are set—

"Begone! ye gilded vanities,
I seek some solid good;
To real bliss my wishes rise,
The favour of my God?"

Can we say, "Christ only I seek?" that is above everything else. Is our desire toward Him? Then surely "His desire is toward us."

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek;
His Spirit will cherish the life He first gave,
You never shall perish while Jesus can save.

"Blest soul that can say, 'Christ only I seek,'
Wait for Him alway, be constant though weak;
The Lord whom Thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to Him the weakest is dear as the strong."

'Tis the poor, the needy, the mourners, the *nothings* in their own sight, that have found favour in His sight.

"The tried, the tempted, and the weak,
Are one with Jesus now."

Do, dear Lord, visit Thy garden! strengthen and refresh Thy drooping plants, so that they may revive as the corn, and be enabled to say; "Though I am poor and needy, yet the Lord hath thought upon me, does think upon me, and will think upon me for good for ever!" "In time and through eternal days" with such it must be well.

Sept. 9th.—Your precious letter cheered my heart, dear brother, and told me of the goodness of our covenant-keeping God to yourself and dear wife,

in having given her so much sweet peace of late. "When *He* giveth quietness, who *then* can make trouble?" Please, dear brother, to give my Christian love to my dear sister, and tell her I think her very kind to accept my small trifles so thankfully, and I only wish I could have sent her something of more value, but "My Father knows." He has never seen fit to trust me with much of this world's goods, but, blessed be His dear name, He has never yet left my pantry or my purse quite empty, but always comes to my help *in times of need*.

The little ruff for the throat is my own work. * * * It is very little that I can do now, dear brother and sister, for oftentimes the very "grasshopper is become a burden;" but, *even then*, I find supporting strength underneath to bear me up under it. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" I am daily gaining strength, dear friends; may it be devoted to our dear Lord and Master!—Accept my Christian love, dear brother and sister, and believe me affectionately yours,
E. B. M.

Oct. 30th.—Again, my dear brother and sister in the Lord, have you made my cup to run over. * * * * My treasures seem more than ever! May the Lord bless you, my dear friends, for all your loving care over your poor unworthy sister! Yes, I know He will, for has He not *said*, in helping His children, "Ye shall in no wise lose your reward?" "Has He *said* it, and will He not do it?" Oh! yes, in many ways and means when *you*, perhaps, may scarcely be able to recognize His loving hand. I had such unexpected expenses at Blackpool with my illness, that I was under the necessity of encroaching upon this quarter's income, and sometimes my fearful heart would dread the coming winter; but oh! dear friends, ours is indeed a wonder-working God, for, without knowing my need, one has sent me £1 for my printing expenses, another has sent me £1 for coals, another has sent me some nice flannel. * * * * So you see, dear friends, how my Father's loving care is watching over me, and supplying my every need. Oh, bless His dear name with me! I am very weak and poorly in body, but the joy of the Lord is my strength and support. May the dear Lord shine upon you is and shall be the prayer of yours affectionately in Jesus,
E. B. M.

"Supplying my every need!" "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." What a blessed proof we have of this in the above! HE who hath ALL power in heaven and on earth, and to whom belong the cattle upon a thousand hills—He who commanded the *ravens* to feed one of His servants, and who Himself fed a great multitude with a few loaves and fishes—*He* careth for the poor, helpless believer in Jesus. Then what have such to fear?

But "Ah," says one, "am I a *real* believer in Jesus? I do hope at times that I do answer the description given of God's family in His Word; that I do, in some measure, bear their distinguishing characteristics; but then again doubts arise, and fears prevail as to whether I am a real believer or not, and sometimes the enemy tells me it would not be thus with me were I one of God's elect, so that I am ready to faint."

My dear companion in tribulation, let me once more feed you with milk supplied to us by the late beloved G. D. Doudney—milk which is good and wholesome and unadulterated, and therefore calculated to refresh and strengthen you, as I trust it did me, in a measure, the other day, when I had been suffering through a fainting fit for days.

Another feature (of God's family) is given us in 1 John iii. "And whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight." "Well," say you, "this seems to cut me off altogether; for, instead of keeping His commandments, I am continually breaking them, and I can scarcely believe that such a worldly-minded creature as I feel myself to be can have an interest in such glorious things." But we must look a little, dear brother, at what His commandments are. "And this is His commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment." In the first place, do you truly love the children of God? And is it because you see the image of Christ in them that you do love them? "Yes," say you. Then, do you not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? "Ah," say you,—

"Could I but believe,
All things would easy be."

There never was a poor sinner, who from his heart said this, but was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not believing that you are a believer that makes you such, but it is simply believing in *Him* as your *only* Saviour, your *only* refuge—feeling that *without Him you can do nothing*. It is believing that He is to His children—poor worms of the earth as they are—all that He declares Himself to be.

"Well," say you, "I can believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as I look at the whole Church, and see the sin of the body put away by the sacrifice of Himself. I believe in Him with all my heart in this way, but what I want is to feel the sweet power and anointing that comes with the faith, that I might be able to realize *my own interest* in Him; then I should believe that I was a true believer."

Well, dear child of God, you must wait for that; but the Lord help you to believe in the dark as well as in the light! It is only by degrees that we are brought up to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love one another as He gave us commandment. "And he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him." Here is the indwelling of the Spirit, whereby we are instructed into the simplicity of keeping His commandments. And here is also the dwelling of the Church in Christ. As Christ Himself sweetly tells us in John xvii., "I in them and Thou in me, that they may be made perfect it one." This is to be in a position to take up the text, and to rejoice in the mercy, that "as He is, so are we in this world." If we are thus dwelling in Him, and He in us, then "all are ours, we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." "And hereby we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us."

What was it, dear child of God, that made you long, on entering upon a new year, for a sweet manifestation of Christ to your soul? What was it that made you think, How often shall I hear His voice during this year? What was it that made your heart go out thus, in earnest desire and longing that it might be a blessed year of memorial to your soul? It was the Spirit that *He hath given you*—this *new* Spirit—this *new* life which you have as a new creature in Christ Jesus; for "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

"Well," say you, "I can go with you as far as that. I know my desire has been going out, that He would manifest Himself unto me otherwise than He does unto the world, that I might be able to hang upon the Lord in all afflictions, and to receive all He sends me of trouble and exercise, believing that '*all things shall work together for good to*

them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Well, then, all this arises from the Spirit which He hath given you. If the Spirit which He hath given you has been going out thus in desire after growth in grace, and in the knowledge of your own personal interest in Christ, I would say to you this morning, **ALL HAIL!** you bear the true marks of a living child of God, therefore, "as He is, so are you in this world."

* * * * *

We drop down now to the 15th verse of the 4th chapter:—"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God." It is not the mere confession of the lip, but it is the *living power* that is put into the heart of the child of God at his regeneration. "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us."

It opened to my heart very blessedly, as I was thinking of the motto for the new year ("As He is, so are we in this world"), that it does not cut off the poor trembler; for we *have* known: as I was contemplating it, there was an emphasis upon the word "*have*." Though we may not be able to lay hold of it *now*, yet we can look back to many blessed moments when "we *have* known and believed the love that God hath to us." You may be feeling dark this morning; you may not be able to say *now* that you know and believe the love that God hath to you, but can you not look back to some of your Bethels and Peniels, when you have been able to say this? We should be having a heaven upon earth if we were always living in the sweet enjoyment of the love of God; but we are not to expect our heaven here. That we are not always thus living alters nothing of the reality of it, for we know that, as God is infinite love, He is infinite love to *His people*—to those who are able (or have been able) to say, "We *have* known and believed the love that God hath to us." "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Are you not dwelling in Him in *desire*, dear brother, and in earnest longings to know more of Him? Where is your heart this morning? Is it not with your treasure? Your treasure is in heaven; and is not your heart ever ascending to the very bosom of Jesus? There is not a desire that ascends out of your heart, but it reaches its destination. The Lord treasures up those desires, for they are all *from Himself*.

"These feeble desires, these wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek." *

There, my dear companion in tribulation, that's what I call food convenient for the lambs, "or the weaklings of the fold." It does me good to pen such precious truths—may it thee to read them! Oh, how much more are such precious truths calculated to strengthen the lambs, than "cavilling, and censure, and sitting in judgment upon others!" What a depressing effect has such teaching (?) upon the heart of the weak, tried, and tempted ones often! How true it is what our beloved Editor says—"Men, in their anxiety to be honest and faithful and true, may wound the weaklings of the fold ere they are aware." * * * "There may be a guarding of the truth, according to man's estimate and judgment, until it be brought down to such a negative state of things, that there is nought to feed and cherish—comfort and establish—the dear flock of slaughter." Oh, I do think *such* precious truths as are given us in the above extracts are much needed now-a-day! But where, oh! where are such fathers? Indeed, they are few!

* Sermons by the late Rev. G. D. Doudney. Sermon 25, Vol. I.

It is not every child of God to whom the doctrine of election "is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort." If they hear that side of the truth almost continually, and almost only, dwelt upon in a dry, doctrinal manner, I do believe, and I think, *know* from experience, it will tend to weaken the little ones rather than strengthen. When it is "storm and tempest" with me—"when doubts arise, and fears prevail"—then Satan is almost sure to preach election to me. "You are not one of the elect, or else it would not be thus with you." But he never points out those features—those distinguishing characteristics given in the Word of God, of His elect. He never points out what Jesus says to the hungry, the thirsty, the comers, and the longing, willing ones. Oh, no! I often wonder why this side of truth is kept in the background by good men. Had not the Good Shepherd this side of truth in view when He said to Peter, "Feed my lambs?" Is not this that which is calculated to strengthen, and establish, and make the weaklings grow; so that in due time they will be able to say—

"'Tis sweet to look back and see my name
In life's fair book set down?"

(To be continued.)

"O LORD, I AM OPPRESSED, UNDERTAKE FOR ME."

CAREWORN and weary, sin-sick and sad,
Feeling naught but Thy presence can make this heart glad;
I fly to Thy footstool, dear Saviour, and there
Pour out my petition, my poor broken prayer.

Oppressed with a burden of sorrow and sin,
Fearing danger without, feeling ruin within,
I seek Thy sweet succour, I cry for Thine aid,
Who art help to the helpless and life to the dead.

Oh come, blessed Spirit, that fountain disclose,
That full sovereign stream of salvation which flows,
From the heart of Emmanuel, still open and free,
To the poor seeking sinner who cries unto Thee.

Oh wash me therein, and cause me to feel
The power of that Fountain to cleanse and to heal,
From guilt and from bondage, dear Lord, set me free,
I plead Thy rich promise, I come unto Thee.

Let the dew of Thy grace in soft unction descend
On this poor barren soul, my Redeemer and Friend;
To the praise of Thy mercy, rich fruit let me bear,
And save from the heart blight of withering despair.

Oh come, precious Jesus, my heart pants for Thee,
Thy love to experience, Thy glory to see;
To live, speak, and think as a sinner restor'd
From the broad way of death to the smile of the Lord.

I own at Thy footstool my coldness with grief,
Oh speed, blessed Lord, to my help and relief,
The adamant melt and the gloom chase away,
Turn the darkness of night to the sunshine of day.

I cannot, I must not, dear Lord, let Thee go,
Tho' deep my depression, tho' bitter my woe;
I know there's forgiveness, rich mercy with Thee,
And I'll cry till that mercy drops down upon me.

June, 1872.

D. McP

THE LATE MRS. DENING.

[THE annexed hymn was found in Mrs. DENING's desk after her death, and was supposed to have been written only a few days before she was seized with her last illness. The lines clearly bespeak her conviction that "the time of her departure was at hand," and that she "had fought the good fight." The hymn has been selected as one to be sung at the forthcoming Clifton Conference, where her melodious and all-powerful voice was wont to be heard and admired at each previous Conference. How solemn the lesson, and how touching her words as thus expressed by herself upon the very threshold of heaven, now to be sung by that vast assembly! We anticipate that scene. We presume there will scarcely be a dry eye present. Many, we doubt not, will fail, from very conviction, to join in this touching song. The absence of dear Mrs. DENING (sitting, as she necessarily did, in a prominent seat in the gallery at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, in order to take the lead in the singing) will be very marked, and will specially add to one striking feature of these Conferences, namely, the calling away by death of one and another and another of those whose faces were so familiar, and also took so deep an interest in these annual gatherings. We are sure that our dear friend and brother, the Rev. S. A. WALKER (the originator and maintainer of these Conferences) will deeply feel the loss of Mrs. DENING. Considering her youth, beauty, and energy, her so unexpected removal is a striking proof of our mortality. It may well suggest, "Who will be the next called away from this poor dying world?" How uncertain our tenure here! Moreover, the *shortness* of Mrs. DENING's mission will now account for the *earnestness* and the *sincerity* of it. As far as we can judge from the addresses which we have read—for we never had the opportunity of *hearing* one of them; in fact, we candidly admit we were among the prejudiced against women-preachers; but as far as we can judge from reading—it would seem that her mind was imbued with the conviction of the extreme brevity of time, and the mere moment, as it were, vouchsafed to her for doing some little work for Him who had done so much for her. Moreover, it would seem that *Jesus* was so completely her Object and Subject. Although dead, Mrs. DENING will long and lovingly live in many hearts.—ED.]

"I am hastening homeward
To the land I love;
Wouldst thou bid me linger
From those realms above?
Soon I'll be with Jesus,
See Him face to face;
Then I'll sing the glory
Of His wondrous grace.
"In His presence standing
I my voice shall raise,
Sing one sinless anthem
Of eternal praise;
Praise to Him who brought me
Into wondrous light,
Put away my foulness,
Clothed my soul in white.
"Here, I now have sorrow,
There shall be no more—
Hushed in every wavelet
On that glorious shore.

One by one they're gath'ring
Home from ev'ry land;
Soon I'll pass the desert,
Soon I'll join their band.
"Why, then, should I murmur
If the way be rough?
Jesus, He will guide me—
Is not that enough?
Then let clouds o'ercast me,
I need never fear;
His strength shall sustain me,
His sweet voice shall cheer.
"Therefore I will hasten
Homeward on my way,
Singing as I journey
To the realms of day;
And my song for ever
Love and grace shall be—
Boundless love in Jesus,
Yea! His love to me."

**In Remembrance of
MRS. DENING,**

*Who fell asleep in Jesus, August 12th, 1872, aged 31; and was interred at
Locksbrook Cemetery, August 16th.*

HYMN SUNG AT THE GRAVE BY HER BIBLE CLASS.

THEY are gathering homeward from every land,

One by one.

As their weary feet touch the shining strand,

One by one.

Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown,

Their travail-stained garments are all laid down,

And clothed in white raiment, they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth His children to lead,

One by one.

Before they rest, they pass through the strife,

One by one.

Through the waters of death they enter life,

One by one.

To some are the floods of the river still,

As they ford on the way to the heavenly hill;

To others, the waves run fiercely wild:

Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,

One by one.

We, too, shall come to the river's side,

One by one.

We are nearer its waters each eventide,

One by one.

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,

Now and again through our life's deep dream;

Sometimes the floods all their banks o'erflow,

Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,

One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,

One by one.

We lift up our voices tremblingly,

One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,

We know not the spot where our feet may hold.

Thou who didst pass through the dark midnight,

Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light,

One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,

One by one.

On Thee let us lean each drooping head,

One by one.

Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,

We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind;

Saviour, Redeemer, be thou in full view,

Smilingly, gladly, shall we pass through,

One by one.

A Portrait of the late Mrs. DENING will appear (D.V.) in the OLD JONATHAN for November.

Protestant Beacon.

THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

THE Romanists and their sympathizers (the Ritualists) have been doing all they can to put another face upon the notorious facts connected with the above awful massacre. This effort, of course, can be readily accounted for, as emanating from a system which declares "the end sanctifies the means." This tenet of Rome should ever be borne in mind in regard to all her movements; as, upon this principle, lying, deception, fraud, and murder itself, are, in Rome's view, perfectly justifiable, if by any of these means her interests can be promoted. There is no denying these facts, as they can be proved, over and over again, by writings which have had the sanction and approval of the highest Romish authorities. The aforementioned endeavours of Romanists and Romish sympathizers to write down the Bartholomew Massacre has prompted the Rev. T. C. Price, Rector of St. Augustine's, Bristol, to record certain facts contained in a letter to the *Bristol Times and Mirror*. Such facts may well rouse the dormant spirit of Protestantism. Alas! alas! as a Protestant nation, we seem at the present fatally spell-bound. The Murphy murder; the liberation of his murderers ere yet his poor body had been scarce laid in the grave; the imprisonment of a man for having the honesty and the outspokenness publicly to quote and to condemn mere extracts from Popish works, whilst the works themselves are allowed free and unrestricted circulation through the length and breadth of Christendom; the yielding to Popish demands upon the part of our Popish Government; lastly, the admission to our land of the Jesuits expelled from Germany—what, alas! does it all bespeak, but a thorough indifference, a fatal blindness, to our real position? If things proceed at the present rate, as far as pandering to Romanism is concerned, it seems that nothing short of the re-lighting of the fires of Smithfield and Oxford and Gloucester and elsewhere, will really rouse the nation to a conviction that what Rome was, she is, and ever will be, till that auspicious time when "that wicked (one) shall be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." "And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God, and for the testimony which they held: and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"—Rev. vi., 9, 10. To this appeal of the slaughtered ones we would respond, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

The annexed is the letter previously referred to:—

THE COMPLICITY OF THE PAPAL COURT IN THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Blunt, of Oxford, has drawn attention to the columns of the London *Times* to a document now in the Bodleian Library, published at Rome immediately after the massacre, which contains an official account of the public procession and thanksgiving which took place in that city in consequence, and proves conclusively the full privity of the Pope and Cardinals with all the preparations which had been going on for a long time previously to the execution of that diabolical plot. In it the

French King makes grateful mention to them of "the counsels given, the help sent, and the prayers offered for these twelve years past in regard to that affair."

Canon Knight had before referred to it at length in the note to his "Lectures on Prophecy." The title of the book is in Italian; the inscription in Latin. For the benefit of those unacquainted with these languages I now render them in English. The title of the book runs thus—"Order of Solemn Procession, made by the Sovereign Pontiff, in the famous City of Rome, for the most happy news of the destruction of the sect of the Huguenots. With the Inscription placed above the door of the Church of St. Louis, on a cloth of scarlet silk, in capital letters of gold. At Rome, by the heirs of Antonio Blado, Printer to the Chamber, 1572."

The more important part of the inscription is as follows:—"To God, the best and greatest; the most blessed Father Gregory XIII., Chief Pontiff; the Sacred College of the most illustrious Cardinals; and the Senate and People of Rome. Charles the Ninth, the most Christian King of the French, moved with zeal for the Lord God of Hosts, almost all the heretics and public enemies of his kingdom having been suddenly, as by an angel sent from God, swept away by a single slaughter, never about to forget such a signal benefit, the counsels given in reference to that affair, the assistances sent, the prayers, supplications, vows, tears, sighs during twelve years to God, the best and greatest, he himself abounding in the most substantial joys, makes grateful mention of the marvellously stupendous effects in which themselves and all Christians are alike interested, the wholly incredible results, and, through the Divine favour, the in every way abounding satisfaction.

"For this so great benefit, his most ardent prayers being this day intimately joined with yours, absent in body but present in spirit, here in the Church of St. Louis, his ancestor, he returns his deepest thanks to God, the best and greatest; and that his hope herein may not fail he suppliantly entreats his goodness.

"Charles tit. S. Apoll., S.R.E., Priest Cardinal of Lorrain, desired that this should be here published and testified to all men. A.D. 1572, Sept. 8."

After this, one would think that there remains no further room for controversy as to the complicity of the so-called infallible Pope and his Cardinals in this atrocious crime. But, as further confirmatory of this damning evidence against the Papacy, we are told that the Cardinal of Lorrain liberally rewarded the messenger, and questioned him like a person informed beforehand. And the Cardinal Alexandrin had made no secret of expecting the news of a great victory gained over the heretics, and exclaimed when it arrived, "The King of France has kept his word."

Canon Knight and Mr. Blunt have both pointed out the remarkable agreement between the reference in the inscription to an angel as the emissary of destruction, and the medal struck by order of the Pope to commemorate the event. One of these medals is in the British Museum, and has been thus described:—On the one side are represented the head and shoulders of the Pope, facing the left, with the superscription, "Gregorius XIII., Pont. Max. Ann. II." Under the head of the Pope, the letters "F.P.," supposed to mean "Fecit Pisanus." On the other side, an angel advancing from the left, and holding in her right hand a

drawn sword, and in her left the cross. Before her are five figures, of which two are dead warriors, one a dying warrior, one a man trying to make his escape; in the back ground, a female figure throwing up her hands, apparently to express horror at the scene, and a figure draped as a priest looking on; the legend being, "Ugonottorum Strages, 1572." This medal was struck at Rome in silver and in copper.

Yours faithfully,

THOMAS C. PRICE.

Anecdotes and Extracts.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

Vienna, Dec. 8, 1871.

"I WAS curious enough the other day to make a few inquiries about the doctrine of Infallibility. My landlady was the person I questioned, and she is a fair specimen of the middle class here in Vienna. I have forgotten what led to the conversation, which was in substance as follows:—

"Do you believe in the Infallibility of the Pope?"

"No!"

"Then you can't be a good Catholic."

"Oh, yes I am; for the priests themselves don't believe in it!"

"But," said I, "all the priests preach Infallibility from the pulpit."

"Very true! But they do not believe in it, and only preach it because they are obliged to do so."

"That's very consistent to believe one thing and preach and teach another," I replied. "Alas!" she answered, "you are right; but the priests know that the people do not believe their statements on this point, and the people know that the priests do not believe their own teachings—but preach the doctrine because they have to; and, where this mutual understanding exists between priests and flock, no harm can come."

I don't coincide with the views of my landlady, but consider any religion where such hypocrisy and insincerity exist perfectly rotten and bound to fall. The doctrine, to me, is not a whit worse than the way in which it is received and treated by priests and people.—*New York Paper.*

A STORM AT SEA.

SOME years ago, a minister was preaching in Plymouth, when a written paper was given him to this effect: "The thanksgivings of this congregation are desired to Almighty God, by the chaplain, passengers, and crew of the ———, West Indiaman, for their merciful escape from shipwreck during the late awful tempest." The next day the minister went on board the vessel, with some friends from the shore; and, talking with the passengers, a lady thus expressed herself: "Oh! sir, what a blessing must true religion be! Never did I see it more than in my poor negress, Ellen, during the dreadful storm. When, sir, we were tossed to the heavens, and sunk again to the depths, and expecting every wave would

break over the vessel and entomb us all, my mind was in a horrible state—I was afraid to die—I could not think to appear before God, but in dread dismay. Ellen would come to me and say, with all possible composure: ‘Never mind, missa; look to Jesus Christ—He gave—He rule de sea—He prepare to die.’ And when, sir, we neared the shore, and were at a loss to know on what part of the coast we were, fearing every minute to be dashed to atoms on the rocks, my mind still in a distracted state—I feared to die—I knew nothing of religion—poor Ellen, with the same composure as before, came to me and said: ‘Don’t be fear, missa, look to Jesus Christ, He de Rock; no shipwreck on dat Rock; He save to de utmost; don’t be fear, missa, look to Jesus Christ.’ I determined, sir, I hope in Divine strength, that, if ever we reached the shore in safety, I would seek to possess that religion which so supported the heart of a poor negress in the midst of such dreadful dangers and alarms.”

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY; OR, STREET SCENES.

I WAS on my way to the dentist’s; and, such a coward am I at pain, that I have often said, “I believed I should fear *death* less than I have feared the *dentist*,” that is, I had believed that, when life’s closing hour should really come, the Lord would graciously vouchsafe such strength and fearlessness, that I should really less shrink from the approach of the last enemy than I have oftentimes done in the prospect of having a tooth extracted; and yet (strange to say) the first time I ever placed myself in the dentist’s hands, the operation was performed so quickly and skilfully, that I said, “I thought people made an unnecessary ado about tooth-drawing.” My theory, however, was pretty severely tested afterwards, when, upon another occasion, I had my jaw slightly fractured. But, on my way to the dentist’s this morning, I fell in with a dear brother and fellow-labourer. As we walked and talked of the Lord’s dealings, as just exhibited very strikingly in a recent case, he said “how desirable it was to be observant of what was continually passing and repassing before one’s eyes.” At the moment a poor man appeared on the opposite side of the street, walking upon crutches, having had both legs taken off below the knee. From his mode of walking, we both concluded he had not long been in his present condition. Upon questioning the man, it was ascertained he had met with an accident upon the neighbouring railway, and this day eleven weeks both his legs below the knee had been amputated. The man was but young, and, as I sympathized with him upon his loss, and bade him be extremely cautious how he walked the crowded streets, so as not to slip or be thrown down, I walked away, comparing my own favoured lot with his, and thought of the painful prospect before him with regard to the residue of his days on earth. What a dependent upon his fellow-man would he be! how much the creature of Providence! and yet I could but remember how my dear friend had just told me of a parishioner whom he had the day before visited, the daughter of one who had been left a widow with seven children, after fifteen years’ married life. This very daughter had just lost her husband upon their fifteenth wedding-day, she herself, like her mother before her, being left with seven children. How mysterious are the ways of God! Yet, by these very facts, how richly does He prove Himself to be “the Father of the fatherless and the Judge of the widow!”

But, if I were impressed with the painful prospect in the case of the man to whom I first referred, as being so necessarily dependent upon others for help, I was still more impressed with a circumstance that occurred upon my return. I had not long passed the spot where I had previously seen the poor crippled man, when I was asked by a little boy for a certain address. There was a something in the boy's gait and appearance which betokened pain and suffering. Hence I asked him the question. "Two years ago, sir," said he, "a prize-fighter held me up in his hand, and let me fall; and my back was so hurt that I was six months in a London hospital, and six weeks in the hospital here. The doctors said," he continued, "if they tried to do anything for me, it would be either kill or cure. And now, sir, the man (who is more than six feet high) is himself in the hospital; he was hurt on the railway, and has had one of his legs taken off."

Poor boy! if ever my heart ached under a poor fellow-creature's narrative, it did then. From further inquiries I found his father was dead; and, in this state of pain and anguish, he was compelled to go out to earn his daily bread. The house to which he was going on one of his errands was quite a mile and a half from his place of business, and considerably up-hill. Although thirteen years of age, his growth had evidently been stopped by the accident he had met with. When he was not aware I was looking at him, I saw he was compelled to stop every few yards, and, with his stooping gait, and one hand resting upon his back, and with the other carrying his basket, it was evidently with great difficulty he could proceed. Some nights, he told me, he could not get an hour's sleep for pain. Thought I, "What a prospect for this poor boy! How little has this world to offer him!" And my heart went up to the Lord that He would in this case, as He had done in numberless others, overrule the position and circumstances in which this poor boy was placed, to his setting his thoughts and affections Christward, and to that happy world where there is neither sin nor suffering. I secured the poor boy's address, and hope to know more of him.

But did not these various facts, dear reader, suggest reasons for thoughtfulness and gratitude? What a vast distinction between a little discomfort with one's teeth and minus one's legs or a broken back!

D.

LETTERS OF THE LATE REV. H. VENN.

[THE same kind friend who, some time since, furnished us with sundry interesting extracts from letters written to members of her family, by the late Rev. WILLIAM ROMAINE, has kindly forwarded us likewise some quotations from the correspondence of the late Rev. HENRY VENN. As with respect to the other letters, they were perused with pleasure and profit by our readers, we doubt not such will be the case with the extracts about to be quoted.—ED.]

July, 1775.—It was extremely kind to give me so much pleasure by informing me of your safe return, and of all the tender care over you and yours in a foreign land, till you are set down in your own home. Much advantage Christians have, even in the very same favours as others receive, because they receive them as tokens of the presence and love of their God, which prompts to gratitude, and adds a great value to each blessing. But, whilst your letter transported me, it at the same time made me reflect with concern, how long it is since I have been able to see you both, and enter into that perfect agreement of principles and their

effects which I have always enjoyed with you and Mr. —. My Lord, I know, doth all things well, and it is well that I am fixed here, though I am at a distance from those several precious friends who would make my pilgrimage more comfortable. A Mr. Woolner (of whom I know very little) was still a very welcome visitor to me some weeks since, because he satisfied many inquiries I had to make after you, and told me of the pleasant situation Mr. — has now chosen for his abode. My heart immediately said, May that house be a house of God; may *He* hearken and hear the discourse which passes in it, and be well pleased; may all who live in it live to His praise, and all who die in it die to dwell with Him! Thus I can gratify my desires after your spiritual welfare, and wait with lively expectation of meeting you with the family of Christ above. And *then*, dear Mrs. —, for whom my heart feels much, will fully know why her path has been appointed through such a desolate and dreary way. . . . You are so kind as to inquire after my family, of which I can send you this account. My eldest daughter, I trust, begins to feel her need of Christ, and fights against her evil nature. She has every possible advantage where she is. Three such living ornaments to the Christian profession are very rarely to be seen. They know the free grace of God, and are most diligent in the use of means; and, what crowns all, full of love, kindness, and humility, so that my daughter cannot but admire and really love them. One of them has been much afflicted with illness, and you would think that pain and a bed of languishing for ten months was *not even grievous to the flesh*, to see her countenance, or to hear her speak. Oh, what a poor creature, not worthy to be called a Christian, do I appear in my own eyes, when I see and hear her! Here is the great power of God. . . . At Christmas my son is to leave school, and be with me for near two years before he goes to college. He chooses to be a preacher, and I have good hope it will be his delight to bring souls to God our Saviour. My two other daughters live with us, and Mrs. V. is all, both to them and myself, I can conceive a wife to be. My people are some of them now acquainted with the Prince of Peace, and established in Him. My church is better filled than ever, and I have a barn full in one neighbouring town, to whom I speak every fortnight. Perhaps you may recollect I had an assistant upon my first coming here. His wife heard, and understood, and believed from the first. After three years and a half she died, and left her husband and four charming children, the eldest only eight years old. I visited her in her illness, and her last words were, "*Oh, trust in the Lord Jesus, I beseech you all, and make a friend of Him, for He hath been faithful to all His promises, and fulfilled all my desires!*" . . . How did the zealous Friar turn out? Did he find any souls who could testify remission of sins in the blood of the Redeemer? I desire to be tenderly remembered to Mr. —. I give him joy that, with myself, he has a dearest earthly friend as happy as his love can wish her, and beckoning him to follow her to glory. This manifestation of Christ—how does it realize the truth of Scripture, and clothe with majesty and glory the members of Christ's body, even on the bed of death! If you have not heard of Lady G.'s illustrious testimony and behaviour before she took her flight, I will send you a full account of it. Such a beautiful close may you, and I, and all who love the name of Jesus make; and from His grace may there be a daily beauty in our lives which shall charm and lead men to confess there is indeed a present excellency in the knowledge of Christ crucified, which facts, not words

only, proclaim. I can rejoice you both, by assuring you there are now several large towns where the Gospel is in the Church, viz., Worcester, Birmingham, Hinkley, Melton Mowbray, Leicester, Shrewsbury, Leeds, York, Hull, Wallingford. When I set out in '54, there were only Truro and Bideford and Bristol, besides London. From hence I am confident many ministers will come forth, and all enter from a desire to serve the Lord Christ in the salvation of souls. . . . May you go on from strength to strength, till you appear in heaven with all the chosen saints!

May, 1776.—How extremely kind, and what a pleasure, my very dear friends, did I receive from your letter, which met me here the first day I came (Birmingham, May, 1776). Nothing is to be without its alloy,—I could not but be grieved on account of dear Mrs. ———, that you were nigh unto death, even whilst I was checked by the full assurance that both of you would receive an increasing blessing from this loving correction of your covenant God, who has engaged Himself to be you and yours for ever and ever. And nothing less would satisfy the wishes of my soul in your behalf. If it were lawful, I could also wish that, instead of being obliged to return home to-morrow, I was to set out for your house. I know with what a cheerful countenance, with what an affectionate heart, you would receive a loathsome worm into your house, for His sake, whose name I would wish to magnify living and dying! But a most tender wife, and three children, and a dear, though small, company of precious souls, who have no one but myself to teach them, call for my immediate return, to keep with them the anniversary of the descent of the Holy Ghost. I came hither only to preach two charity sermons, and stay five days; but, my horse falling lame, I stay eight, and have preached five times to 3,000 souls. Here is a great harvest, and an indefatigable labourer, and a good assistant. I never spoke in so excellent a place to be heard. Thus the very providence which, by bringing me down in my journey, and disabling me from my work, and making me incapable of a large place, fixed me in Yelling, has been the means of spreading the blessed knowledge of the Lord, and settling in this town, in the church, the Gospel of Christ. And what gives me great pleasure is, that Mr. Rilard, though not a shining preacher, as some are, is yet most solid and useful, and his very excellent life (without which the fluent tongue and all gifts are empty and disgusting), will daily add weight to his doctrine, and win souls even without the Word. I never shall forget you; and, as I am travelling, though with a slow pace, and at a very poor rate, to our blessed home, I taste a peculiar joy in the assurance of seeing you all there, that my heart which has been knit to you all by an acquaintance of a few weeks, and many civilities, will then be transported at the beholding of your great glory, and the everlasting love of God to your favoured souls. I must not conclude, without desiring not only your prayers for me, but to offer up your thanksgivings also. My church is much increased, not only in the number, but in the humility, love, and earnestness with which they seek, many of them, to serve the Lord. I have every night near fifty in my kitchen. May all spiritual blessings in heavenly things be with you both!

(To be continued.)

THE iniquity, enmity, and ruin of the first transgression in Adam runs through every drop of the blood in the veins of the believer.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

THE decision of the Court of Arbitration at Geneva is, that we have to pay something over *three millions sterling*. We may be thankful for this decision; for, although it is humiliating and rather a large sum to pay for doing that which our lawyers and statesmen held to be no breach of the Law of Nations, yet it is far better than war.

The accounts of the harvest are gloomy. The weather has, in many districts, been most unfavourable for gathering in the crops, and, in consequence, a large quantity of grain has been lost. Mr. Mechi, writing to the *Times*, says:—"I am no alarmist, but I believe that we shall have to pay for foreign corn in quantity and price, 15 to 20 millions sterling more than in a good wheat season. We may reasonably infer that there will be less employment for the labourer, and that railway companies will suffer much loss of income from the diminished conveyance of corn." The potato crop is a comparative failure; and, besides the continuance of the foot-and-mouth disease amongst cattle, there has been a new outbreak of the fatal rinderpest. The price of coals has risen so much that some English firms are actually obtaining their supplies from France. This is the first time such a thing has been known. The country seems to be in a very prosperous condition commercially, but there is good reason to fear that it will not long continue so. The struggle between capital and labour appears to be slowly but certainly undermining our trade and hurrying on a disastrous crisis. The *Times* has some forcible observations touching this subject. It says:—

"Capital, enterprise, and skill . . . are things which, in their very nature, are bound to no spot and are jealous of restriction. Threaten the capitalist that you will divide his spoil among the many, and he will carry it off to a place of safety, however distant. Threaten the adventurer that, without sharing his risks, you will cry halves, and more than halves, on his find, should he happen to succeed, and he will betake himself to some spot where he is safe. Threaten genius and attainments that it shall be simply the working slave of the multitude, and never have that which it can call its own, and it will take wings to the uttermost parts of the earth, if necessary, so as to escape a heartless servitude. Our industrial combinations wield a power beyond their conception. They can do for all England what combinations, before this, have done for many a district in England—changing it from a populous region into a desert, and from a garden into a ruinous heap. The working classes of this country have only to agree, and they can drive away all the elements of wealth and prosperity, except labour and manual skill, to remote regions, where labour and manual skill can be obtained in any quantity. There really is no reason whatever why any man should not sail to-morrow with a few skilled comrades, the proper tools, and the requisite capital, to China, or to Japan, and set up there any manufactory which, under more favourable circumstances, he would have preferred to try at home. If matters go on as they have gone on lately, the question before us is simple enough. Either enterprise, capital, and skill will go where labour is to be found, or the superabundant labour of other countries will find its way here."

Two acts passed during the last session of Parliament are now coming into force, which we hope may be productive of much good, viz., the Licensing Act and the Act amending the law respecting the adulteration of food. By the former, public-houses must not be opened on week-days before six in the morning, and they must be closed at eleven o'clock at night; they must not be opened on Sundays before half-past twelve, and they must close altogether at ten o'clock. In the country, if the justices like, they must close at nine o'clock. The penalties for the non-observance of the law are very heavy. They are £10 for the first and £20 for the second offence. There is another clause, which, if strictly attended to, will no doubt be a serious check upon drunkenness,—Any publican supplying a man with liquor who may be already intoxicated is liable to a penalty of £10. A person found drunk in a highway or public place, instead of being liable to a penalty of 5s., may be fined 10s.; for the second offence, 20s.; for the third offence, 40s.; and, in addition to that, there is a very stringent clause in the Act, by which, if the offender does not pay the fine, he is liable to a term of hard labour. The person who may be drunk in the highway, and riotous, or guilty of any disorderly behaviour, or is drunk while in charge of any carriage, or horses, or cattle, is liable to a penalty of 40s.; and it is entirely at the discretion of the magistrates whether to fine such an offender or send him to prison. A man refusing to quit a public-house, when disorderly or drunk, or abusive to others, is liable to a penalty of £5, or, in default, a certain term of hard labour. By the second Act, "Every person who shall wilfully admix, and every person who shall order any other person to admix, with any article of food or drink, any injurious or poisonous ingredient or material, to adulterate the same; and every person who shall wilfully admix, and every person who shall order any person to admix, any ingredient or material with any drug, to adulterate the same, shall, for the first offence, forfeit and pay a penalty not exceeding £50; and, for the second offence, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour, and be imprisoned for a period not exceeding six calendar months. The penalty on a person selling articles of food, or drink, or drugs, which they know to have been adulterated, to be not exceeding £20, and to pay costs. Analysts are to be appointed at various places, and inspectors of nuisances may submit articles of food to be analysed. The analysts appointed are to make reports quarterly to the local authorities. A purchaser in any place where there is an analyst appointed, under this Act may require the same to be analyzed."

A specimen of the ultra-liberalism of the age has just been seen in a sermon preached by the Dean of Westminster in St. Andrew's, Glasgow. The sermon was preached on the Tercentenary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and, referring to that event, the Dean said that "the medals which were struck in its honour, the pictures which still hang on the walls of the Vatican Palace, delineating its horrors as among the glories of the Papacy, are now disowned with shame and remorse by the Papacy itself." Is this true? Certainly not. And the Dean, challenged in the public press, has (we are glad to see) practically acknowledged that it is not. He says that he made the statement on the ground that the inscription to Vasari's picture at the Vatican of the massacre has been for many years past effaced or removed, and also that two Roman Catholic writers (Moroni and Möhler) have *falsely* denied, one the existence of

the medals, and the other the Romanist's part in the massacre. Very poor ground for the Dean's statement! Why, almost at the very moment that he was giving utterance to it, M. Veuillot, the chief champion of the so-called "Holy See," was actually defending the massacre! This the Dean now admits, and adds, "Until that defence is condemned, and until the Bull of Gregory XIII., approving the massacre, is solemnly withdrawn and denounced in a Bull of equal authority by Pius IX. or his successor, the Roman Church will no doubt be justly open to criticisms like those of your correspondent of Friday." But we find fault with the Dean for something more. After making this erroneous statement, he proceeded to say that the "Massacre of St. Bartholomew represented a scene which, though its darkest shadow rested on the Church of Rome and on the monarchy of France, had yet overcast churches and kingdoms as far as possible removed from Rome and from Paris. In England the very name recalled the mournful day on which 2,000 Nonconformists were, by the fault of our forefathers, on St. Bartholomew's Day, in 1662, estranged from the Church of England; and in St. Andrew's it was impossible not to remember how deep and bloody were the stains which had been left by the like spirit of religious hatred in the precincts, now so peaceful and so tranquil, of that ancient city." Notice his words. He classes Popish and Protestant persecutions together, giving his hearers to understand that the one were well-nigh as bad as the other, and mentions the *estrangement* of 2,000 Nonconformists from the Church of England as being nearly on a level with the murder—the cruel, awful murder—of 60,000 innocent men, women, and children! This is what we have again and again to complain of in the ultra-liberalism of the day. It can see no difference between things that differ. It makes excuses for the most fearful crimes, and magnifies small ones. Especially it would confound Protestantism with Romanism. It cannot see that the excesses of the latter proceed from it *as a system*, that they are the natural fruit of that system, and that they must occur under that system wherever time and opportunity permit; whereas the excesses of the former do not proceed from Protestantism as a system at all; they are no part of it whatever. Protestantism sets up no man as supreme sovereign of earth, and his creed the world's highest law, every transgressor of which ought to be capitally punished; but Rome does. Protestantism knows of no such teaching as that heretics are worse than thieves and murderers, and that, whenever they can be distinguished and separated, they are certainly to be burnt; but this is still the teaching of Rome. (See commentary of Maldonatus, one of the standard authorities of Maynooth.) Tolerance is the essence of Protestantism; intolerance is the essence of Romanism. Can they ever be alike? Never. How, melancholy, then is it to see them placed on a level by a Protestant Dean of Westminster!

Père Hyacinthe has still further disconnected himself from the Romish Church by entering into the holy state of matrimony. He has married a widow, and in a long published letter has given his reason for this step. What will his former co-religionists say respecting him now? It is said that his example will probably be followed by a large number of French priests. At present the average number of priests in France who marry is, it appears, not less than from twenty to thirty a year.

A smart reply has just been given by the Rev. E. B. Squire, Vicar of

Swansea, to one of the attempts to throw discredit upon Bible history which have become so common in the present day.

Professor Owen has expressed his opinion that it is utterly impossible, "on anatomical grounds," that men could ever have lived to the "*fabulous*" ages mentioned in the book of Genesis, and a writer in the August number of *Fraser* defends the professor, and asserts that the Hebrew word translated "years" does not mean years, but "months." Mr. Squire's reply is short, but conclusive:—

"'Enoch lived sixty and five years and begat Methusaleh.' I ask the Professor—which will you accept, the father aged five years and five months, or the son who died at 969 years? 'The Professor does not accept the longevity of the Patriarchs.' We urge it upon him to decide which is it—months or years—longevity or precocity: one or the other it must be." Well does Mr. Squire add, "Alas, when will men cease to assail with carnal weapons those eternal verities which shall stand fast for ever and ever?"

Some unusual appearances have lately been observed in the sun. An Italian observer, Signor Tauchini, has recently published some extraordinary accounts of what he saw a few weeks past. He describes the sun as becoming quite surrounded with the vapour of magnesium, and that this was accompanied by marked changes in the general appearance of the sun as seen through the spectroscope: certain customary appearances being diminished, others increased, and the light of the sun sensibly changed in character. Whether this has any connexion with the "signs" foretold by our Lord we cannot say, but certainly it seems to bid us be on the watch.

Another missionary martyrdom has taken place: Mr. Gordon, a Presbyterian Missionary, who has laboured for several years on the island of Erromanga. It appears that a native from Polenia Bay came down to the mission station, and asked for Mr. Gordon to come and see his children, who were lying sick. He went, and on arrival found the children were dead. The man charged him with witchcraft, and immediately tomahawked him. Mr. Gordon's brother and sister previously lost their lives through a similar superstition; and in the same island John Williams and his companion Harris laid down their lives.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WE hail with satisfaction the announcement of a new weekly journal, entitled "*THE CHRISTIAN STANDARD*." It is to be conducted by Mr. JAMES GRANT, the late editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, who, during his many years' connexion with that work, was so great a defender of the Protestant faith against all Anti-christian delusion and error. From his very extensive acquaintance with the Christian world (so called), we know of no man so well qualified to conduct such a journal as that proposed. From the contents of his prospectus, it is clear that Mr. GRANT's mind is becomingly imbued with the real character of the times in which we live. He says—and we fully coincide with him—that "*we live in awful days*." But, whilst Mr. GRANT purposes to stand upon the ramparts, and, to the utmost of his power, defend the citadel, it is evident that he likewise intends to wait upon those within the walls, for the purpose of supplying with wholesome nourishing fare, in the matter of sound doctrine, and heartfelt living experience. This is a desirable combination, much lacking in the journals and publications of our times. We heartily wish Mr. GRANT God-speed in his praiseworthy undertaking.

THE GOSPEL MAGAZINE.

"COMFORT YE, COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE, SAITH YOUR GOD."

"ENDEAUOURING TO KEEP THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT IN THE BOND OF PEACE."

"JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY, AND FOR EVER." "WHOM TO KNOW IS LIFE ETERNAL."

No. 83,
NEW SERIES. }

NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

{ No. 1,283,
OLD SERIES.

The Family Portion;

OR, WORDS OF SPIRITUAL CAUTION, COUNSEL, AND COMFORT.

"Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."—2 COR. I. 4.

"LITTLE CHILDREN!"—WHAT SHOULD BE THEIR
WALK AND TALK—THEIR HOPE AND EXPECTA-
TION?

"And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."
—1 JOHN II. 28.

"Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child:
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases
Thee."

"As a little child relies
On a care beyond its own;
Knows he's neither strong nor
wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide."

If the epistles of John have a special or particular claim upon any one's heart, assuredly they have upon ours, for the first decidedly comforting portion we ever remember to have met with in the reading of the word, was the fourteenth verse of the third chapter of the first epistle: "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death."

Thought we, "If this be a true sign or token of having 'passed from death unto life,' then I have it, for I do love them whom I have reason to believe are the children of God." At that time—six-and-forty years ago—we used to take a certain route, somewhat out of our way, on purpose to look at a young man as he stood engaged in the routine of business behind a shop-counter, believing him to be a child of God. We never remember to have spoken to him, but his pleadings with God, at the public prayer-meetings, were such as to give us fellowship of heart with him, and hence that blessed blending of soul and unity of spirit, which prompted us from time to time to gaze upon him. It was such a supernatural and distinctive feeling as led us to cherish the hope—yea, to afford us the confident belief—that whatever else we might lack of childship, we had at least this sign and this token of new creature-ship.

Oh, how one lacks the vividness and the reality, as well as the simplicity of these times and seasons in the "first-love" state and condition ! How one has to mourn over one's little growth in meekness, gentleness, forbearance, and simplicity ! Nay, nay, in these respects there seems to be a going backward rather than forward ; and it is not without reason that we say, in consequence :—

" Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-reviving view
Of Jesus and His word ?
" What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill."

God knows this is the truth. All is blank—vain and unsatisfying to the last degree—without Him ! Oh, that mighty Him, who alone can dispel all darkness, disperse all gloom, rectify all mistakes, regulate all adverse circumstances, make crooked things straight, and rough places plain !

Well, dear troubled reader, there is one mercy—and a great mercy, too,—in connexion with all these creature-defects and spiritually-bankrupt circumstances, as far as our poor fallen fleshly selves are concerned ; and that mercy is, that all, all in the wonder-working hands and under the mighty ministry of the Holy Ghost, tend to—

" ——— Make us sick of self
And fond of Him."

Hence, under the wondrous overrulings and gracious orderings of His hand, " all things work together for the good" of His chosen and called ones.

This very feeling of our not being what we fain would be only endears the person, and magnifies the riches of the grace of Him who has said, " I do not this for your sakes, O house of Israel, but for mine holy name's sake."

By the way, dear reader, this brings to our recollection a recent fact in personal experience. We had been lying awake, as we occasionally do, during the midnight hours, and mourning deeply over a felt unworthiness, and the review and contemplation of our very great unprofitableness, and all our manifold shortcomings, wondering how the Lord could exercise such patience and forbearance and long-suffering towards one so vile and ill-and-hell-deserving, when, in the morning, upon opening the dear old Book of books, the first words that our eyes lighted upon were (Isaiah xlviii. 8.), " I knew that thou wouldest deal very treacherously, and wast called a transgressor from the womb." Oh, the power and the preciousness of that Scripture ! It was as though the Lord said, " Now, be not dismayed nor affrighted at what thou seest and feelest in thyself. I am not deceived nor disappointed. It was not for anything I saw in thee, or foresaw thou wouldest possess, that I loved thee ; but I loved thee because I would love thee. I plucked thee as a brand from the burning. I re-

deemed thee from destruction. I chose thee in order that I might make known in thee and by thee my mighty power, and rich and free and sovereign love." And then, mark, dear reader, how the Lord adds to the precious portion we have quoted, another most comforting assurance:—"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. For mine own sake, even for mine own sake, will I do it." Oh, how sweet are such seasons, when the Lord thus mellows the heart, and brings His poor wayward, self-willed, rebellious, thankless, and unbelieving ones down into the very dust of self-loathing and abhorrence! How well does dear Hart say of all such privileged times and seasons:—

"I love the Lord with mind and heart,
His people and His ways;
Envy and pride and lust depart,
And all His works I praise.

"Nothing but Jesus I esteem;
My soul is then sincere;
And ev'ry thing that's dear to Him,
To me is also dear."

Is not this verily the case, dear believing reader? Assuredly it is; and, in one's better mind, in one's new creatureship, how would one love always to abide here—*humbly, lowly, contrite*—"each esteeming others better than themselves; looking not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

"Till my Beloved calls me home!" Oh, how great would be this mercy! But the Lord knows best where to lead us, and how to deal with us.

But it is time, dear reader, that we came more immediately to the language before us:—"And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming."

Observe, beloved, for it is well worthy of observation, that no less than five times in this very chapter, and nine times in the epistle itself, does the Apostle adopt this salutation of "little children." It is remarkable, and fraught with instruction. Twice in this chapter he salutes "the fathers," and twice "the young men;" but "the little children" he specially appeals to five times. But observe the subjects upon which he treats, whilst addressing the latter, are not what at first we might suppose would be the case, namely, the mere rudiments or alphabet or first stages of grace; oh, no, so far from this, the higher, the deeper, the more glorious things are those the due consideration of which he so commends to these—the "little children."

Ah, beloved, there is a secret here—a blessed secret—the Lord the Spirit enable us to get at it! It sets forth the lowliness, the teachableness, the tractableness, that characterize "little children," and which are the sure effects and accompaniments of grace in operation. We use the word advisedly, because there may be grace in the *heart* without its being in lively and vigorous *operation*. "Ye *did* run.

well," said the Apostle ; " who did hinder you ? " *Grace dormant* (and this it may be for a season) is one thing, but *grace developed* is another. But, mark you, the more grace is *developed*, the richer its *manifestation*, the *more humbling* its effects ; the less the possessor will think of himself. You have a remarkable exhibition of this in the Apostle's own personal testimony. In 1 Cor. xv. 9, he declares himself to be " the least of the apostles ; " under later teaching, in Eph. iii. 8, he says that he is " less than the least of all saints ; " under deeper and later teaching still, in 1 Tim. i. 15, he testifies to the creature-humbling, but God-glorifying, fact, that of sinners he is " chief." Dear reader, here is a simple, but a very solemn, test for us. Think of it, we pray you. Try yourself by this rule so plainly laid down by the Apostle.

But we said that the subjects of which the Apostle treats, whilst thus so specially addressing himself to the " little children," were by no means limited to first principles or the mere rudiments of grace. Most certainly not. Let us glance at these subjects for a moment, dear reader, as the Lord the Spirit may enable us. Now, first, mark you, in the opening of the chapter, the Apostle says :—" My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous : and He is the propitiation for our sins : and not for our's only, but also for the sins of the whole world." What a field for thought and reflection is here opened ; and how plainly does the Apostle, as it were upon the very threshold of his epistle, combat the presumptive and unscriptural idea, that the grace of God leads to licentiousness, or that the all-atoning efficacy of the blood of Jesus sanctions the indulgence and the commission of sin. Some have dared to assert, as a warrant and a license for sinning, " Oh, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin, and, therefore, there is no need for fear or discouragement." What an awful perversion of truth is this ! and we unhesitatingly affirm, that, if a child of God is, in any measure or degree, entrapped or ensnared with this idea, he will, sooner or later, discover, to the intense anguish of his soul, how fearful the delusion. Assuredly the Lord will teach all His children, that they cannot sin cheaply. He will make them know what an evil and a bitter thing sin is. The Lord will not have His injunctions trifled with : " Do not that abominable thing which I hate."

Because the truth is perverted, and because creature-sanctity or fleshly and free-will perfection is advocated, men, in their mistaken zeal, are apt to fly to the other extreme, and fail to insist upon that great truth, " Without holiness no man can see the Lord." Christ is as much the " sanctification " or " holiness " of His people, as He is their wisdom and righteousness ; nor can the one be dispensed with any more than the other.

Mark, we repeat, dear reader, how the Apostle brings this injunction that they " sin not," as a part—and an essential part, too,—of the grand and fundamental truths he had just declared of the " blood

of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleansing from all sin ;” of the utter fallacy of every attempt to deny the existence of sin ; and the faithfulness and justice of God in pardoning sin upon the confession of it.

Lest these gracious verities should be perverted or abused, he at once opens his second chapter with the all-important exhortation, as though his one end and object was this and only this: “My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not.” And then, lest any who had sinned should be discouraged, or yield themselves up to despair upon the ground that they had hopelessly transgressed, he adds, “And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous.” Wherever was a greater or more glorious truth declared than this, thus proclaimed to the “little children,” of the personal and all-prevailing advocacy of Jehovah-Jesus, the God-man Mediator? One of the richest, fullest, and most unspeakably blessed announcements is this, that in the person of Jesus—and as a blessed fruit and effect of the work of Jesus on earth, is the divine advocacy of Jesus in heaven. If whilst here, and ere yet He had fully and finally accomplished the work the Father gave Him to do, He exclaimed, “Father, I will that those whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am,” how much more, when that work was verily completed, might He, as their great Forerunner and glorified Representative, advocate in heaven their desperate cause upon earth!

Again, the Apostle John, having touched upon his darling theme of *love*, proceeds to say, “I write unto you, *little children*, because your sins are forgiven you, for His name’s sake.” Then it is the special privilege to be assured of the forgiveness of sins ; and, although some for this very reason may doubt their childship, or the reality of a work of grace in their souls, because as yet they know not the forgiveness of their sins ; yet there is a sense in which none know that great and comforting fact as do the “little children,”—the very babes in grace! The fact may seem strange, but a fact it is, nevertheless ; and we appeal to some of the “young men” and the “fathers” among our readers for confirmation of this statement. Do you, dear readers, realize in all its vividness, power, and unquestionableness, your forgiveness of sins as you once did?

We are quite aware that we are touching upon tender ground, and that some among the mere dry doctrinal of our readers will be ready to charge us with vacillating, and saying that which militates against the unalterable verities of the covenant. Ah, reader, we hold these as strongly as you do: they are our meat and drink—the very life-blood of our creed ; and what we should do without them we know not. Still, in the face of an unshaken belief in the “I wills” and the “they shalls” of a covenant God—in the full and undoubted conviction of “a covenant ordered in all things and sure,” we ask the reader the plain, home-and-heart-spoken question, Do you realize, as you once did, in all its fulness and blessedness, the forgiveness of sins?

When first sin was declared to be forgiven, what did you know of its real nature? what of its magnitude and enormity? what of the deadly

warfare—the ceaseless conflict—between flesh and Spirit? what of the “Turn about, O son of man, and thou shalt see greater abominations than these?” Blessed Hart knew experimentally the secret upon which we are dwelling, for he says :—

“When all this is done, and his heart is assur’d
Of the total remission of sins;
When his pardon is sign’d, and his peace is procur’d,
From that moment his conflict begins.”

Again he says :

“Their pardon some receive at first,
And then, compell’d to fight;
They feel their latter stages worst;
And travel much by night.”

But, without pausing to comment upon the verities contained in the fifteenth and eighteenth verses, we come to the consideration of this twenty-eighth verse: “And now, little children, abide in Him.” How great is the stress which the Apostle lays upon this “*abiding*!” He had exhorted, in the previous verses, that the truth, as they had been taught it and received it, might abide in them; but now, as the very climax, and that that great end of the truth abiding in them might be ensured, he exhorts them to *abide in Him*! We regard the language as similar to that adopted by the Apostle Paul, in writing to the Colossians, “*As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him*;” that is, in *humility, teachableness, simplicity, sincerity, and thankfulness*. Alas! beloved, we too much lose sight of this. We want to *be* a something, as well as to *do* a something. We have no notion of being the same sinful, polluted, corrupt, helpless, ignorant, and carnal creatures that we were when first brought to the Lord. We have no idea of remaining “children”—“little children,” as we vainly imagine, stunted in growth; but we want to be at least “young men,” if not “fathers,” in the faith. This will not do, beloved. Depend on it this high spirit—these lofty thoughts of self—only subject us to the same rebuke as that administered by our Lord to His disciples, when, seeing a contention among them as to which should be the greatest, “He took a child, and set him by Him, and said unto them, Whosoever shall receive this child in my name receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me receiveth Him that sent Me: for he that is *least* among you all, the same shall be *great*.” And mark, again, dear reader, when there was a similar feeling upon the part of the disciples as to prominence, “Jesus called a little child unto Him, and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.”

Now, beloved, what are the peculiar characteristics of a child? *Simplicity, teachableness, tractableness*, arising from a felt sense of *weakness, ignorance, and dependence*. Are not these features in *nature* precisely

those in *grace*? We are not now considering the counteracting influences with respect to the child in nature, but merely touching upon the leading marks of what really constitutes childhood. Let us keep the same thought before us with respect to the child of God, as the subject and recipient of Divine grace. In his right mind, under the power and leading of the Holy Ghost, and beneath the precious bedewings of Divine love, who more *humble, teachable, lowly, thankful, dependent*? Who more sensible of the need of Divine guardianship and guidance, and that, too, from day to day and moment to moment? And we tell you, beloved, as John said of Jesus, "*He must increase, but I must decrease*;" so, in proportion as the child of God is led of the Spirit, he thinks less and less of himself, becomes more and more dependent, and increasingly sensible of the fact, that He must hang upon Jesus every day and hour, even as the vessel hangs upon the nail. Ah, and as in nature, so in grace: *once a man, but twice a child!* The Lord, in His own way, and by His own means, will so "bring down his heart with labour," that (child-like) he will not only feel he can neither walk nor even stand alone, any more than he could even as a babe, but he will be thankful for the food that shall be ministered to his poor hungry soul, even though it be given in the shape of crumbs or broken fragments.

Reader, we know experimentally upon what we are insisting; and, if you are not as yet brought to this spot, if you belong to the Lord, to this condition you assuredly will come, under His constraining influence and power.

Here, beloved, we must for the present pause. In our next we hope (if the Lord will) to take up the attitude and anticipation of these "little children."

Notes.

THREE times within some six or seven hours have we been called to lay down the pen, during the writing of this article. On the first occasion it was that we might spend half-an-hour in Christian converse with some dear friends, one of whom has been called to lay aside from his favourite work of preaching, through failing health. Our second pause was in order that we might attend the funeral of a dear disciple of Jesus, who was summoned to her rest at the early age of twenty-seven years, leaving a weeping husband and four little motherless ones. This case was strikingly illustrative of the vanity and uncertainty of all things here. But a few weeks ago, we met this dear young minister of Christ, on his way to the railway station. In a few passing words, he told us he had just left his wife at the neighbouring watering-place (Weston-super-Mare), whilst, at the earnest wish of his father, he was about to join him on a trip to the Continent. A week or two after that passing salutation, we were among the many who had assembled at Clifton, at the laying of the foundation stone of the church which was about to be rebuilt, and of which he is the minister. The kind-hearted Bishop

Anderson officiated on the occasion ; and, in his remarks, expressed his regret at the unavoidable absence of his young friend, the stated minister of that district. How little did the good Bishop, or any of us, then think, that within a very few weeks, we should assemble again, and that round an open grave, the then absent friend being the chief mourner, his venerable and hoary-headed father standing at his side !

We are free to confess, dear reader, that we stood hard by that grave, and we afterwards walked homeward through the winding paths of that cemetery, with deep sadness of heart, as we contemplated the vanity of life, and both personal and relative mortality. We are equally free to confess, that we could not at the time rise above the gloom which the scene in general, and the drenching rain that was then falling, presented. We could not at the time grasp, as we so earnestly desired to do, the great and glorious fact that Jesus is "the Resurrection and the Life ;" but we personally at the time the more deeply sympathized with His own sacred and ardent utterance, as we contemplated death and the grave, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." And we felt, moreover, as we walked amid those tombs, how much sweeter and more joyous the contemplation embodied in the language of the Apostle, "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." We prayed the Lord, in consequence, that He would enable us to *look up* rather than to *look down*. We thought of the words of the Psalmist, and we prayed for grace to adopt them, "I will *look unto the hills*, whence cometh my help : my help cometh from the Lord, who made heaven and earth." We thought, too, of those other sweet words, "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning : in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will *look up*." Oh, for grace, dear reader, to LOOK UP !

Our third interruption was through our being called to attend a missionary meeting at our school-house. It being a very wet evening, there was but a very small attendance ; but it was, without exception, the most interesting missionary meeting we ever attended. The Rev. T. T. SMITH* (the deputation) gave us a brief account of his eight years' labour in Rupert's Land, from which he ultimately retired with shattered health. His description of the missionary's mode of life in those regions ; his journeying on foot over trackless deserts, frozen rivers, and wide-spread snow-plains, was most touching. The perils he encountered were astounding ; his preservation equally surprising. We shall not enlarge upon it here, as we hope to be furnished with some of the facts from his own pen, which we, at the close of the meeting, earnestly craved.

St. Luke's, Bedford, Oct. 19, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

* See page 602.

Wayside Notes.

THE NARROW WAY.

"Narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—
MATT. vii. 14.

How many are the ways to heaven which human device plans in this our day! In our wanderings, recently, we found ourselves in the magnificent cathedral at Brussels, and there beheld the celebration of high mass. Various were the genuflections, bowings, and crossings of the three officiating priests, all perfectly unintelligible to an outsider, and yet the spirit of all this is to declare that *this is the way*. Oh! how powerfully did those words come into our mind: "Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build me? and where is the place of my rest? He that offereth an oblation is as if he offered swine's blood, and he that burneth incense as if he blessed an idol. Yea, they have chosen their own ways, and their soul delighteth in their abominations; but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor, and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word."

We returned to this so-called highly-favoured land, and entered a Protestant Church. Alas! here we beheld the imitation of what we had witnessed on the Continent. At the entrance of a procession, headed by the rector and his two curates, the whole congregation rose to do homage to man; and, every time the "priests" passed the communion-table, they bowed and performed other ridiculous movements—one of them beginning his sermon without prayer, which is contrary to the canon. Oh, how contemptible are these innovations upon the spiritual worship of the Most High! and it really must strike one that the false Roman Catholicism and mock mass in our Protestant Churches is ten times worse than the real thing—and yet the spirit of it all is to declare, *"This is the way!"*

Ah, we thought of those words, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." After this we went to a service at a Congregational Chapel. It was whispered that a great man was going to preach. Well, the "great man" gave out as his text, "Woe unto thee, O Jerusalem! wilt thou not be made clean?" and drew from it the extraordinary deduction, so contrary to the whole tenor of the Scriptures, that, if a man wants God to make him clean, he will wait long enough; he must cleanse himself. Just as one uses his limbs in washing his body, so there must be human effort to cleanse the soul. We were puzzled to know how it was possible the "great man" could fit his deductions into God's declaration concerning the matter: "For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much sope, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God;" and yet the spirit of such false teaching is, *"This is the way."* Really, if one was not somewhat established in divine things, one would get bewildered amidst these different men-made roads to heaven; and well may our young people inquire of us, "Who is right? Which is the way?" We may take one thing as certain in this important matter, namely, that Christ only is the way, and nothing is right that substitutes anything for Him, and that leads away from the simplicity of the truth as it is in Jesus. This

does not suit human nature ; no, nothing can be more truthful than our Lord's declaration, "Narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

It is narrow because man by nature cannot attain to it.—There is no difficulty in finding out or walking in the ways of sin ; it is a broad way, and multitudes roll down it like a tide, giving full play to their lusts ; but the despised narrow way is not easy to find ; and why ? Because man by nature is dead in trespasses and sins, and cannot attain to the things of God ; he is born in sin, and shapen in iniquity ; and our Lord asks, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles ?" Can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit ? Impossible ! So also is it impossible for a corrupt heart to bring forth fruit unto God ; and it is increasingly necessary, in these days, to insist upon this point. Is it asked, then, "What is to be done in the matter ?" Our blessed Lord's statement again comes to our assistance : "Ye must be born again ;" for, however ye may train and cultivate human nature, "the carnal mind is enmity against God : for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So, then, they that are in the flesh cannot please God." There must be a new nature, and that a spiritual ; and we may as well look for snow on the bosom of the sun as expect to find pure and spiritual desires in the heart of man. No ; if this way is found at all by a poor sinner, it must be a matter of *grace*, and the very word "grace" implies the free, unmerited favour of God, and it is called *divine* grace, because it never can in any way spring from the creature. The purpose—the plan—the end—is all of the Lord ; and, if we mistake not—nay, we may affirm that this position is just that which suits a poor helpless sinner who feels himself to be so.

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all and in all."

Again—

The way is narrow because particular, and not universal, redemption is according to Jehovah's mind and will.—We know, indeed, that men will gainsay this fact, because it does not suit the comprehensive ideas of the age and their own carnal ideas of how God ought to work ; and they say, "I do not like a God who makes a narrow way to heaven ; I would have all the world saved. How can He be just to order it otherwise ?" God does not ask you or me to vindicate His justice, or any of His proceedings, and your hating Him because His ways do not square with your conceptions must recoil on yourself. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?" Christ has declared the way is a narrow way, and are we poor finite beings to give Him the lie by our unbelief ? God forbid ! Yea, rather, let us bow with reverence before His will, and believe what He says. "Let God be true, and every man a liar." Dear Toplady tells of meeting with an opponent to the doctrines of grace, who asked him, "'Would you, if you were God, create any being to misery ?' My answer was, When I am God, I will tell you." Well, God has told us that "particular redemption" is according to His will, and given us abundant evidence thereof in the Scriptures ; for instance, His Church is called "the body of Christ ;" His people, "a little flock"—"the elect of God"—a remnant whom the Lord shall call out of an ungodly world unto Himself—a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains ; and then we are told that "many are called, but few chosen ;" that whom "He did foreknow, He also did predestinate, to be conformed to the

image of His Son," and certainly those that, by His grace, are "*conformed to His image*," are not the many, but the few, which fact is confirmed by the closing statement of our Lord in the passage before us, "*Few there be that find it*"—and, if few in proportion to the great mass of mankind, how can it be general? Our Lord's declaration certainly ill accords with the struggle that is going on to "*evangelize the world*," and puts down the wholesale work of "*free-will*." No! universal redemption gives Christ's words the lie, and cannot be described anyhow as "*a narrow way*!" The very word "*universal*" would denote a broad way, with the gates thrown wide open for all who like to flow in. Such a way may be congenial to flesh and blood, but is not certainly according to the will of God; and our business is not to try to square God's work with our finite notions, but to say in this matter, as in all His workings, "*It is the Lord: let Him do as seemeth Him good*." But, again,—

Because the way is narrow, it requires an Almighty hand to guide into it.—Here comes in the blessed work of the Spirit of God—a work so ignored in the present day, but which is essential to our salvation, for man by nature is at enmity with God, and will never in his carnal state find, or care to find, the narrow way. He may find a way after his own thoughts, but such will never lead to life eternal. While thinking of this fact, those remarkable words in the 22nd chapter of Job have broken in upon us with striking force, "*Can a man be profitable unto God, as he that is wise may be profitable unto himself?*" And, mark, "*Is it any pleasure to the Almighty that thou art righteous? or is it gain to Him that thou makest THY WAYS perfect?*" as much as to say, Well, go to work, carry out your righteousness, make THY ways perfect. Well, there is no profit or gain to the Almighty, it is not acceptable to Him; and, as if to silence these uprisings of creature-righteousness and free-will, and lay man in the dust, it is added, "*Is not thy wickedness great, and thine iniquities infinite?*" Ah, dear child of God, you and I can respond feelingly, Indeed they are, and infinite iniquities need infinite mercy; and, to save us from the consequences thereof, it requires an infinite God to work for us; and the very beginning, the very leading into the narrow way, must be of the Lord. And we cannot too strongly insist upon this, because, if wrong here, we are wrong everywhere in connexion with divine things; and the way in which the Lord leads into the way is sometimes so different to what we might calculate upon, always bringing us to acknowledge what a wonder-working God He is. To the point, we have just read of how dear Toplady was brought to the knowledge of the truth: "*Strange that I*" (he writes), who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, "*should be brought nigh to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. Surely it was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous.*"*

And then, not merely do we need the Holy Spirit to guide in the way, but also to keep us *all* the way. If left to ourselves, we should utterly fail. But, blessed be His name, He has promised so to do; indeed, it is His own work, and we shall by-and-by behold how completely He has effected that work, leaving us to exult with the Apostle, that we have been "*kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation.*"

* From "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Rev. A. M. Toplady, B.A.*," by W. WINTERS, Church Yard, Waltham Abbey.—A most sensibly-got-up little book for only one shilling.

Oh! be it ours, beloved, ever to honour the Holy Spirit, and may we experience more and more of His bedewing influence day by day, till His hallowed and sanctified guidance leads into the eternal sunshine of dear Jesu's presence! But, a step further,—

The way is so narrow that man must be stripped ere he can enter it.—And we need this. All creature-pride, and everything that would expand man in his own estimation, must be taken down; indeed, the way is so narrow that he must be stripped of every rag of his own righteousness ere he can enter it. In the broad road which leadeth to destruction there is plenty of room for the self-righteous to spread out their peacock feathers of creature-pride, and there is a broad sweep for the religious world to display their doings; but it is a different thing altogether with those who have to be stripped and emptied, and to experience the truth of the words—

“Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

And the way in which the Holy Spirit brings the child of God to this stripped simplicity is to convince him of sin and make him feel the need of a Saviour; and a sight of himself and his own vile heart makes him cry out, “Woe is me! I am undone.” Oh, what a mercy to feel so! There is hope for a man when he sees himself “undone.” Such will gladly receive all as an act of sovereign grace and mercy, and join dear old Newing, of Deal, an aged but deeply-afflicted saint, who, lifting up his eyes to heaven with tearful exultation, is constantly exclaiming, “I am what I am; 'tis all of free grace.” Abounding grace will be the theme of every poor sinner to whom the Lord is precious.

And then, not merely do we need to be stripped ere we can enter the narrow way, but we need to be kept lowly throughout the way; and this the Holy Spirit will do. Ah! do we not feel, beloved, that the Holy Spirit seems to leave us for awhile sometimes, that we may just find out our utter helplessness and need of His power to guide and to support? At such times, if we read the Word, there seems no beauty in it; if we attempt to pray, our utterances are only like the croakings of the crane. We cannot think a thought heavenwards. We are spell-bound, and led to doubt if we have any part or lot in the matter. But yet He is watching; He is close by, though we see Him not, and He comes again. Our extremity is His opportunity, and we feel once more His sweet soul-melting power, and learn how He empties of self that we may be filled with Christ. But, again,—

The way is so narrow that we must walk in it well-nigh alone.—The prophet Elijah thought *quite* alone—that he only was left—this was not so. Yet there are times with us when we feel that there is no room for anyone else but *one's self and Christ*—not that we would for one moment undervalue Christian fellowship. No! would that we could gain more of it! But the Christian will understand us when we say there are times of heartfelt experience—when our dealings must be *alone with Jesus*—when we are driven home to Him—when we must tell Him our secret trouble—for He alone can sympathize and help; and, beloved, is it too much to say that no one understands us like Jesus? Why should it be? The Head must have a more intimate acquaintance with the members than any other, and the members naturally look to the Head above every other. There is a blessed connexion with Jesus: we must have dealings with Him alone.

Especially is this felt when it comes to the valley of death. Cares, worldly concerns, and even the outline of surrounding dear ones, all recede—all fall back in the shade—and Jesus stands out as the Friend near and dear. True, He permits Apollyon, at such a time, sometimes to approach and thrust sorely, but it is only that He may show Himself as the mighty Conqueror who has vanquished the powers of darkness. Well, then, dear reader, if you are a child of God, you will feel with us that much of your walking in this way will be alone. True, this does not suit the feelings of the religious world; and there is a prevalent idea, in these days of liberalism, that we ought to be broader in our views, and shake hands with Unitarians and Arians, and the like, and call them all brethren. We, for one, say emphatically, Never, never—no, never—will we own that man as a Christian brother, who cuts from under us the foundation of our hope, and ignores the Lord Jesus Christ. Narrow-minded as we may appear, we cannot find it in our heart to love one who hates Christ. There is a holy indignation in such a matter that is not sinful, and which we believe is implied by the Scripture, “Be ye angry, and sin not.”

We know this standing and walking much alone brings with it trial, and sometimes we are led to argue, “Why am I so different to the multitude? Why all this anxious thought about eternity? They seem to go on joyfully, having no fears and misgivings, while I am perplexed and often cast down.” Never mind, dear child of God; depend upon it, that though you may be much alone in your views and feelings, because you cannot go with the multitude of even the so-called religious world, your religion will stand when theirs will fail them. When all forsook our blessed Lord and fled, angels ministered unto Him; and, when you are left alone to feel your loneliness, the blessed Angel of the new covenant Himself will come, and His companionship will be so sweet, that, at all events for the time, you will forget all your losses and crosses. And, furthermore,—

This way is so narrow that one must dare to be singular in treading it.—This will bring into many a trial unknown to those who enter into the spirit of “making the best of both worlds,” and doing this and the other for expediency sake. You cannot, and yet with it all you may notice how wonderfully the Lord has upheld, and even vindicated, the cause of those who will not yield to ungodly surroundings for expediency sake. Worldlings may hate such for their religion and reservedness, and yet their opposition has proved fruitless; and, indeed, at times, an amount of esteem has been gained that is surprising. Depend upon it, worldlings are very vigilant and watchful in these matters; and, if they see in us a consistent adherence to our principles, and an unflinching carrying out, by the grace of God, the things we profess, the result is an esteem that they do not extend to half-and-half men who court their favours on the one hand, and talk religion on the other. But one thing is certain and inevitable, namely, that

The narrow way is one of warfare. It will come in some way or another. “In the world ye must have tribulation.” The Christian often feels, “Would that I could live, hour by hour, in sweet communion with Jesus! Would that I could rest in His love! I am for peace, but not so my opposing foes; they are for war.” The old nature says, “If you attempt to crush me, it shall be at the cost of a mighty struggle. I know your stronger man armed will prevail, but I will lose no opportunity of

uprising when I see a chance." And then "the lusts of the flesh," they fly at the first temptation as the needle flies to the magnet; and Satan, too, is not going to give up his prey so easily; he will take advantage of every weak moment to thrust sorely at the poor soul. There will be fearful combats by the way with Apollyon. And then there are a variety of ungodly surroundings, who say, "No, if you are determined to live righteously, we will torment you all we can." Thus all these influences, and many more, meet the desire of the child of God to be at peace with the determination, "You may be for peace, but we are for war." And perhaps—nay, certainly—it is well that it is so, for thereby are we kept alive, awake, and active in the battle of life, learning daily the need of wearing the whole armour of God. Yet it is in the midst of warfare that the sweetest moments are enjoyed; it is in the thick of the fight that the cry upwards to the Captain of our salvation is the most urgent; it is when plunged into care and conflict that aid from on high is felt to be so gracious and precious. Therefore it may be said of the warfare, "All is well." It is the right thing: our foes are blessings in disguise: they make our footsteps swifter towards the heavenly rest. And the thought of the heavenly rest reminds one of another fact concerning the narrow way, namely, that

This narrow way brings to a strip of ground some six feet six by three—the grave. We must all sooner or later come to it. "This corruptible must put on incorruption." Ah! when we give way to fleshly feelings, it makes us shudder when we think that this body of ours must be cribbed in a narrow box, and be left in the cold burying-ground; but it need not, if we have walked along this narrow way which "leadeth to life," for the very fact that it leadeth to life shows us that the reality of our being is not with the dead in death, it is only the poor shell that is in the shell; the soul has soared above where the lark can soar; it has pierced yon azure sky, which is God's footstool, and become merged in the glory of our resurrection Head, which fact brings us to a last thought concerning "this narrow way," namely,—

That, while so narrow here, it expands into the breadth of eternal glory.—"As we have borne the image of the earthly, so shall we bear the image of the heavenly." Oh, what a delight in store for us! to bear the image of the heavenly—to have Jesu's dear sweet face reflected in our own, and to be absorbed in His glory—to be so close to Him that not a cloud, not a sorrow, not a pain, not a pang can come between us—to be even closer than John was, who leaned upon His bosom—for both were yet in the flesh. Yonder, flesh even will not come between. We shall bask in His divine presence, and be one with Him in glory.

One who had long known the Lord, being asked, on dying, how he felt, gently and humbly replied, "I feel like a feeble insect creeping into the sunshine of the Almighty." Oh, what joy! what never-ceasing happiness!

Suffering is for time—yonder, quietude for eternity. The warfare is on an EARTHLY battle-field; the rest will be upon an eternal shore. The sea of life is, after all, but "a little span"—the ocean of eternity none can fathom.

"Oh, what pleasure there awaits us!

There the tempests cease to roar;

There it is that those who hate us .

Can molest our peace no more.

Trouble ceases

On that tranquil, happy shore."

Here, then, dear reader, we have linked together a few facts concerning our Lord's declaration, "Narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." It is so because man by nature cannot attain it, because particular, and not universal, redemption is according to His mind and will. It is so narrow that it requires an Almighty hand to guide into it, and one must be stripped ere he can enter it; and, when in it, he must walk very much alone, daring to be singular for Christ's sake. It will inevitably be found to be a way of warfare, leading down step by step to the narrowness of the grave. Yet will it expand into the fulness of eternal glory. Oh, Thou precious Lamb of God! be it ours, as long as we live, to give Thee the credit for all our salvation! The width of the way—the work of bringing one into the way—the windings of the way, and the wonderful upholdings by the way, till we come to the desired rest, is all with Thee, therefore shalt Thou have all the praise.

"Kind Author and ground of my hope,
Thee, Thee for my God I avow;
My glad Ebenezer set up,
And own Thou hast helped me till now.
I muse on the years that are past,
Wherein my defence Thou hast proved;
Nor wilt Thou abandon at last,
A sinner so signally loved."

Wanstead, Essex.

G. C.

Pilgrim Papers.

A HEART TO KNOW THE LORD.

"And I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord: and they shall be my people, and I will be their God."—JEREMIAH XXIV. 7.

SUCH are the words which the Lord, by the mouth of the prophet Jeremiah, addressed to His people Israel. Because of their sins the Lord allowed them to be carried away by the Chaldeans, and it seemed that the Lord had given them up and forsaken them. But the Lord did not cast away His people whom He foreknew. "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel: Like these good figs (which the Lord showed to Jeremiah in vision), so will I acknowledge them that are carried away captive of Judah, whom I have sent out of this place into the land of the Chaldeans for their good. For I will set mine eyes upon them for good, and I will bring them again to this land; and I will build them, and not pull them down; and I will plant them, and not pluck them up. And I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord; and they shall be my people, and I will be their God" (ver. 4—7). The Lord God of Israel is a covenant God, and He is mindful of His covenant. This truth has ever been a source of comfort to God's people. How it comforted the mind of David. Feeling his deficiencies and shortcomings, and mindful of his defective influence in regard to his household, he said, "Although my house be not so (as the foregoing figures) with God,"—(i.e.) Although my house be not as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds (clear, calm, and serene, with nothing to disturb

its peaceful order); or, Although my house be not as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining of the sun (fresh and green, having no cold wintry blasts to obstruct its growth)—“Although my house be not *so* with God,” for my children are *not* walking with God, and by their life and character are *not* glorifying the God whom I love, and whom I serve, “yet He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; for this (covenant) is all my salvation, and all my desire, although He make it (the grace of the covenant) not to grow” (to that degree which I desire) (2 Sam. xxiii. 5).

We can't read the text without seeing that the salvation of sinners rests with God's purpose and determination, and not the creature, for He said to Moses, “I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion” (Rom. ix. 15). In the text God does not appeal to the creature, but He says, “*I will,*” and “*They shall,*” as John Kent says of those who are called by grace—

“Glory to God, they ne'er shall rove
Beyond the limits of His love;
Fenced with Jehovah's *shalls* and *wills*,
Firm as the everlasting hills.

“Th' appointed time rolls on apace,
Not to *propose*, but call by grace;
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.”

Taking the text as the basis of our remarks, we propose to write of three things :—

I.—OF A HEART TO KNOW THE LORD.

II.—OF THE BLESSEDNESS OF BEING THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

III.—OF THE COMFORT OF HAVING THE LORD FOR OUR GOD.

And may the blessed Spirit of God help us in writing and you in reading, and may His word be a blessed word to us!

I. *We propose to write of a heart to know the Lord.*—“I will give them a heart to know me.” What a blessed promise this! To whom does it relate? It relates to a covenant people mixed up among the peoples of the world. Man has not naturally a heart to know the Lord, and he wants not to know the Lord. Here let us see how *we* may know whether the Lord has, in His grace, given to *us* a heart to know the Lord.

1. If the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know that the Lord Jesus is our *Redeemer*. When God quickens a sinner, He makes him sensible of being under the curse of God's broken law. He feels that he can't redeem himself. But the Gospel reveals the Lord Jesus as the Redeemer, mighty and strong. As the Redeemer of His people, Christ was made a curse for them. He fulfilled the righteousness of the law which they have broken. By His blood He redeemed them. Now, if the Lord, in His grace and mercy, have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know that Christ is our Redeemer. The Holy Ghost will reveal Christ, in His blood and righteousness, in us, and we shall be able to say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and, though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet out of my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another, though my reins be consumed within me” (Job xix. 25—27). Oh, if you know that Christ is your Redeemer, you are not under the curse of the law! You will

rejoice in the truth that "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13). If you know Christ as your Redeemer, His blood will be precious; you will feel its cleansing efficacy. "I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord their Redeemer."

2. If the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know that the Lord Jesus is our *Husband*. What condescension for God to say to a sinner, "Thy Maker is thy Husband!" But, if the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, this is what He says to us. The language supposes that the Lord has drawn our heart to Himself, and brought us into living union with Christ; that He has entered into a covenant with us, and said to us individually, "Thou art mine. I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." Oh, if we can say, through rich mercy and grace, of our Jesus, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!" depend upon it, He will never leave us. It is a union that will never be dissolved. In prosperity and in adversity—in sickness and in health—in life and in death—the union will exist. And oh, if Christ is our Husband, we ought to love Him—we ought to live to His glory—we ought to serve Him, and show forth the praises of Him who hath called us out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel—we ought to be true and faithful to Him! "I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord their Husband."

3. If the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know that the Lord Jesus is our *Righteousness*. The effect of a work of grace is to feel ourselves naked—stripped of all our own righteousness—destitute of any covering that will make us acceptable to God. But oh, if the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know Christ to be our Righteousness! The name by which Christ is known, and has ever been known in the Church, is "The Lord our Righteousness." Why is He so called? Because Christ wrought out, by His life and death, the righteousness of the Church. Paul desired that he might be found in Christ, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ—the righteousness which is of God by faith. Why did Paul desire this righteousness? Because the Lord had given him a heart to know Him as his righteousness; and, oh, if a poor sinner, through rich mercy and grace, be clothed with Christ's all-perfect righteousness, he is complete—comely—without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. All the redeemed, from Abel downward, have known the Lord Jesus Christ to be their Righteousness, because the Lord, in His grace and mercy, has given them a heart to know Him, and all the redeemed shall be made partakers of precious, saving faith, by which the righteousness of Christ is imputed to them. And here let me remind you that precious, saving faith—the faith of God's elect—is a *living, practical principle*. "Show me thy faith without thy works," says James, "and I will show thee my faith by my works." Your works, believer, will not save you, but your good works—a holy and consistent life—show that you *are* saved—that Christ has saved you. Good works do not justify you *before God*. By faith in Christ alone you are justified before God, because Christ justified His people by His blood. But good works do justify you *before men*; as our Lord says, "By their fruits ye shall know them." By your good works, then, believer, you justify yourself before men, as a sinner whom Christ has saved, and whom He, in His

grace, has clothed with His all-perfect righteousness, in which alone you are justified before God. "I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord their Righteousness."

4. If the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know the Lord Jesus to be our *Refuge*. When the quickened sinner feels the terrors of God in his conscience, he is in the condition in which the jailer was when he cried, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" The law has no mercy upon transgressors. Its condition is, "Do and live, or, transgress and die." But the Lord will not leave the quickened sinner to the operation of law. He uses it as a schoolmaster, to bring him to Christ, who, on behalf of His people, fulfilled the righteousness of the law; and, if the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know that the Lord Jesus Christ is the only refuge from the curse of God's broken law. If, however, you have not fled to Christ for refuge—if you have not laid hold of Christ as the hope of the sinner set forth in the Gospel—if you cannot say, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me"—if you are without a knowledge of Christ, and have no desire after Christ, you are still in nature's darkness; and oh, if you live and die in such an indescribably awful condition, your sentence will be at last, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!" But, beloved, ye who know the Lord, in whom the Lord has fulfilled the blessed promise, "I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord," we are persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation, though we thus speak.

5. If the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know the Lord Jesus to be our *Rock*. David said, "The Lord liveth," and "Blessed be my Rock;" and, when overwhelmed with trouble, he prayed, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." Why did he thus pray? Because the Lord had given him a heart to know Him as the Rock of the Church. To know Christ in His blood, and love, and righteousness, is to know the only Rock—the only Foundation on which a poor sinner can rest his hopes for eternity. Why do men build their hopes upon the sandy foundation of their own merits, and trust to their own works? The reason is, because they have not a heart to know the Lord; and, like Pharaoh of old, they say in their heart of the Lord Jesus, "We know not the Lord, and we desire not the knowledge of His name." But, if the Lord has given you a heart to know Him, you will know that "other Foundation can no man lay than that is laid, even Jesus Christ and Him crucified;" and the words of our Lord by the prophet will be precious words to your soul—"Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste" (Isa. xxviii. 16). Oh, if as the effect of the building power of God, you are resting by faith on this Rock of the Church, nothing will ever remove you—fixed on this Rock you will ever remain.

"Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love."

6. If the Lord have given us a heart to know Him, we shall know the Lord Jesus to be our salvation. The language of the Church is, "Behold, God is my salvation: I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah [the Lord Jesus Christ] is my strength and song: He also is become my salvation" (Isa. xii. 2). The Lord Jesus, in the everlasting covenant of grace, undertook the work of salvation. This work He finished when on the cross He cried, "It is finished," bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. Now, the business of the Holy Ghost, which He undertook to perform in the work of salvation, is to *reveal* Christ to those sinners whom the Lord, in His grace and mercy, has given a heart to know Him; and what does the blessed Spirit reveal to such poor sinners? He reveals to them that Christ is a complete, mighty, all-powerful, and effectual Saviour. "I will give them a heart to know me, that I am the Lord." Oh, if the Lord have given us this heart, we shall indeed know the Lord Jesus Christ to be our only Saviour, and we shall desire to know more of Him, and the power of His death, and the fellowship of His sufferings, and we shall seek to be made conformable unto His death and to His blessed image.

II. We propose to write, in the second place, of the *blessedness of being the Lord's people*: "And they shall be my people." This the Lord says concerning all to whom He has given a heart to know Him. The Lord always had a people to serve Him. He has never left Himself without a people. When the world was drunk with wickedness, and God destroyed it by a flood, we read, "Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord." Elijah was led to say, "I only am left alone" of all the worshippers of the one true and living God. But "the Lord knoweth them that are His." The Lord knew that He had seven thousand who were *not* worshippers of Baal, but of the one true and living God. Oh, how blessed are they who are the Lord's people! But what are the marks of the Lord's people?

1. The Lord's people are a people separated. What are they separated from? From the world; not outwardly, but inwardly. God separates sinners when He calls them by His grace. Then He says, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing: and I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty." Though in the world, sinners thus separated by God are not of the world. From the sins, the practices, the follies, the principles, the customs of the world they are separated. In pursuing the business of the world, it is often a source of trouble that they are so worldly, so carnally-minded, which is found to be death to the feelings of their souls. Now, is this the case with you? Are you inwardly separated from the world? Do you feel that you do not love the world? that you have no sympathy with the world? that you do not want to be conformed to this world, but to be transformed by the renewing of your mind? Is this your case? If so, then you show that you have received a heavenly birth, and, therefore, belong to the Lord's people. "They shall be my people."

2. The Lord's people are a people reconciled to God. The natural condition of mankind is "alienated from God," far off from God by wicked works. The quickened sinner feels this, nor is he able to reconcile himself to God. But the Gospel reveals the blessed truth, that sinners are reconciled to God through the death of His dear Son. "You that were once alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked works, yet now

hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death." By the Gospel plan, sinners, "though once afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ." This is God's method of reconciling non-perishing, feelingly hell-deserving sinners to Himself; and, if you are conscious of being brought into a state of reconciliation to God—if conscious that the enmity in your heart is slain by the death of Christ—you belong to the Lord's people. "And they shall be my people."

3. The Lord's people are a clean people: not clean in themselves; seeing themselves in the looking-glass of God's word, by the light of the blessed Spirit of God, their inward cry is "Unclean—unclean!" But they are *made* clean through the new-creating word of Christ, and, being brought into living union with Christ, are clean *in Him*. Christ's cleanness, therefore, is imputed to them by faith. This cleanness is manifested outwardly in the moral life and character. If, therefore, you are the Lord's people, seek that this cleanness may be seen; let your words be chaste (clean); let no filthy communication proceed out of your mouth; but let your conversation always be seasoned with the salt of grace; let your life be holy (clean). "Ye are the light of the world," says our Lord of His disciples, "a city set on a hill," and therefore He exhorts them, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "And they shall be my people."

4. The Lord's people are a truth-loving people; they love the truth as it is in Jesus; not a yea-and-nay Gospel, which is so popular and flesh-pleasing, but a yea-and-amen Gospel, which makes the salvation of a sinner, a work of free, sovereign grace, not resting with the creature to be accomplished, but with the covenant faithfulness of the three-one God. Oh, what a mercy to be grounded in the truth! If so grounded, it is not possible to be turned aside by every wind of doctrine, because the heart is established, the mind is enlightened, and the understanding is opened by the Spirit of God to discern the great things of God. "And they shall be my people,"—a truth-loving people.

5. The Lord's people are also a truth-speaking people; they are "children that will not lie." Why? Because the Spirit of Truth, who dwells in them, creates in them a love for speaking the truth. The Word of God assures us that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. This is the second death." And of "the rest which remaineth for the people of God" it is said, "There shall in no wise enter therein anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Oh, seek in all your dealings with men—you who have passed from death unto life, and are the people of the Lord God Almighty—seek to speak the truth; in your business transactions, don't say one thing and mean another. Don't tell a lie with the view to effect a sale; whatever is gained by a child of God by telling a lie, will have the curse of God resting upon it. Depend upon it, if you belong to the Lord's people, you will be very unhappy if you do by any means fall into this snare of the devil. May the Lord help you to be watchful over yourselves—over your words as well as your actions—so that in every respect you may make it manifest to the world that you belong to that blessed people of whom God says, "They shall be my people." The language shows that God delights in them as His people. Yes, He does delight in them, for He calls them by the name Hephzibah, (*i. e.*) "My delight is

in her" (the Church). As His loved, chosen, redeemed people, He delights in them.

III. We propose to write, in the third place, *of the comfort of having the Lord for our God.* "And I will be their God." What a blessed promise this! How are we to know whether the Lord is our God?

1. If the Lord is our God, we shall love Him. Love to God is *naturally* impossible, for "the carnal mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." If the Lord be our God, we shall have a new heart created within us, and we shall feel our heart drawn to Christ; our language will be, "We love Him because He first loved us;" our desire and concern will be to love the Lord, and it will often be a source of sorrow when we have any doubt on this point—

"Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

This is the language of a poor soul who *does love the Lord*, and yet wants to love Him more; and, because he loves the Lord, therefore the Lord is his God.

2. If the Lord is our God, we shall seek His guidance. When shall we seek His guidance? At all times—in sickness and in health—in prosperity and in adversity—in trouble and in sorrow—in every path of life. Oh, if the Lord be our God, our prayer will be all through our pilgrimage,—

"Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand!
Bread of heaven!
Feed me now and evermore."

The Lord's promise to His people (the Church) is, "I will guide thee with mine eye." How long will the Lord guide His Church? "And the Lord shall guide thee continually." What a blessed promise! Oh! If we belong to that people whose God is the Lord, we shall feel our daily need of the Lord's guidance: in providence we shall need His guidance; in grace we shall need His guidance. "I will be their God."

3. If the Lord be our God, we shall seek His teaching. Why? Because the Lord brings His people to feel they are ignorant. Indeed, the natural mind is ignorant in the things of God. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But, if the Lord be our God, we shall seek the Lord's teaching; we shall pray Him to give to us a discerning mind, that we may discern the great things of God, and thus be made wise unto salvation. "I will be their God."

4. If the Lord be our God, we shall seek His keeping. Why? Because we shall feel our need of being kept. The Lord brings all His people to feel their helpless condition. David prayed, "Keep me as the apple of the eye." Why did he so pray? Because he felt his helpless condition. Again he prayed, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not;" and again, "Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe." And David expresses the feeling common to all that people whose God is.

the Lord. Why did our blessed Lord pray, "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me?" Again, "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil?" Why did our Lord thus pray for His people? Because He knew they would need to be kept by the mighty power of God. Yes; if the Lord be our God, we shall certainly seek His keeping power all through our journey unto the end. When a sinner is kept he is safe, and only safe when he is kept. Why is it that a poor sinner continues in the way of peace through evil and good report? Why is it that he perseveres through all oppositions and discouragements, not making shipwreck of faith, and at length receives an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom, prepared for all them that are the people of God? Because he is *kept* by the Lord Jesus. Oh, this *keeping*! how needful! If, my fellow-sinner, I know anything of my own heart, I know that I *need* keeping *every moment*, else I am sure to wander from my Lord, who bought me; but then I am encouraged by the promise, "I the Lord do keep it (His vineyard, the Church): I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Do you feel the need of being kept? and are you ever seeking the Lord's keeping power to enable you to hold on your way? If so, you show that the Lord is your God.

Well, then, in conclusion, I would say, if the Lord is your God, and you have the unspeakable comfort of knowing this, your aim and prayer should be to serve Him by your holy and consistent life, not walking after the flesh, but according to the Spirit you should serve Him. Mark the exhortation addressed to all of whom the Lord says, "I will be their God." "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Tyldesley, Manchester.

JAMES JOHN EASTMEAD.

JESUS WALKING ON THE WATERS.

FROM their caverns let loose did the wild night winds rave,
And Genes'ret grew foamy with many a wave,
And the dark-rolling billows that shoreward were cast
Toss'd aloft in mad glee their white manes on the blast.

All alone in the midnight, so stormy and dark,
Toy'd about like a leaf, rode the fishermen's barque,
Toy'd about, like a leaf of the grove, tempest-tost,
And they cried in their fright, "We are lost! we are lost!"

But, behold, unexpected assistance was nigh,
For, upborne by the waves, Christ Himself pass'd them by;
Like a spirit the Lord of the waters was seen
As He trod the wild waves with composure serene.

Then they cried in their terror to Him who can save
From destruction more dread than a death by the wave,
And that cry, shrill with anguish, was heard through the roar
Of the tempest, and soon they were safe on the shore.

Oh, 'tis thus, blessed Jesus, my soul is afloat
On life's boisterous sea, in a frail tossing boat;
And the breakers round me—Oh, fiercely they boil!
And the wind is adverse, and I'm sinking from toil.

Through the mists that surround me I see the dim shore
Where the tempest is hush'd and can harass no more;
But, alas! what a seething wild waste must be pass'd
Before I can arrive at that haven at last!

Oh! Thou help of the helpless—for helpless I am—
Breathe upon these rude waves and let there be a calm;
Or do Thou grasp the rudder, and, rave as they will,
With my God for my Helmsman I'll battle them still.

G. C.

"THE PROMISED RETURN."

"And ye now therefore have sorrow: but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."—JOHN xvi. 22.

A TEXT is sometimes used for illustration of a doctrine, sometimes of experience, and, at others, as graphically describing a condition of mind or a circumstance we wish to bring before our hearers. In these words we have a reference to Christ's departure, and the sorrow of His disciples on account of it. If we are sentimentally disposed, and look at His departure in no higher light than that of a dearly-beloved friend, sorrow might well fill their hearts. The unselfishness, purity, truthfulness, and sweetness of the character of Christ would leave a chasm in their affections, too deep to be filled by any one, or thing, on earth. But a stronger tie than mere human sympathy bound them to Him. He had shown them the Father; He had told them of His love to them, and that He was the Good Shepherd that gave His life for the sheep; that in His Father's house were many mansions, and that He was going away to prepare a place for them. They had listened to His words; they had hung, as it were, upon His lips, and found in them a joy the world could neither give nor take away. His were the words of eternal life, and, like the disciples going to Emmaus, their hearts had often burned within them while He talked with them and opened unto them the Scriptures. Doubtless He referred, in these words, to His resurrection from the dead, and to His subsequent appearances; also to the ministry of His Spirit, and, finally, to the consummation of all things, when they should be for ever with Him. Now, we do not propose to consider His vicarious sacrifice, or the fulness of His merits and mediation, or His millennial reign on earth, but simply those manifestations of Christ to the souls of believers implied in the words of the text, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you." We notice, first, *that, although we ourselves may not have Christ's presence in enjoyment, still His Church is never without it, and that some in that Church are constantly realizing it.* As the sun is always shining on some part of the earth, being the centre of the system, of which our planet forms a part, so the Sun of Righteousness is the centre and glorious light of the Church, and is ever shining on some part of it; dispelling darkness by His beams, warming cold hearts with His heavenly heat, and bringing forth, in their season, the fruits of righteousness. It is not all sunshine with God's people, neither is it all darkness, for, in a certain sense, His covenant with them is one of day and night, summer and winter, in their souls' experience.

They had had His presence with them, but not more really so than believers have now. It is true they saw Him and heard His voice, but vision and sound are alike ineffectual without an application of truth to the heart. If it is not so, how was it that the multitudes, who both saw and heard

Him, were not divinely influenced? On the contrary, many were offended at Him; many, after hearing Him, walked with Him no more, and others gnashed upon Him with their teeth. *They delighted in His presence.* He had manifested Himself to them otherwise than to the world—He had revealed to them His person, office, and Messiahship, and He had enabled them to believe, so as to receive forgiveness of sins, and to have fellowship with Him, and holy gladness often lit up their souls. *They now had sorrow of heart*, not because His presence was actually withdrawn from them, for He was yet with them, but because of the trials and temptations He foretold them would be their lot, after He had departed from them. From this we conclude—and our conclusion is corroborated by Christian experience—that, in proportion as the believer realizes Christ's presence, so he fears to lose it; and, in proportion as he fears to lose it, so is his conscience kept tender, and his soul earnestly desirous that nothing thought, said, or done by him should be the procuring cause of its withdrawal. The Church, in the Canticles, says, "I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up nor awake my Love until He please." It is true that "God's eyes behold, His eyelids try, the children of men," and that He chastens with rebukes for iniquity; yet the loss of Christ's presence is not always to be attributed to the believer's backslidings. Ours is a state of lights and shadows, and yet, taken altogether, it is best suited to this present life—God, in His sovereignty, regulating the times and degrees of His own manifestations. Isaiah says, "Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble." And again, "Why wilt Thou be as a stranger in the land, as a wayfaring man that turns in and tarries but for a night?" And Amos, "Seek Him who maketh the seven stars and Orion, who maketh the day dark with night, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning." And in John's Gospel, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and we hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth: and so is every one that is born of the Spirit." Nothing is more sovereign than the operations of grace on the heart, by and in which Christ's presence is realized. "Or ever I was aware, my soul made me as the chariots of Amminadib;" while a completely contrary condition of soul is expressed in the following words: "I arose to open to my Beloved, but my Beloved had withdrawn Himself."

His presence is oftentimes withdrawn, to rebuke us for our sloth and indifference, as in the quotation just made. We may have grown too holy, have lost the sense of our dependence on Him, our need of His care and help, and have become forgetful that we are only what we are by His grace, and that He is the source and life of our zeal and love, as also of all our other graces, which ebb and flow just as He gives or withholds; for He it is who works in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure. He works all our works in us, for "out of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace." Spiritual pride springs up in our hearts, and, to teach us our poverty and emptiness, the supply of grace is diminished. This is not only an experimental truth known to believers generally, but to ministers especially. We have conceived notions of our ability and usefulness that need humbling, and, by leaving us to our own resources, our native darkness and ignorance, hardness of heart and stammering, we are brought to feel this, and to seek for that grace He only can give, and which alone can make us able ministers of the New Testament. There is a kind of competitive influence put forth in the soul, by

the antagonistic forces of grace and sin, between which we are again and again brought to choose; and this choice is the deliberate act of the soul, which, through grace, eschews the evil and pursues the good; for the promise is, that sin shall not have dominion over us, but that grace shall reign through righteousness to eternal life.

All our spiritual interests are deeply concerned in our triumph in this warfare, and the soul is only comforted as it is assured of the final victory; and this is greatly confirmed by Christ's presence being again revealed to us. Hosea says, "I will return to my first Husband, for then was it better with me than now;" and the Spirit's voice in the heart is heard replying, "Return, O backsliding children, for I am married unto you." When Christ's presence is not enjoyed in the soul, uncertainty prevails, and, in seasons of declension, doubts and fears are engendered, hardness of heart is felt, darkness and distance from God is the consequence, and prayer is restrained, and is both cold and formal. Our happiness and peace are compromised, and we are truly wretched; for, if we love God, we shall mourn the loss of Christ's presence. *Nothing can compensate for the loss of Christ's presence*; neither riches nor honours, successful enterprises, or worldly pleasures. The soul, in its anguish, cries out, "Give me Christ, or I die." Repentance, throughout the entire Christian life, is characterized by vehement desire, revenge, and clearing of ourselves. Our present, as well as our eternal happiness, comes from, flows through, and is dependant on, Christ, and on the assurance of an interest in Him the enjoyment of that happiness depends.

Christ's presence is only withdrawn for a time. "I will see you again."

"Our Joseph turns aside and weeps,
He cannot long refrain."

"Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." A sharp winter is succeeded by a fresh spring; the sun that sets in a cloud rises again in a clear sky; the spring that ceased to flow in the drought gushes forth with renewed force after the rain. It is said of the yellow lily of the East, that, where only the bare ground was seen at night, in the morning it is found in full bloom. The corn is yellow in the leaf, and ceases to grow during the prevalence of cold winds; but the return of warm winds and showers revive and strengthen it, and the hopes of an abundant harvest revive. "They shall grow as the lily and revive as the corn, and cast out their roots as Lebanon." "Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

"In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright Morning Star,
And He my setting Sun."

Nothing can hinder Christ's coming again according to His promise. It is an absolute and unconditional promise, and His presence produces the change He designs, and we long and pray for. When He appears, all hindrances vanish. "When Thou didst terrible things which we looked not for, Thou camest down: the mountains flowed down at Thy presence." Even Sinai itself is moved at the presence of God. But what solemn scenes intervened between the promise and its fulfilment!—Gethsemane—Pilate's Hall—cruel mocking, spitting, and scourging—the crown of thorns and the purple robe—Golgotha and Calvary—the pains of hell and the darkness of the tomb! And to His disciples a new life began to

appear, and its trials and persecutions to dawn upon them. Their beloved Saviour had gone, and they were left alone and with hearts full of sorrow. All seemed a blank—an aching void that He alone could fill. *He saw them again*, appearing first to Mary, then to the two disciples going to Emmaus, and afterwards to the apostles in the upper room with shutters and doors fastened. Like that closed room, our hearts would often exclude Him, if it were possible, for, like Thomas, we are oftentimes faithless and unbelieving.

His presence was palpable and undeniable, for He showed them His hands and His feet. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." Our hearts rejoice for the consolation His presence imparts, and we "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." It is a joy greater than the worldling knows, and it may be said that, although there are three great joys in the world—viz., of victory, childbirth, and harvest—there is a fourth joy possessed exclusively by the friends of the Redeemer—the joy of God's salvation.

We cannot mistake His presence; it turns our captivity, gives beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for the spirit of mourning. "It is the voice of my Beloved! behold, He cometh, skipping on the hills, and leaping upon the mountains;" "His sheep not only hear, but know, His voice, and a stranger they will not follow."

His visits are not general, but special. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." "Zacchæus, come down, for this day I must abide at thine house." "He must needs go through Samaria."

His presence brings a joy that no man can take away. Bunyan had it in the jail on Bedford bridge; men could not take it away. He says, "Had home to prison;" Christ's presence made it *home*, and more than home, for, bidding good night and blessing his youngest and blind child, his soul took its flight to the delectable mountains, and to the company of the blessed. Men may imprison, bind, and burn, the body, but the soul is God's dwelling-place, and "in His presence is fulness of joy." Bartwick, Prynne, and Burton, pilloried, pelted, and punished, with noses slit, ears cut off, and tongues bored through with red-hot irons, cried out, "This is our wedding day!" while the wife of one of them encouraged them to persevere and trust in God. In these mutilations and horrors God's presence acted even as an antidote to physical pain, lifting them above the feeling of their deep sufferings, their souls being filled with the peace of God and the joys of heaven.

We might adduce numbers of proofs from the history of the martyrs, that no man can bind the human soul, or deprive it of its liberty—"liberty, the only Amaranthine flower that blows." *Lastly, Christ will see His people again*, for He will come in the clouds with great glory, and then will be heard His awful voice, crying, "Gather together my saints unto me, those that have made a covenant with me by sacrifice." Then will they enter into the joy of the Lord, and to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," no more to go out for ever. Then will all tears be wiped away from off all faces, and in a song, for ever new, they will celebrate the praises of Him who is the faithful and true Witness, who was dead and is alive again, and lives for evermore.

That you and I may be amongst that happy throng is my sincere desire; and may the hope of it, even in this present evil world, be the guiding-star of your lives, and the sheet-anchor of your souls!

Birmingham.

W. HUNT.

THE ORDER OF JESUS.

SINCE the recent order for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany, not a few of our old-fashioned Protestant readers have talked the matter over with feelings of alarm for our own land. As a body, they are noted for talent and tact; and, governed by the dangerous principle that the end justifies the means, they are qualified to carry out the evil practices of Popery in the small as well as the great concerns of life. To train a little child, or govern a cabinet, are of equal importance to this society; and the destinies of an empire, or the minutæ of domestic life, are all alike to the instruments they employ, who spread a net-work far and near, unperceived, over the conscience and the will of their victims. The founder of this order was a Spaniard, of the family of Loyola. He was of an energetic and chivalrous turn of mind, which the events of the times awakened in the breast of the youths of that day. He received two severe wounds at the siege of Pampeluna, from which he never fully recovered. During his long illness his sins came to remembrance, and, fired with ambition to be, and do, something illustrious, since he was no longer capable of wielding arms and winning honours on the battle field, betook himself to the study of the lives of the saints, which, mixed with the romance of the times, formed the basis of his religion. The deeds of St. Francis and St. Dominic led him to practise their austerities, and he left his friends to wander on the heights of Montserrat, hoping to find peace, and rest, and pardon for his sins. He hung up his weapons of war before an image of the Virgin, and, to prove his devotion, renounced a fair lady who had been the object of his affection in the days of his chivalry. That Ignatus Loyola had some sense of sin, which haunted him late and early, is a fact chronicled in his history; and that he tried to the uttermost the ability of his good works and penances to give him peace without effect, is another fact, as he tells us. "His whole life seemed to him but one continuous series of sin after sin, and he not unfrequently felt tempted to throw himself from the window." His sole resource under these and similar views of sin were bodily mortifications and fantastic appearances of the Virgin or Saints. On one occasion he believed he saw the mystery of the Trinity, as figured forth in three keys of a musical instrument; and upon another occasion he not only believed to have the Saviour in person before his eyes, but the Virgin also. Thus his wounds, that were never made by the Holy Ghost, in his conscience, got healed, and, casting his natural talents, his vivacious imagination, and his high chivalrous spirit, into what he supposed a religious life, he framed and fashioned—as Aaron did the calf of olden days—the subtle Order of Jesus, from which the name of Jesuit is derived—an order that comprehended a clever imitation of revived religion that through the instrumentality of Luther was spreading over the continent of Europe; an invisible order that differed from all other Roman Catholic orders in its secrecy of working, its peculiar adaptation of instruments for the class of work marked out for each; as also the soldier-like spirit that belonged to its founder, and was infused through all its members of implicit obedience to the rules of the society; and a chivalrous spirit that overlooked all difficulties in attaining its object, which ran from its commencement down to the present period. The Satanic vitality of this sect; its political influence over the councils of nations; its wonderful adaptation to all classes of society, high and low; its secret power over the destinies of empires, as also in the minute details

of daily life, display an influence that may well be feared by the simple and honest in the Church of Rome, even more than by the outspoken Protestant, whose line is not long enough to fathom the depth of Jesuitism. Two companions who shared the rooms of Ignatius Loyola, in the college of St. Barbara—Peter Faber, a Savoyard, and Francis Xavier, of Pampeluna, in Spain—were just the tools that Ignatius required to carry out his design of creating the order of the Jesuits. The former was a *devoté* of the strictest sort; the latter, impulsive, handsome, and fond of travel, was the winged messenger that executed Loyola's plans. By one beguilement or another, proselytes were gained, and the society at last became too powerful for Popes to tolerate. An entire separation of its members from all the usual interests of life was the chief aim of its laws. Love of kindred was denounced as carnal. The man who resigned his property to enter the order was in no case to bestow it on his relations, but must give it to the poor. He who became a Jesuit could neither read nor write a letter that was not read by his superior. The society demanded the whole being; all the faculties, inclinations, and affections of the man were to be laid in fetters. The society to him was the representative of Divine Providence, and no Jesuit in any sense was his own property. He belonged unreservedly to the order. They refused all ecclesiastical affairs; duties, and dignities. They were also exempted from all monastic rules, fastings, and severe Romish exercises; everything that could cultivate and develop mental and physical attainments were considered of chief importance, thereby fitting them all the better to rule, and govern, and strengthen the interests of the church. But the wonderful imitation of a work of grace upon the soul as the spiritual qualification for joining the society is as marvellous as any other phase of this masterpiece of Satan. His (Loyola's) "*Spiritual Exercises*," a book translated into many languages, contains the routine in its formality of God's dealings with the soul; but we might better term it the creature's attempt to begin with God. Memory was to be exercised to produce conviction of sin; the spirit was to be humbled by austerities practised by the flesh; the will was to be broken by servile obedience to the superior of the order; and various religious emotions (falsely so called) were to be exercised through the medium of the senses. Thus Satan imitated—though clumsily—a work of grace upon the soul which gathered to the society a body of fervent, serious, obedient followers, who denounced the practice of sin fearlessly in the Church of Rome, and thus ingratiated themselves into the good opinion of the better inclined of that day. The great majority both of priests and people objected to the dogmas of the new order; and, still more, to the secrecy of its working, and the power it obtained through all sorts of indirect influences by concealing their religion when it helped forward their designs;* but the fraternity was confirmed by the then Pope, Paul III., and since that day, though it has had many opponents in and out of the Church of Rome, it has preserved its dogmas, its working, and its ubiquitous form, and presents to the honest and thoughtful the most subtle transformation Satan ever practised as an angel of light bearing the aspect of a broken spirit, a sense of sin, joy

* A case has lately occurred in the family of a Christian nobleman, in whose house resided for three years a notable professor of religion, who joined with well-feigned pleasure in "breaking of bread, and in prayer." A few months ago she decided to leave for another situation, with a Roman Catholic nobleman, and then declared she had been a Roman Catholic all her life.

in God, love to souls, zeal for Christ, and a desire to spend and be spent for the good of the Church. There is much of this imitation of religion in every period, personally and individually; but here it was in a collective form. There was nothing to dazzle, but everything to effect, and the work of the Trinity in unity was imitated by men, the agents of Satan, who combined to represent the omniscience of God, the redemption of Christ, and the teachings of the Holy Ghost. Romanism reached its climax in the order of Jesuits. Satan could go no further. He has only to work it out in every age, and watch the result.

"PERILS IN THE WILDERNESS."

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil."—MATTHEW iv. 1.

THE pathway of the pilgrim of Zion through this life from grace to glory is one of peace and perplexity, and the journey a continuous paradox. Alternate light and shade—joy and sorrow—sin and salvation—captivity and deliverance—war and peace—labour and rest—mistaken notions abound concerning the life of God in the soul of a redeemed sinner. It is thought that, because Jesus suffered, His members must be exempt from suffering, and that by prayer and carefulness, peace, quietness, and joy may be secured. A greater delusion Satan never made in the minds of men, nor one more opposed to God's blessed word. The sufferings of Christ must abound in His members, or they never can be partakers of Jehovah's consolations. They are not to think it strange because they are sore tempted and persecuted, but to rejoice because they are called to such a high honour as to suffer with Christ.

Suffering, sadness, and sorrow attended the blessed Saviour all the way through His earthly pilgrimage, and, according to our weak and imperfect judgment, these swelled around and rolled over Him *at the most unlikely times*. Of this we have a striking illustration in the text. Humbly supplicating the guidance and blessing of the Lord the Spirit, we will notice—

I. The time mentioned—"then."

II. The person revealed—"JESUS."

III. The passivity of Jesus—"led up of the Spirit."

IV. The place He was led to—"into the wilderness."

V. The design in this leading—"to be tempted of the devil."

I. The time mentioned was one of wonderful interest to the whole Church of God, and of untold joy to the Lord Jesus Christ as the righteous Servant of the Father. After thirty years' retirement from the public gaze the Redeemer comes forth from the school of solitude, and is publicly set apart as the God-Man Mediator of His Church. At such a moment heaven must have rejoiced and hell have groaned with malignant enmity. Jehovah's own Son was girding on His sword preparing for the conflict with sin, Satan, death, and hell. With the sight Jehovah's heart was glad, and burst forth with the outpouring of the Spirit without measure upon Jesus and the expression of His perfect and ineffable delight, in these precious words—"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

"Then"—when the Father was declaring His delight in His Son—when the Spirit was witnessing to the eternal power, Godhead and

authority of Jesus as the Christ of God—when Jesus ascended the banks of the Jordan under the full blaze of divine approbation, and when He must have rejoiced in the light of His Father's countenance—"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil." Oh, what a vast, important, and necessary lesson we have here; but our poor, weak minds fail to learn it; and in ignorance of it we must for ever remain, did not that blessed Spirit who led Jesus into all the wilderness trials and troubles of His brethren, lead our minds also into the understanding of the mystery of our pilgrim path. What a desire there is on our part to stay in undisturbed possession of the love of God, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, who is given unto us; but this cannot be. The same Spirit who reveals to us the love of Jehovah's heart, reveals also the enmity of our own. He takes of the beauteous, excellent, glorious things of Jesus, and presents them before our wondering gaze; then, with the very sight we behold the depraved, odious, loathsome things of our own most wretched natures. He gives the sweet consciousness of our standing and privileges in the chosen, redeemed and regenerate family of God, and with the consciousness He leads to the wilderness where our souls in sadness muse:—

"'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I His, or am I not?"

Such experiences are not simply founded on our own frames and feelings; they are seen in the footsteps of God's flock, written by His pen, who leads His people where and when He pleases. Abram's God appears to him as his Shield and Exceeding Great Reward; that same night a horror of great darkness fell upon him. Paul, in the rapture of divine revelation, is caught up to the third heaven, sees the unspeakable glories of Jesus, hears gracious words which his tongue can never utter, nor his pen can ever write. Immediately the thorn in the flesh was endured, the messenger of Satan with his buffetings was encountered.

"Then" was Jesus led! Can it be so; and I repine when called upon to follow my dear and adorable Forerunner? Where the Head went, in the mystery of divine fellowship all the members must follow. This brings us to consider,

II. The Person revealed—JESUS. This is the true, proper, eternal, co-essential and co-equal Son of God, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He is by the Father the Creator of all worlds, and the Upholder of all things. Through Him all revelations of Jehovah's nature and gracious works are made, and without Him none can be made. In the glorious fact of Jesus being Jehovah's eternal and only-begotten Son, there is laid a foundation for all His undertakings in covenant on behalf of His elect people. No created being could bear the glory due to the Mediator, neither could the work of mediation be accomplished but by one who is essentially God. Jesus is GOD—the Mighty God—"God over all blessed for ever." In the covenant compact of eternity He willingly agreed to be the Head, Representative, Substitute, and Surety of His Church, and was *set up* as such before all worlds. See how clearly this is revealed in Proverbs viii., where He is described to be the daily delight of His Father, before the foundations of the earth were laid, or the heavens spread abroad as a curtain. In Jesus the Elect-Mediator, the Father finds eternal and ineffable repose.

He loves Him on the ground of His mediation; and as He loves Him so He loves all the members who are eternally set up in Him. If Jehovah is highly pleased with Jesus upon His undertaking the work of redemption, how greatly must His pleasure be revealed when Jesus descended to accomplish His work. But if we consider Him as man, we behold Him fairer than the children of men, with all the fulness and perfection of grace treasured up in Him for His people. Jehovah's delight in Jesus is such that He laid help upon Him for all His weak ones, and entrusted Him with the complete salvation and eternal glorification of His elect. In every office Jesus sustains to His people—in every victory He gains for them—in every revelation of the divine counsels He makes to the hearts of poor sinners—the Father is well pleased. It pleased Jehovah to bruise Him; and, in His great and tremendous sacrifice, when He eternally put away the sins of His people, the Father's pleasure and delight was infinite. Such was the glorious perfection of Jesus' atoning work, and the perfection of His people, as seen in Him through His work, that the Father's delight *must* be manifested in granting every blessing Jesus asks for them in His all-prevalent and unceasing intercession.

Blessed Jesus! who can tell thy wondrous worth?

He who was heaven's delight stoops—nay, He comes down into contact with sin and death, and conflict with Satan and all the powers of hell. Jehovah's delight and complacency in the Son was declared—the Father's voice proclaimed—the Spirit's descent demonstrated the glorious truth, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "*Then*" was Jesus led up of the Spirit, to be tempted of the devil."

III. We now come to notice the intense passivity of Jesus when entering upon His dreadful temptations, sufferings, and sorrows, unknown before in either earth or hell. "*Then* was Jesus *led up of the Spirit*." "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered." Many fondly imagine that if they are only led of the Spirit, and by the Spirit, they must be led away from all contact with sin and Satan. What a fearful delusion! It is only then that real heart-felt contact with sin, Satan, death and hell commences. Hart might well sing,

"When all this is done, and his heart is assured

Of the total remission of sins;

When his pardon is seal'd, and his peace is procured,

From that moment his conflict begins."

In the very fact of Jesus, the mighty God in whom all things live and move and have their being, bending to the leading of the Spirit, we have a wonderful lesson to learn. Though He leads His people according to His own will, yet when He was upon earth He acted in perfect subjection to the will of His Father and to the leadings of the Holy Ghost. He was led into strange places. He stands up to declare His own glorious Gospel, and its effect was such upon the hearts of the people, that, instigated by the devil, they *led* Him to the brow of the hill upon which their city was built, to destroy Him. He was *led* to the judgment-hall of Pilate. He was *led* to Calvary between two malefactors, and there crucified, and all under the power and grace of the Spirit of God. "He was *led* as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth." Truly "He made Himself of no reputation" when He humbled Himself to be led as it were into the very hands of the devil, to

accomplish His Father's will—destroy death—put away sin—defeat the devil, and know how to sympathize with His poor, afflicted people in all their temptations.

Oh, what unspeakable comfort have the tempted children of God in the revelation of this fact to their waiting, longing hearts—"Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil," and "as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." Now, notice. It does not say *they shall be*, but "*they are* the sons of God." Not sons because they are led, but because they are sons (Gal. iv. 6). Jehovah declares Jesus to be His Son—His delight. "*Then*" was Jesus led to be tested, and proved by fierce temptations to the glory of God and the overthrow of Satan. So it will be. It must be in the case of every child of God who is brought into experimental union with the Man of Sorrows. Jehovah says concerning them, "*I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried. They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, 'The Lord is my God (Zech. xiii. 9). Here we have marvellous grace! Mark you! It is not, 'I will bring into the fire,' but, 'through the fire.' When all the trials, temptations, and conflicts of the wilderness are over, the glorified pilgrims will see and own that 'He led them forth by the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation.'*"

IV. Let us notice briefly the place Jesus was led to—"into the wilderness." It is a truth that in all the conflicts of Jesus with Satan He was alone.

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervour of His prayer;
The deserts Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflicts and Thy victories too."

As it was with Jesus so it is with all in union with Him. Moses must pass his forty years at the backside of the desert. In a fearful fit of trial Elijah in the wilderness must cry, "*I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life to take it away.*" David looked on his right hand and on his left—no man knew him—refuge failed him—no man cared for his soul—his heart within him was desolate. The redeemed and gathered ones are described thus:—"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way" (Psal. cvii. 4). Now, all this is according to Jehovah's design, and arranged by Him in infinite wisdom. Look at His promise by Ezekiel, to the truth of which every spiritually exercised soul can set its seal. "*And I will bring you into the wilderness of the people, and there will I plead with you face to face*" (Ezek. xx. 35). Oh, what a strange and terrible wilderness that is! The more we have to do with the people, and the more we shall be filled with confusion, distrust, and uncertainty. We shall find that "*The best of them is as a brier: the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge*" (Micah vii. 4). When God shows me the wickedness of my heart, it is there and then that I can read the heart of every mortal—*deceitful, desperately wicked* (Psal. xxxvi. 1). Is not this a wilderness indeed? But why should God by His Spirit bring me into such a place? See! Here we have His own reason:—"Behold, I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably to her" (Hosea ii. 14). But, mark! Before the comfort there must be the temptation and conflict. This brings us to notice—

V. The reason why Jesus was led up of the Spirit into the wilderness,

viz. : "to be tempted of the devil." God had publicly declared Jesus to be His Son, so Satan must put His Sonship to the test. Jesus was reduced to straits—He was hungry. The devil approached Him cautiously, stealthily, and attacked Him in what appeared to be His weak point. "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Satan found nothing in Jesus to work upon; he was foiled. The temptation was threefold—distrust, presumption, idolatry; but Jehovah-Jesus was triumphant over all. Oh, how fearfully beset are all the wilderness pilgrims by Satan! The prince of this world cometh and finds evil hearts of unbelief; proud, presumptuous natures, and lordly wills to work upon; and terrible havoc he oftentimes makes with the poor saints of God through these accursed things; but, blessed be God, all his assaults and temptations are only to prove and demonstrate Jehovah's work in the souls of His people to be genuine and divine, and that the tempted may find succour and sweet relief at the hand and the heart of a once tempted but now triumphant Jesus. "For that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."

"JESUS, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee."

Staveley.

T. B.

A MAZE.

ONE day last month the writer went, in company with thirteen others, to Hampton Court. Visiting the place known as the Maze, we found a very civil man stationed at the entrance to receive the fee charged to go in, and also to direct any out of the Maze who may be unable to find their way out. After going in we soon got scattered about the Maze, one in one place and another in another, most of us aiming to find the way to a seat which could be seen under a tree nearly in the middle of the maze. This few, if any, of the party could do without direction from the guide. By following his guidance we soon got to the seat. It is well to have a good guide when in a maze, to show one where to get a seat to rest on.

The next thing was, how we were to find our way out again, for we should not have liked to have spent the night in the maze. It is bad being in a maze in the night. Reader, in a spiritual sense, do you know what this is? We did not find our way out of the maze without direction from the guide. He stood upon a place from which he had a commanding view of the maze, of the paths in it, and also of those walking in them; and, as it was needful, he would say, "Keep to the right, or left," till after a while we all got safely out of the maze, meeting the director on our exit, who smiled, and talked familiarly with us.

Every true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ knows what it is at times to be in a maze, and how impossible it is to get out of it without the direction of Him who sitteth on the right hand of God, from whence He has a full view of all the ins and outs, ups and downs, the perplexing and zig-zag ways His dear people travel in. Moses was in a maze when he said, "What shall I do?" David was in a maze when he said, "I am

in a great strait." The young man was in a maze when he said, "Alas, Master! how shall we do?"

But, through the Lord's direction, they got out.

So with you, my Christian friend. When we got out of the maze, the guide did not frown upon us, but smiled. When the believer gets out of his last maze, and enters heaven, Jesus, his gracious Director, will not scold him for getting into the maze; but give him a hearty welcome, saying, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." There will be no mazes there. There is no room for them in heaven.

On our return to London, we got into a rather unpleasant maze. That in the morning was a pleasant one; but that in the evening a painful one.

As we were proceeding homeward, the vehicle we were riding in was driven into and overturned, so that the whole party, fourteen in number, were thrown out, some having their heads broken, others their arms and backs injured, and one elderly gentleman was hurt so badly as to render it necessary he should be taken to the hospital. The Lord, in His great mercy, prevented our lives from being lost, and our bones from being broken. Bless His dear name for His preserving care over us!

Ladies and gentlemen who lived near the place where the vehicle was upset were most kind and attentive in rendering all the help in their power to relieve those who were suffering from the fall.

The good Lord reward them a hundredfold for their kindness to a company of strangers, and may they be brought safely through all the mazes which the Lord, in His kind and wise providence, may see fit they should be brought into!

F. F.

Tetbury.

THE MISSIONARY.

HIS PRIVATIONS AND PERILS.

At the close of our first article, on page 576 in the present number, we touched upon a deeply-interesting missionary-meeting we had just attended. There were one or two additional facts in particular which we wished there to have recorded, but space would not permit. Moreover, as there stated, we anticipate a paper from the kind-hearted missionary himself, which (the Lord permitting) will, in due time, appear in these pages. Meanwhile, however, we will give one example of the power of prayerful sympathy and brotherly fellowship and communion—features in the believer's character which, as a rule, are too much lacking in these days of formality, lifelessness, bickering, and strife.

This dear servant of God (the Rev. T. T. Smith) stated how, on one Saturday in particular, just as the shades of night were closing in, and he, singly and alone, was traversing a trackless snowy desert, fully one hundred miles from the mission station towards which he was walking, looking up on high for protection and support, his heart became of a sudden cheered and animated by the recollection that at that hour on the Saturday night two young men were in the habit of meeting, on purpose to pray for the missionary. Pointing to a print

which was hanging on the walls of our school-house, representing Aaron and Hur upholding the hands of Moses, he said the remembrance of these pleaders at home supported and encouraged him in like manner in His perilous position abroad.

There is one other fact we must name, and, oh, how the narration of it humbled us under the consideration of our comparative indifference to home-privileges and personal advantages! On one occasion there came to consult him an aged native, his son, and some half-dozen companions. They had travelled over the snow no less a distance than 300 miles, and for what purpose? The aged one of the party shall answer the question. Addressing himself to the "Praying chief" (as the Missionary is called), he said, "I am too old now to go out and get food for myself and my family, as I used to do; but my son here (pointing to him) goes for me; and he has walked before me here to clear the snow for me to follow." Raising his hand and pointing his finger to the skies, he said, "They tell us that One came down from the Great Spirit up on high, thus to clear the path before us, that we may follow on and dwell with Him for ever! We are come to ask you, *Is it true?*" Never, we believe, shall we forget that question as thus put by that far-wandering one; nor shall we soon lose sight of the deeply-humbling sensations it awakened. Oh, the earnestness—the self-denial—the intensity of interest of a soul really alive to its immortal welfare, and how great the contrast to the supineness and indifference exhibited here at home in the midst of all our social blessings and religious privileges!

THE EDITOR.

A MEDITATION ON SOME OF THE DOINGS AND SAYINGS OF JESUS.

(MATT. xiv. 22, 23.)

"Jesus constrained;" and who? "His disciples." To be constrained by Jesus is no small privilege. This constraining brought them from something—from one place to another—separated them. So with His constraining love. Constraining love comes from above, and none who are blessed with it can ever sink into hell. He put them into a certain place, and appointed them a certain way to go. Those constrained by Jesus are under His control. He sent the multitudes one way, the disciples another.

"When He had sent the multitudes away, He went up," &c. (ver. 23). The multitudes did not go away without being sent. What multitudes of fears, anxieties, trials, temptations, thoughts, and troubles within which will not go away except He send them! The multitudes had to go when He sent them. There is nothing like a word from Jesus for sending troublesome multitudes away. When the multitudes were sent away, "He went up." So with His dear people. "Went up to pray." It is good to go up in prayer into the blessed mountains of God's electing love, eternal grace, divine power, and unchanging faithfulness. There is a

blessed going up in prayer when the multitudes are sent away. What a soaring time my soul has sometimes felt in prayer! Yes, and shortly after sinking times, "Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw." Oh, blessed climbing grace—prayer! It is both a clinging and climbing grace.

"He was there alone" (ver. 23). In the mountain in prayer, without the presence of any human being. It is good to be alone with God—to feel close up to Him in secret. It has a blessed effect upon the soul; solemnizes it, draws it off from the world, and lifts it upward to heavenly things. Lord, teach me more and more what true prayer is!

While Jesus was praying, His disciples were undergoing a tossing. Tempest-tossed soul, Jesus pleads His precious blood on thy soul's behalf. The disciples had no control over the waves which tossed the ship in the midst of the sea. He who constrained them could and did control the storm they were in. Christian friend, He who has constrained thee by His love can control by His power every storm through which you may have to pass. What uncontrollable things the Lord's people have to contend with; such as their tempers, feelings, fears, tongues, temptations, sorrows, and sometimes joys! To have Him for one's friend who can control all these things, and many more, is truly a great blessing.

"The wind was contrary," which prevented the disciples going on as smoothly as they would have liked. The followers of Jesus are not to have all things their own way. Their Lord and Master loves them too well to allow them to do so. A meeting was soon about to take place between Jesus and His disciples, and to effect this they must go through a storm, and meet with contrary winds. It is worth going through a storm to have a meeting with and a greeting from the ever-blessed Jesus. The disciples passed through the first, second, and third watches of the night without the presence of Jesus. In the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them (ver. 25) (not they unto Him), "walking on the sea." What a sight is here! The God-man, Christ Jesus, showing His power over the elements of nature, walking where others would have sunk, and taking a course which led through a storm to go to His disciples. He knows how to get at His disciples when they know not how to get to Him. His eye is on them in their rockings and tossings. The storm cannot keep Him away. An earthly friend wishing to visit another may be prevented doing so, owing to the storminess of the weather; but Jesus is over all, and nothing can prevent Him visiting His people in their troubles. He, in His infinite wisdom, may permit His people to go through the first, second, and third watches before He comes; but come He will at the proper time, to "make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof may be still." The sight of Jesus walking on the sea troubled them (ver. 26). He did not at first lessen their troubles, but allowed them to increase. A change is not far off when troubles multiply quickly. It is likely they never saw such a sight before—a man walking on the sea. Unusual sights beget unusual fears. In their trouble they said, "It is a spirit." What is spoken in great trouble and fear is not always correct (ver. 26). "They cried out for fear." What a scene is here!—Jesus walking on the tempestuous sea, the disciples feeling a tempest of fears within, their eyes resting or fixed on what they said was a spirit, their fearful cries, and the tossing of the ship. Who is it that can put all this confusion into order, allay their fears, still the rocking of the ship, and produce the greatest quiet and peace? Why, the all-powerful Jesus.

But will He do it? Yes. How? By a word. By making Himself known to His disciples. "Straightway Jesus spake," &c. He was quick in speaking when His disciples were quick in fearing and crying. A word from Jesus to a fearing and crying disciple effects wonders. "He spake unto *them*;" not to anyone, but to them—these tossed, fearing, and crying disciples. He did not speak in anger, but in love and power; not to confound them, but to cheer them. "Be of good cheer." What! be of good cheer in such a place, and under such circumstances? What grounds had they for "good cheer?" Well, Jesus was with them—had spoken to them, visited them during the storm, told them who He was—"It is I"—and commanded them not to fear—"Be not afraid."

Last month, after the writer had been trying to speak in the Lord's name in London, he went to his lodgings with his pride much mortified, through, as he thought, speaking to so little purpose. He retired to his room, knelt, and tried to pray. Oh, the great bitterness of soul he was in before the Lord! but before rising the words dropped into his mind, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." The words, "Be of good cheer," seemed so very opposite to what he had been feeling. They continued with him some time, and, as he had the next day to try and say a few words in the Lord's name at Windsor, he took the words for a text, and felt helped in speaking, and others felt blessed, he believes, in hearing. The most precious words of Jesus dropped from His lips when His disciples were in trouble. The precious promises are usually applied with power to the soul when it is in a sea of trouble. Jesus' storm-quelling words produce good cheer, when His disciples, through being tossed, feel queer. This "good cheer" is no light and airy thing. It is a solemn, weighty, real, substantial peace and joy, overawing the soul, and enclosing it for the time with the felt presence of the Author of it.

"And Peter answered Him and said, Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water" (ver. 28), showing he did not wish to take such a course without Christ's bidding him to do so. A good feeling this. None ever need regret doing anything at Christ's bidding. Wicked men do many things at Satan's bidding, and he tries much to induce the followers of Christ to do likewise; and when they listen to him sad are the consequences.

Peter used an "if"—"if it be Thou." He seemed not quite clear about it. There are many things which some of the Lord's people are not quite clear about. Some are not clear as to their being elected, redeemed, and regenerated; others are not clear in doctrine, experience, and practice. The best taught know only "in part." Although Peter used an "if," he yet called Jesus "Lord." There may be true faith where there is much doubting. Peter showed by what he said that he wanted to be where Jesus was—to be near Him, even if it was on the stormy sea. Is not this the desire of a living soul when in a sea of trouble? Peter could see Jesus, but he desired to be with Him, close up to Him. It is a good sign to feel wishful of being near Jesus in times of trial.

Peter did not ask Jesus to bid anyone else to come—"bid me." He was willing to leave all his fellow disciples if Jesus bid him come. It is blessed to feel willing to leave everything at the bidding of Jesus.

"And He said, Come" (ver. 29). This one word, "come," from the mouth of Jesus separated Peter from men, and brought him nearer to

Jesus. Christ's calls to His people are of a separating character. Peter understood the call, and was willing to obey it. Jesus makes His call heard by His people, and inclines their hearts to obey it.

"And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water to go to Jesus" (ver. 29). Peter left the ship when Jesus said, "come." But for this "come" he no doubt would have remained where he was. So with His people. But for His effectually calling them they would remain in the graves of darkness and sin, and under the power and dominion of "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Where had we been now but for His calling us by His grace? What did Peter's fellow disciples think about his leaving them? How was it none attempted to follow Him? It seemed to sense a perilous undertaking to get out of a ship, and to walk on the sea. Many apparently dangerous things to flesh and blood have been undertaken at the command of the Lord—the Israelites going through the Red Sea, for instance. Peter walked on the water to go to Jesus; this was the object he had in view in walking on the water. Calling puts a sinner in the way that leads to Jesus. Peter had never walked in such a way and manner before. A sinner's walk after calling is very different from what it was before. Peter, it may be, went on pretty comfortably for a while; "but when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid" (ver. 30). Note what he was looking at—the boisterousness of the wind; what this produced in Peter—fear—"he was afraid." Now, here is one loved by Jesus, chosen and called by Him, and walking to Him, fearing in a storm—fearing while Jesus was near, fearing while in the way Jesus bid him take. Christ's chosen and called people know much about fears, especially when they see the wind boisterous. "And beginning to sink, he cried, Lord, save me." Peter cannot make ahead any longer—cannot get his feet up above the water; now his fears, he thinks, will be realized, in his going to the bottom of the sea. Did he think it was unwise of him to leave the ship? Did he repent doing so? When he began to sink he began to pray. Here is a sinking and praying disciple. How many earnest cries go up to the Lord from the deep depths of His people's hearts in their sinking times! Often in smooth swimming times prayers are said from the head; but in deep sinking seasons they are prayed from the heart. Peter had kept alive in his heart belief in the divinity of Jesus, calling Him in his short prayer, "Lord." Christ's divinity is most heartily believed in by all those who are taught by the Holy Ghost to pray to Him, and to call Him Lord. It is likely that Peter was a little frightened when He cried, "Lord, save me." A prayer may be right which is offered in a fright. It was certainly an unpremeditated prayer. It came quickly into his heart, and was quickly out of his mouth, and up into the open ears of Jesus. In the state Peter was now in, nothing was felt to be so needful as to be saved. Have we ever been brought into such a state as this—to feel deep down in our very souls that nothing is so necessary as what is contained in that great, big, mountain-like, ocean-deep word, "salvation?" Have we each cried, "Lord, save me?" If so, it proves we have been called by Jesus. An uncalled sinner is never brought into such a state. Peter meant what he said, felt it, and that, unless speedily answered by Him to whom it was presented, he must sink and be lost. It is Christ he wants. He alone can now help him and save him. Peter now felt his own helplessness—his dependence on Christ the Lord. So do all those who truly pray to Him. He felt that salvation would be acceptable to

him when he thus prayed. Peter's prayer was not long, but it was strong; it was not empty, but full; not offered in a calm, but a storm; not pointless, but pointed. Long, dry, travelling-about-all-over-the-world sort of prayers may do for Pharisees to offer at the corners of the streets, but a poor sinner, with an arrow in his conscience, a burden on his soul, a weight in his heart, feeling in a horrible pit, or sinking into "the belly of hell,"—such roundabout prayers won't do for him. Oh, no! He feels lost, and cries, "Lord, save me!"—guilty, and cries, "Lord, pardon me!"—feels a sinner, and cries, "God, be merciful unto me!" Peter, the sinking one, cried to the saving One. His prayer was more hearty than heady. Heady prayer is not steady prayer. Though a short prayer, it reached the ears of Jesus with acceptance. It is to be feared many long prayers fail in doing so.

"Immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him" (ver. 31). It is a blessed thing to be bought, taught, and caught by Jesus. The Saviour was quick in answering Peter's prayer. There was no time to lose; Peter was sinking, fearing, and praying. In this state there was room for the exercise of the Saviour's love, grace, and power, all of which He at once put forth in Peter's behalf. It is usually in sinking times the arm of the Lord is revealed, and not concealed. Jesus did not miss His hold of Peter; no, He caught him. Jesus never fails in anything He undertakes. Here is the saving One, holding a poor dripping-wet sinking one. Peter is all right in such a strong hand as Christ's—as safe as if he had been in heaven, though not so happy. When Jesus held Peter, He said unto him, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Jesus speaks to those He holds; He speaks in love and grace to those whom He holds by the hand of His power. Jesus reminded Peter of the smallness of his faith, and asked him why he doubted. What a place to be reminded of such things, and to be questioned by the Saviour! It was not while Peter was in the ship sailing that Christ thus addressed him; but while in the sea, sinking, fearing, and praying. Ah, these are the times when the child of God finds out how little his faith is. Still Jesus did not push him down further into the water. No, bless His dear name, He put forth His hand and saved him.

It is not right, not Jesus-like, for the strong to push the weak, but to bear their infirmities. Strong believers ought to be merciful to weak ones; not push them down, but try by God's help to raise them up. Peter's little faith by doubt was not put out. Doubt put Peter about, but it did not put his faith out. The faith the Lord puts in, doubt cannot put out. There was little faith in Peter in the great Saviour, and the storm he went through did not extinguish it. What a mercy to have a divine faith, one that survives the storm and tempest! Peter does not seem to have answered Christ's question; perhaps he hardly knew what to say. A person may be a great doubter for a while, and yet be brought through all by the faithful Jesus. "And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased" (ver. 32). Peter came with Jesus back into the ship. He left the ship to go to Him; now He has His company in going back again. Jesus accompanies those whom He calls, and saves. Peter would not like to venture back without Jesus. He was never before, perhaps, so much in love with Christ's society. A saved sinner loves the society of the Saviour. Jesus did not take Peter direct to heaven, or to some earthly palace; no, but into a ship with a few poor

fearing fishermen. Jesus went through the raging storm to go into the ship. Oh, what a dreadful storm of divine justice and wrath He had to go through, in order to reach poor sinners' hearts with His saving grace! What a storm there is in the conscience of the quickened sinner before the Spirit of Jesus enters it, with a "Peace, be still!" It is not any voice that can quell this storm.

When did the wind cease? When Jesus went into the ship. The blessed visits of Jesus to the soul "maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." Tossed one, the winds will cease shortly. In glory "not a wave of trouble will roll across your peaceful breast." He holds the winds in His fist, and He can make them twist. In a moment He can hush all into peace and quietness. "Then they that were in the ship came and worshipped Him, saying, Of a truth Thou art the Son of God" (ver. 33). Note the worshippers, *where* they worshipped, *who* they worshipped, and *how* they worshipped. The worshippers were His disciples, who had been now some time in a storm. A man must be a true disciple of Jesus before he can be a real worshipper of Him. The place where they worshipped was not in the temple, but in a ship. A place has nought to do with true worship. "God is a Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The person they worshipped was "the Son of God." True discipleship is needful in order to real worship-coming to Jesus, and also true faith in His divinity. Where these are lacking, what real worship is there felt in the soul?

Blessed are those storms which tend to shake God's people closer together, and which makes them united in welcoming the precious visits of the dear Jesus.

F. F.

WHAT IS THE WORLD'S GREAT NEED?

THE first object that lies nearest the Christian's heart, next to his own salvation, is the unregenerate of his family; and a cry, silent but real, pours forth from almost every anxious breast, "How shall we do?" The Church's commission is, "Live Christianity among them." This, so far, is most important, and cannot be too strictly enforced, or too rigorously carried out; but the Church goes further in saying, "And, seeing in you the beauty of religion, they will render homage to your King, and only so far as Christians do *this* shall the world be better." But what says Holy Scripture? "The just is an *abomination* to the wicked;" and again, "Because ye are not of the world . . . therefore the world hateth you." Who could be holier than the spotless Son of God? and yet the natural man could see no loveliness in Him; but He was, on the contrary, "despised and rejected of men." Even Mary and the disciples, on one occasion, knew Him not—the former thinking Him only a common gardener; the latter a spirit from the unseen world—until the blessed One made Himself known to them by opening their eyes. And this was just what Elisha's servant stood in need of; and the prophet of the Lord, perceiving, prayed and said, "Lord, I pray Thee open his eyes, that he may see" (2 Kings vi. 17). And this is the world's deep need to-day—*spiritual eye-sight*. Then, in the strength of the Lord and for His glory, let anxious, burdened Christians breathe forth Elisha's prayer, while they bring their "blind" in the arms of their faith, entreating the great Lord and Master to fulfil His own blessed word, "So *will* I do for my

servants' sakes" (Isaiah lxxv. 8). And who can tell the sequel—who can tell what the Lord *will do*, not *only* for the *sake* of His beloved Son, but for the *sake* of those whom He accepts in the Beloved? Isaac, for instance, was blessed for Abraham's sake (Gen. xxvi. 24); Laban, also, for Jacob's sake (Gen. xxxix. 27); Potiphar and his house for Joseph's sake (Gen. xxxix. 5); and would not even the guilty cities, Sodom and Gomorrah, have been spared for ten's sake (Gen. xviii. 32)? And there is an instance on record how that the Lord delivered nearly three hundred lives from shipwreck, so "that they escaped all safe to land" (Acts xxvii. 24), for the *sake* of one—the beloved Paul; and more could be enumerated if necessary. Seeing, then, even under *this* present phase, "we are compassed about with a cloud of witnesses," let not the Lord's own be discouraged, but continue to besiege the throne of grace, remembering that not until Abraham left off pleading did God leave off granting; and it shall be such a work, doubtless, that angels may look on in wonder, and, speaking after the manner of men, may covet to engage in.

R. B.

Sermons and Notes of Sermons.

SOME OF THE LAST PULPIT-WORDS OF A LOVED PREACHER.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY THE LATE REV. E. CLAY ON WHIT SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1872, AT ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."—EPHESIANS iv. 30.

A VERY touching appeal—a very tender way of urging the caution not to grieve the Holy Spirit. The appeal is not to fear; it is not "Grieve Him not, lest He leave you," but "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." Grieve not Him who loves you so tenderly; grieve not your Comforter. There are two subjects here: 1st, a caution to believers; 2nd, how the caution is urged by a gracious motive. 1st, "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Observe that St. Paul assumes, as matter of unquestionable belief, the personality of the Holy Ghost. He uses no argument to prove it; it is implied that all understood it—all knew that he is a distinct Person, and yet One with the Father and the Son. The language of the text shows this; for you cannot grieve a spiritual influence. Where grief is possible, there must be an intelligent being or agency, and what we call affections, or a heart to feel, to be sensible of grief; therefore this text implies the idea of distinct personality. And it gives us a wonderful conception of Divine love to think that the Holy Spirit can be grieved by you or me. Only those who love most can be grieved by the deed, or word, or thought, or feeling of those they love. Thus the Holy Spirit is grieved. What an inexpressible tenderness there is in the idea! what an unfathomable depth of love! Why should not such an Almighty Being crush the creature that can presume to grieve Him? Why should He not, if a shadow of grief passes over Him, crush the universe and create another? Why? Because the Holy Ghost is God, and "God is love." Because He is the promised gift of the Father, the blood-bought gift of the Ascended Master, the Crucified One, who is the manifestation of the Father's love. The question arises, How can we grieve Him? Only He can judge our

inner life, and He can thoroughly; He thinks not of what we *do*, but of what we *are*. He alone can see our inmost thoughts: underlying our social life, our life at home, abroad, in business or pleasure. Before our thoughts are shaped into desire or resolve, there is the imagination of the heart which the Holy Ghost sees, and by it He is grieved or displeased. So in the antediluvian world, the imagination of man's heart was evil from his youth. The Holy Spirit considers the thought before it is developed into action. How mindful should we be of His presence in everything! We should be always in consultation with His will—will this please the Holy Spirit who dwells within me? We should give heed to His tender movings, "Don't do this"—"don't say this." Let us see more particularly how we are in danger of grieving Him. St. Paul addressed these words to a holy people, and in the context he specifies certain habits, tempers, and dispositions which, if indulged in, would grieve the Spirit of God. From ver. 25 to ch. ver. 1 he says what things should be put away, and what put on. Read these verses slowly, solemnly, on your knees if you will, with prayer for the Spirit that He may give you a spiritual insight into them, and fasten them upon your hearts. What does St. Paul say? Put away falsehood. We are naturally liars; it is natural to us to be untruthful; put away lying of all kinds and shapes, exaggeration, misrepresentation, and what the world calls "white-lies." Be honest and true, because the Holy Ghost sees you. Put away sinful anger. You must be angry, but let your anger be tempered and controlled by love; let it die before sunset—let it be only caused by sin, and it will be sinless anger. Put away fraud of every kind, taking your neighbour's goods, or his good name and reputation, or his time; let not the idle waste the time of the diligent. Let not the tongue speak corrupt speech; don't repeat it to others; better to be silent all your lives, better to be born dumb, than to defile the souls of others with corrupt speech. Let your tongues be consecrated to Jesus, to speak innocent words, and words of blessing to others. Then will multitudes receive you into everlasting habitations, and bless you for good and wholesome words that ministered grace. Put away hardness of spirit and all unkindness. Some are naturally amiable; but all are to put away a fretful spirit, an irascible, irritable, or unloving spirit, and to put on kindness and gentleness, "forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you." Then he sums up all, "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children," or "be close imitators of God," as if a teacher were saying to his scholar, "Don't scribble carelessly, but imitate closely the copy I give you."

I have not time to say much about the second part. I will just mention one thing. In the act of sealing there is close contact of the seal with the thing sealed; the effect is to impress upon this substance the device, writing, or image cut out in the seal; the purpose is security, credential, assertion of property. The Holy Spirit comes in real contact with every soul that believes in Jesus, and there He puts the impression of the Divine image; it is manifested in the believer's life and character, and is the pledge or earnest that he or she shall be kept by the power of God to the day of redemption, when the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty will be manifested. There is a solemn question suggested by these thoughts. I put it to you solemnly, "Hast thou received the Holy Ghost? Is this seal on thy soul?" As we sit here and look at one another—the people at the preacher, and he at the people—we all look very much alike; we cannot see this seal—it is hidden, though more or

less manifested in the life; but before the Father it is clear, whether it is or is not upon your soul. Each knows pretty well for himself whether he has this seal, or whether he must say, "I know nothing of it by experience; the Holy Ghost is a stranger to me, the sealing is a mystery." And yet you call yourself a Christian, and have solemnly declared this morning that you believe in the life everlasting! We have not one right to think that we are Christ's, or that we shall ever see His face unless the Holy Ghost seals us, or has sealed us—is impressing, or has impressed, His likeness on our souls. If we have some consciousness of this—feeble it may be, but real—then we have the witness of the Spirit. This is heaven upon earth, the earnest of our inheritance. If it is not begun here, it will not be there; dying does not cleanse the soul. If one is here burdened with sin, don't go away hopeless. You say you cannot trace the marks of the sealing in your soul. Listen to these words, true as God Himself, for they were spoken by His blessed Son: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children [where is the father here that denies a good gift to his child?], how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" Ask Him for His Spirit, plead His promise, pray this prayer with me: "Blessed Spirit, gracious Teacher, Holy Comforter, Thou who lovest me more than I can ever love myself, come into my heart, dwell in my soul, seal me till the day of redemption!"

Correspondence.

A DEAD LIFT FOR POOR HELPLESS ONES.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I thank you and Mary for your last kind favour; it came at a season when I was very ill, weak, and low, and was obliged to be confined to the tent, or else to ride upon the baggage waggon, being too hoarse to give the word of command, and too feeble for the field of action; and, on my recovery, after fourteen days' fasting and abstinence, the savoury meat was sweet unto me, and I thank God and you both.

"In the day of trouble," says God, "call upon me, and I will deliver thee." He doth not mock, disappoint, nor deceive poor sensible sinners with an empty promise or a fruitless invitation. What He says is in faithfulness, truth, and sincerity. A broken cistern or a barren wilderness He never was, nor will He ever be to them that seek Him. But He loves wrestling, fervour, and earnestness in His people; importunity, boldness, and a determination to take no denial. His elect cry (in soul) day and night, and "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Besiege His throne with pleas, arguments, and strong reasons, according to His own Word and invitation—"Come, let us reason together." Plead guilty, treacherous, unstable, ungrateful, and unworthy, and then plead what He has done for others in such circumstances, and what He has promised to do in such cases, and how He has set others before us as an example of His clemency and for the encouragement of those that shall believe on Him to life everlasting. Plead the undertakings of Christ, His finished work and office characters, His appointments and His promises. An hunger and thirst after Him, a longing eye fixed on Him, a deep sense of our need of Him, and a dissatisfaction with everything short of Him, are things that touch and move Him. Remind Him

also of His own sufferings and bitter cries in His distress. He is an High Priest that can be touched with the feelings of our infirmities. He is tender-hearted, sympathetic, and grieves for the afflictions of Israel. He may for a time seem as if He were in the hinder-part of the ship asleep upon a pillow; as though He stood behind the walls, peeping through the lattice, or as if He and His children were all in bed, and He could not rise to give us three loaves, though we were crying at His door till midnight; yet even importunity will move Him to rise and give us as many as we need.

I write from experience. I have tried Him, and He hath sorely tried me; and yet we make shift to hang together to this day. And sure I am that I cannot mend myself; and, as He came to save sinners, I know not where He can mend Himself, for there never was a worse wretch than I am. We cannot do without Him, and as He makes us know that we are lost, and He came to save sinners—those that were lost—so He cannot do without us; for He must see of the travail of His soul, and bring many sons to glory. Without Him we may truly say we can do nothing, and without such as we are, what could He do? If none are wounded, there can be none to bind up. If there are none sick, what has the Physician to do? and if no debtors, the Suretyship undertakings must be in vain. If no strayed sheep, nothing for the seeking and gathering Shepherd to do. Oh, my brother, be of good cheer! W. H., S.S.

MORE FOOD FOR THE "WEAKLINGS," OR FAINTING ONES.

To the Editor of the Gospel Magazine.

Martock.

BELoved SIR,—The following letter by dear Romaine, in which is what I call "food convenient for the weaklings" (and are not most such in these days?), came home with such telling power yesterday morning to me and my dear wife, as caused our eyes to overflow with tears, and was as "wine to strengthen the heart," that I have sent it to you for insertion, if you think proper, in your family Magazine, hoping it will be the means of strengthening and refreshing others also who are but weaklings in the family, and who may be ready to faint by the way. Oh, I do think there is a lack of food for such in these days. The Good Shepherd minds the lambs first. May the under-shepherds have grace to follow His example! "Feed them with the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby."

G. H.

Blackfriars, Aug. 12th, 1769.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We had a letter from your sister, giving an account of your journey (thanks be to Him who kept your going out and your coming in!), and of your present situation and trials, in which I can see nothing singular. The lesson which the Lord is now teaching you is plain. His way of teaching it has nothing new; it is the established method in His school, and your averseness to learn it occasions all your uneasiness. When He has made you a good scholar, you will then find relief in your soul, whatever befalls your poor crazy body.

I take it for granted, that you are acquainted with the doctrines of free grace and finished salvation; you are not suffered to doubt of their truth, but you cannot receive comfort from them at this time. Your conscience draws fresh bills of indictment against you. You do not see your interest

in your Divine Advocate, and, therefore, you cannot answer them as you used to do. Hence you are puzzled and mourn; are become impatient and fretful; fear this and the other, and are left to yourself, to your sinkings, and dejections, and groundless apprehensions; fancied miseries are felt as real, and fancied fears of dying are as bad as death; yea, worse than death will ever be to you.* This is something like your case, is it not? And what is to be done? Where is the remedy? Certainly our all-wise Physician has left some prescription for it; and He can make it, bad as it is, work under Him for good. But how? Why, He would teach you now one of His highest lessons, and you are brought into circumstances most exactly suited for your being a proficient in it. He intends in this (as in all things) to promote His own glory as the Alpha and Omega of your salvation, not only in working of it out, for He has satisfied you of this, but also in the security of it; He must have all the honour of the safe keeping of it; it for you, and you for it. He is the Keeper of Israel, who keeps all the Israel of God by the power of God, and you cannot glorify Him in this His great covenant office, but by giving up your body and soul, you and yours, absolutely to His keeping. And how could you be taught this in a shorter or better way than by being brought into your present distress? For you now find that you can no more secure and keep, than you could work out your salvation. He must do it all; begin, carry on, and finish. This is your lesson. Finding yourself, then, in this situation, utterly helpless, without anything good in you, a poor, dejected, fearful, destitute creature, commit the keeping of your soul unto Jesus; you will thereby bring Him a richer revenue of honour than all the rejoicing Christians in the world. You will glorify His faithfulness to His word and work, by venturing upon that arm of the Lord which is engaged to do all for you, and all in you. Mind one of His sublime styles and titles: "He is the Saviour of him that hath no helper." What! have you no help? Do you feel it? Then the Spirit says, "He is your Saviour." Mrs. B., He is yours, as surely as He ever saved any one who had no helper.

But, alas! how weak is my faith! My dear friend, do not look at the *how*; that will only puzzle you; it will make believing to be a work, and will tempt you to be comforted when you believe well, and to be dejected when you are displeased with your believing. You know it is not the decree, or the joy of faith that saves; but it is Jesus who saves; and your safety arises from trusting to the work of God-Jesus, and your comfort should spring from taking it to yourself upon the warrant of God's promise to sinners like you; not to be qualified sinners, but to coming sinners. "Whosoever cometh to Jesus;" it matters not how he comes, nor who he be, nor what he has been; to him coming, God gives His word, and pledges His honour: "Thou shalt never, never perish, but shalt have everlasting life." Whether he come fainting, live fainting, or die fainting, it is the same; the word cannot be broken, but standeth fast for ever and ever. Mrs. B., fainting, dejected, without spirits or liveliness comes; she shall never perish, says God, she shall have everlasting life.

But what signifies the truth of this to me, while I find no comfort in believing? Your case does not admit of comfort; the Master is carrying

* Mark this, dear reader: verily we believe it to be a glorious truth, yea, we are sure, that multitudes of the Lord's dear children die a thousand deaths, in feeling and apprehension, before they are really called to die; and then, at so-called death, it is all calm and all sunshine.—Ed.

you up into a more exalted state of believing, wherein we are to get above baby comforts. You could not learn the present lessons of His love in a comfortable frame; He therefore brings you into the valley of Baca, to teach you what Jesus is in Himself, and that all your salvation is in Him undertaken, fulfilled, applied; and that after all your knowledge, and all your experience, you have nothing to this moment to depend upon but His faithful arm and watchful care. This is His last lesson; nothing is beyond it but heaven. You are left to your present distresses on purpose to learn this. Your dear Jesus lets you feel how utterly helpless you are, that you may find how faithful He is to His promised help. He is as exactly suited to your case as light is to your eyes; and your relief does not consist in getting comfort again, but in getting nearer to Jesus, and in seeing what He is to such as you, and thereby growing up more into you. Your present frame is to bring you to commit the keeping of yourself, and of all your concerns, to Him. You find you can do nothing; quite lifeless, heartless, comfortless. Very well; but Jesus has undertaken to keep such, and He is now making you willing that He should be your Keeper. Oh, that you would not reason and puzzle your poor heart, but follow His teaching; and now simply leave it to Him to do what He will; your salvation will then be as safe in His hands as if you were in heaven.

And why should not you simply trust Him? Consider, you cannot honour His office as your Keeper; you cannot bring Him more glory than others do; but, by coming as the weakest of all creatures, you find you are so. Why, then, let His strength be perfected in your weakness? You see you can do nothing; let Him, then, have the crown of doing all. What sad work would you make if your graces or comforts were left to your own keeping! You are learning now to put no confidence in the flesh. Oh, that you may yield to the Spirit's teaching, and may be willing to be just what your God would have you to be!

But how can you do this under these faintings, sinkings, &c.? These are your schoolmasters. You could not learn without them your absolute dependence upon God-Jesus; and you experience these on purpose that you may find how careful Jesus is over you. He has the same love to your soul, the same faithfulness to His own work when you have no strength, as at other times. He says so: "I change not." "I am the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"; the same to the fainting as to the rejoicing believer. Oh, fall, then, fainting into His arms; venture, cast yourself upon Him, for He is a very present help in every time of trouble. . . .

I follow my advice with my prayers. I pity you much for what you suffer; but I wish God may let you see it as I do. Still all is well; may you say so! . . . Mrs. B., I am certain as I live of the Lord's design as mentioned above. Read as you can bear it, and pray for light to know, and faith to follow, the Lord's leading. It is a dark night, and a long night; but the morning cometh, and you shall rejoice with the gladness of His people. Farewell!

[We quite agree with our dear brother in his estimate of the foregoing letter. It is exceedingly precious. It glorifies Jesus by directing the poor sinner simply and entirely to Him, whatever his condition, however dark his mind, or numberless his fears. Oh, for grace to live out of self, above self, in a simple looking to and living upon Him who is our life, and who has pledged Himself to nourish and maintain it in spite of death, hell, and the grave!—ED.]

Anecdotes and Extracts.

LETTERS OF THE LATE REV. H. VENN.

(Continued from page 564.)

September, 1777.—We are not unmindful of you in our family worship, but enlarge on your present state, having confidence and full assurance in our God and Saviour that He will be with your spirit and repeat His gracious manifestations of peace and love to your soul. My prayer, before we left home, was that we might receive good from the example and graces of God's people. Our prayer was granted. How many have we seen in whom the Divine features have beautified their lives! In some one, in some another, grace of the Spirit did more eminently shine, yet not without a shade, that we might not be tempted to rest in the workmanship, but in Him only, in whom perfection dwells. This thought has often made me see the wisdom of God's providence and economy in the Church, for, were His saints as excellent as we wish they were, I much question whether an idolatrous veneration for them would not intercept our supreme love to the King of saints. May we hasten to that perfect world where the presence of our God in His glory will render every undue regard to created excellency impossible! There may we meet with joy unspeakable, never to part, or to feel one jarring sentiment amongst the countless myriads of the Church triumphant!

November, 1777.—I can never consider the rational excellent way of spending our time, which the Spirit of God and His Word point out, and all the real disciples love, without pitying the fashionable taste, and crying out, Oh that they knew the secret of making life glide away without any tediousness, or wishing for what we have not! the way of spending their time profitably and comfortably; like passengers in a vessel loving each other, and carried with a pleasant gale towards the country where they desire to be. . . . For my own part, neither in preaching nor writing have I ever had a controversy with any man who loves the name of the Saviour, nor by the help of God will I ever. I have now got very near the land where the inhabitants never differ, never contend or debate, or detract from each other.* I desire to imitate them more, and drink into that spirit which continually cries, not only this, "Glory to God in the highest," but "On earth peace, goodwill to men." . . . May we work from life in Christ, and never be rebuked as slothful servants! The Lord Jesus be with thy spirit, and your whole self!

October, 1778.—The rod is lifted up, but infidelity is blind, and past feeling anything less calamitous than destruction It gave me no small consolation the other day, whilst I was pondering what might come to pass, to consider that our faith, my dear friend, has been tried in the fiercest fires—I mean the same precious faith in Emmanuel—and, though I shudder at the thought of being tested with severity and cruelty for the sake of religion, yet herein I rejoice, the Lord is faithful, able, and mighty to save in a wonderful manner, as you and I have often seen. Amongst all our visitors, none did me so much good as a clothier from Huddersfield. He came one hundred and fifty miles on purpose to see me. He was called as soon as he heard Christ preached, and has

* What an important hint is this to the captious and quarrelsome among God's children.—Ed.

adorned, indeed, his profession nineteen years. All admired his heavenly look; the wisdom of his words; his sound judgment and knowledge of the Bible. I thought it was worth twelve years' labour to be the instrument of saving one such soul. And then I was struck with the thought, "See to it that, after having preached to others, you be not yourself a cast-away" If the hope of seeing you all here is so joyous, what will it be to have you to ourselves in all Christian fellowship?

January, 1779.—I was at Cambridge the week before last. How did I wish for you to have shared in my joy! I had eleven young men round me, hearing with great attention the instructions I was giving to them. Never did I think I should see such a day in the University! Mrs. V. and my son join with me in our most cordial wishes that you and yours may enjoy the present new year by faith and love in Christ Jesus. . . . The autumn in Yorkshire and at Birmingham was very sickly, and to many fatal. We have been all preserved in health. Oh, that natural life, improved more and more by grace, may be the means of more usefulness in our generation! It will give you pleasure to hear how much reason I have to be thankful for my son. He has been fifteen months at college, and is more serious than ever. Prayer has been made continually for him, and he is preserved from the noisome pestilence of an University. . . . Remember us at the throne of grace, that we, in a few years, have a joyful meeting, and abide together in one world, made by infinite love for all the children of God.

April, 1779.—I should have been very thankful to have been witness, as you have been, to so blessed an exit after so exemplary a life as the glorified saint's was, who removed from your house to her eternal mansion. What a sweet and powerful call do our dearest friends departed in the Lord give us, who are still to follow! And we, walking in the same steps of lively faith and fruitful love, shall, without doubt, be no less ready when the hour of our departure is at hand. In this view I reckon up many of my most intimate friends, and then add my earnest request that I may so die in peace, light, and victory over sin, Satan, and the grave. How glad am I to hear also of the very gracious end of Mr. R. His voice in our sacramental songs was very sweet indeed; how much more charming now he is joining the song before the throne of the Lamb! Who would part with the glorious privileges peculiar to the saints in Christ, which so greatly alters the hour of separation from those most dear to them! The children of this world see their friends suffer and expire silent about approaching eternity, and confessedly in the dark. We can part with ours as the apostles did with Jesus, ascending up into heaven, realizing the transporting hour when we shall meet again beyond the river, where we shall never weep more. This reminds me of a striking saying of a peasant, who was called in my church, and has since removed. I met him the other day upon the road; his eyes sparkled with joy; he told me he had learnt to read his Bible; "And," says he, "if God will give me but food and raiment, as I know He will, and a good time at death, and I do not envy King George his crown."

June, 1779.—Retirement with a few friends is to me above every thing. The promise is, "where two or three are gathered together," and where the company is much larger, there is much seldomer than one could suppose, a sense of that blessed Presence, or a series of good conversation. . . . What an affecting proof is the languishing sickness of a dear child that this is not our resting-place, nor designed for our enjoyment, when

it is so often liable to be interrupted, and bitterness, instead of pleasure, is the consequence of our natural affection. I never look upon national repentance as more than possible by a miracle of grace, of which we read only one single instance in the Bible: "And repenting Nineveh, at the end of sixty years, was cut off for her incorrigible wickedness." I think it is time that the faithful in Christ should be importunate in their meetings, for the turning away the wrath which is already come down upon us. [What would Mr. Venn say now?—Ed.]

Sept., 1787.—By this time I hope all apprehensions from any very material hurt by your fall are over, and that the preserving mercy of our God has been again glorified in you. He is still kind and gracious to me. Though Mrs. V. is growing weaker, no fierce disease, no tormenting pain, afflicts her and us from sympathy with her. Our thoughts and prayers are now particularly respecting the nature and end of death, and its benefits to them who are Christ's. We call to mind that we left your hospitable and friendly dwelling just ten years since. In a much less space we shall probably be in a better, in an heavenly country, with faculties enlarged and perfected, to be exercised for ever in the knowledge, love, and service of our adorable God and Saviour. You would have heard from me three weeks since, but I have been so very languid that I had no spirit almost left in me, and the very thought of writing was a burden to my mind.

. I must not conclude without telling you the great joy I felt on Thursday last from the certain intelligence that my dear brother Richard stays with us. What pains have I taken in writing to him, and what prayers for months, night and day! Blessed be God, the snare is broken, and my excellent friend is delivered. It was no small pleasure I received in perusing the essay, from a hope that I might speak, though absent, something to comfort, to quicken, and establish those who are dear to me. I have reason to bless God for making it useful to some, and particularly because it is acceptable to my beloved people at Huddersfield. They are, it is true, *Dissenters* now, but I hear most cheering accounts, both of their pastor and them. My prayers will certainly accompany you into the land where no water is to be drawn from the use of *public* ordinances. Did not you both love my dear friend Mr. Scott? His heart is whole, I trust, with God; and that fire burns in it which warms all whom He comes near. Here we gain ground, yet but slowly. Several at a distance are brought to call on the name of the Lord; but our own farmers, except one, remain, I fear, unimpressed. Oh, that I might love their souls, and never cease to pray for them till I leave them! The good Lord bless, preserve, and keep you! Yours in the best bonds.

How slight are all bodily complaints to that of a sinful nature, which, after twenty-nine years' opposition, by prayer, watching, and the use of every means of grace, I find, as our excellent collect expresses it, sorely letting and hindering me from running the race set before me. I have but a few years more to feel its defiling, vexing influence. Till that release and translation, I must bear the burden which all the saints of God in Scripture mourned over I assure myself of your prayers for a blessing on the house of our God to-morrow. He brings it as a charge against His unfaithful pastors, that they said not, Where is God? They were content with ministering in the temple, but longed not for the Divine Presence and Power. So has it been in general with professors. Much of the want of life and power felt in the ordinances must be ascribed to

the indifference of the congregation, if not of the minister. How deplorably are we fallen to be satisfied with the trash, and the despicable appearance of worshippers of God, when no spirit of grace and supplication fills our souls! From such self-deceit, good Lord, deliver us all!

OPENING ADDRESS BY THE REV. S. A. WALKER, DELIVERED
ON THE FIRST MORNING OF THE CLIFTON CONFERENCE,
OCT. 1st, 1872.

SUBJECT.—“*He hath no form nor comeliness.*”

BELoved BRETHREN,—Our subjects to-day are connected with the discouragement that Christ's cause encounters in the world; but our subjects also suggest to us the glorious fact that that day of discouragement shall pass away, and that they who are resting and waiting upon the Lord, and trusting in His Word, shall find that, though “heaviness endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning.” We are not surprised that our Lord should be regarded by the world with feelings of suspicion and repulsion. There is nothing in Him, in His truth, in His revelation, in what He has done, in what He has promised, to commend Him to the world. When I say the world, I mean those who are still in their dead, unregenerate state. Man in his natural state sees nothing in Jesus to attract him: how can he? Because Jesus represents the spirituality of God's performances and God's provision, and we know that without the Holy Spirit we cannot understand spiritual things. Now, in that beautiful chapter, Isaiah liii., we have the inquiry put forth, “Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?”—implying that the “report” was not believed generally—was rejected almost universally—and that the “arm of the Lord” was not revealed in Jesus, in the revelation that God made of Himself in His Son, because the natural man was not prepared for that kind of revelation; he was not prepared for that kind of blessing that God had provided for him, and of which he stood in need. Man in his natural state does not know what he stands in need of. He has an idea that he wants something in accordance with his carnal tastes. He is not prepared to accept spiritual things, simply because he has no spiritual discernment. Now, it pleased God to send Jesus Christ in meanness, because He came to represent man in his lowly condition; and, not only so, but also to show this great fact, that God was not going to accomplish His work by “might or by power,” or by pandering to the natural tastes of man, but by the exercise of the Holy Ghost shining upon man's darkness, and opening up the mind and understanding and intelligence of the human being to the reception of those glorious truths which Jesus would reveal, which man in his natural state was incapable of understanding. Therefore, you observe, God's policy is to disappoint the natural expectations and desires of man, and to perform His work of regeneration and restoration in a way peculiar to Himself, that man shall be nothing, and God everything. In that great work of salvation He *is* everything, and man nothing, and all this is revealed in Christ. When He came, there was nothing to render Him acceptable to man, and so man rejected Him.

Now, what I want to press upon you, at this time, is, that God's work is to be carried on by the operation of the Spirit, and not by trying to make Jesus acceptable to the natural heart of man. He is not acceptable to man's fallen nature, in the condition in which He

came down from heaven. Man rejects and despises Him in the form and features which He presented then; and why should we try to mar that form to please the natural tastes of mankind? No! God must do His own work in His own way, by the Holy Spirit; and so we find that the promise is all of God, there is no promise connected with man. He is said to despise and reject and refuse Jesus; and so, where Christ is simply preached, man in his natural state does reject and despise Him. But, notwithstanding all this, God says that Jesus shall be glorified; the night of darkness shall pass away, and then the Lord Jesus Christ will come. How? In His glory, in the effulgence of His Divine and resurrection character; He will come then to be "glorified in His *saints* (observe that—His *saints*), and to be admired in them that believe." He is glorified in them *now*, He is admired *now*, but not by the world, because there is that in Jesus which the world cannot appreciate and accept.

I wish to throw out these few hints as giving some idea of what I mean by suggesting as our subjects that the Lord Jesus Christ *had* and *has* no form or comeliness for the natural man. We must not try to put a form upon Him to please the natural man. The great danger is in trying to do that; we all want to render Him a little more attractive to the people of the world. We who love Jesus—because the Holy Spirit has enabled us to see Him with the eyes of the Spirit—we do not want to make Jesus attractive to us, because He is so already to our souls and understandings and hearts; and all our hopes, our faith, and our expectations of coming glory, are centred in Him. Jesus is *beautiful* to us in every season of trial; He is beautiful when we read His Word, in the hour of prayer, in the sunshine, in the storm, as we walk this world; and we anticipate what He will be to our souls for ever when our natures are changed, and we shall be able to appreciate a *beautiful* Jesus, because we shall have *beautiful* hearts and minds, capable of appreciating and admiring the glory of the beautiful Son of God.

If you are taught by the Spirit of God, Jesus will be beautiful to you as He walked in this world—as He hung upon the cross, exposed to the contempt of ignorant men—as He was spat upon and ill-treated by a benighted world—and He will be beautiful in all the aspects in which He is presented in God's blessed Word. *You* do not want Jesus to be adorned; He is *already* adorned with the beauty which Jehovah has put upon Him, in sending Him to us poor sinners; and His beauty consists in this—that He is suited to our case. He comes prepared to restore us, and to bring us back to the Father; He presents Himself just suited to the great work which He has undertaken. How beautiful the Physician appears to the poor dying one that has felt his disease of which he is dying, and knows that, unless he is cured, he *must* die!

How beautiful is the entrance of the Physician who comes with an infallible remedy, and proposes to restore the dying one! How beautiful to the captive is the messenger that comes to speak of reprieve! We can understand *these* things; and so it is that the steps of Jesus are beautiful as He comes to tell us of the love of the Father, and to proclaim to us the pardon which He has provided for poor outcast ones, such as you and I. Just in proportion as we realize the holiness of God, and our own sin and helplessness, and feel that Jesus is just the provision that God has made for such poor ignorant outcasts as we are—just in that proportion He is lovely, and every attempt of man to improve that

loveliness is just like any attempt to improve the loveliness of the beautiful lily, or the light of the sun, or the glory of the stars, or the richness of the earth, when it puts on its fertility. No! man cannot do it. He cannot add beauty to Jesus; and, if he attempts to do it, is under the influence of the carnality of his natural mind, it is insulting to God, and he is trying to rob his fellow-men of those beauties of Jesus which must be appreciated by those who are taught by the Holy Ghost. May God enable us to enjoy these blessed things as we meet together, and to meditate upon them more and more! May we rejoice that we need nothing of man's ingenuity to make Jesus more acceptable to us! We are content to enjoy Him, because we expect a day of glory, when He will come in the effulgence of His Divine character, and "we shall see Him as He is," because we shall be like Him. May God give us more of His Spirit, and may we testify more and more against any attempts that are made in the world to add to the glory of Him whom God has provided for poor sinners!

I bless God that we are all assembled once more. Oh! that He may bless us, and give us such blessings as we have received before, and may we rejoice in the assurance that we have received tokens of His love, and may we go back to our ordinary occupations, with the determination to use all our faculties for the glory of His name, and the advancement of His cause!

JUSTIFICATION.

IN what sense are men said to be justified by *grace* (Rom. iii. 24), by *blood* (Rom. v. 9), by *faith* (Rom. v. 1), and by *works* (Jas. ii. 24)? We answer, Men were justified by the grace of God the Father, in the gift of Christ, *prospectively*; they were justified by the blood of Christ *actually*. They are said to be justified by faith, inasmuch as faith gives *peace* (Rom. v. 1, and xv. 13), and they are justified by works *evidentially* (Jas. ii. 24). We might sum the whole up in the following way, for the sake of brevity, and the better understanding of the doctrine of justification, thus:—The Father's grace gave favour *prospectively* (Rom. iii. 24); the Son's blood gave pardon *actually* (Rom. v. 9); the Holy Spirit gives *faith* and *peace* (Gal. xxii.; Rom. v. 1, and xv. 13); and works give *evidence* (Jas. ii. 24). Thus we see that they whom the Father justified by grace, the Son redeemed and justified by blood; to them the Holy Spirit gives faith and peace, and works (which are the fruit of faith) give evidence in this work of the Trinity. There can be no failure, "for whom He did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the firstborn among many brethren. Moreover, "whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified; and whom He justified, them He also glorified." What shall we then say to these things? "If God be for us, who can be against us?" (Rom. viii. 29—31).

J. R.

Sheffield.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES IN LONDON LIFE.

IN MEMORIAM.—"What do you two lads find to do on a Sunday, may I ask?" "We works," curtly answered the youngest, aged almost nine. "Work! where?" "Finchley." "Work on Sunday at Finchley! What at?" "Simmitry; don't we, Jack?" "We do so," Jack responded,

"'Tain't up to much this 'ere time 'o year, though; but you're 'bliged to do it to keep up the kinneexson, don't you see?" "But *who* isn't up to much? Simmitry? Why do you work for him, then?" The small boy laughed, while Jack scowled, suspicious of "chaff." "How can Simmitry be a 'im?" said he; "it's a berryin' place." A sudden light dawned on me. "Finchley Cemetery you mean? Why, what on earth do you two work at in Finchley Cemetery?" "We goes a-numbering. You don't understand? then I'll tell you. It's a werry large place, don't yer see, and there's a 'ole heap of common 'terments, as they calls 'em. It's all werry well for them as has got monuments and tombstones wot they can make easy tracts for; but its different among the rough clay. The big 'uns, they're all alike; and the little un's, they're all alike; and there wouldn't be no telling one from the t'other, 'cept for the numbers wots ticketed on 'em or on the wall when they lays close alongside it. Well, d'ye see, it's on a Sunday mostly that the visitors comes, as they can't spare the time of a week-day, and they knows the number of the grave wot they've come to have a look at; but they don't know whereabouts it is, and werry glad they are to find me or my mate, or one of the others, at the gate ready and willin' for tuppence to take 'em straight to the spot. How do we know? Well, d'ye see, we makes a study on it. We takes a turn at slack times, and practices. We has a 'apenny bet on sometimes—that sharpens yer! 'I'll lay,' I ses to Bill, or Bill ses to me, 'I'll lay yer that I'll take any six yer likes to name, and I'll give yer six, and I'll go the round and touch them all in less time than you will.' It comes easy enough when you get in the way on it. Did I begin it? Lor' bless yer, no! More did my mate. We fust was put up to it by his young brother wot used to play at Ilford Simmitry. Do it pay? In the summer time it do. We're pardeners. We've cleared as much as three-and-six on a Sunday atween us, in that there hot time last summer, when there was such a jolly lot of scarlet fever about. But it's hardly worth trotting after all the way from Clarkinwell this time o' year; all we got to-day was eightpence atwixt us."—*London by Twilight*, by JAMES GREENWOOD.

Passing Events.—A Monthly Note.

A POWERFUL letter has just appeared in the *Rock*, from the pen of the Dean of Gloucester. From it we take the following extracts:—

"An astounding fact is undeniable. While every country throughout the length and breadth of Europe is no longer blind to the superstitions and baneful influence, and unblushing impostures of Rome, England, which has suffered so much from her cruel sway—England, the boasted home of liberty and light—England, so famed for honesty and good sense—England, professing to scorn all that loves and makes a lie—England, professing to lead the van in free and bold and manly thought—is now relapsing into the darkness from which it once emerged—is forging again the chains which it once magnanimously burst—bowing again to the most debasing yoke, and embracing again the asp whose sting is moral and spiritual death. The wave which is receding from all other shores is raising a huge crest to submerge with bitter waters our fair plains. Who can deny that a strong tide flows, bearing un-

resisting multitudes towards the quicksands of Popery? Witness the wide circulation of journals, of which the characteristic is a sneer at the very name of Protestant. Witness the craving for plausible writings which stealthily allure to Romish practices and ways. Witness the increasing use of garbs, costume, attire, which, a few years back, were only the livery of the monk and nun, and mark the unreal excuse that prettiness should not be the monopoly of Rome. Witness the more than acquiescence in, rather the undisguised preference for, the external fascinations of ornament, rites, music, processions, intonations, gestures, much of which is borrowed from Romish worship, and tends to familiarize with Romish mummery. Witness the prevalent adoption of an attractive hymn-book, where, amid a majority of our best hymns, the cloven foot of Rome creeps in. The book seems a garland of most lovely flowers, but here and there some weeds of poison sting: it tempts, as a sweet potion, but some drops of strychnine are intermixed! We see, and can we ignore the guile? But it has been said there are diversities of taste even in the accessories of religion, and why should not predilections be gratified? But what if the predilection be aversion to England's Reformation? Children relish injurious food, but is it not our duty to withhold? It is noteworthy, too, that while in our daily walk we sometimes hear Romish sentiments avowed, they are complacently received. The rebuke is rare, the approving smile most frequent. Let but a condemning word be uttered, let the ruinous epidemic be exposed, and instantly all lips are closed,—an ominous and determined silence proves that the poison has begun to work. This is the backward tendency which now confronts us. The blindest must see it. No inattention can plead ignorance. No indifference can ignore it. But in this tendency there is grievous fault. If there be fault, there must be blameworthiness. But shall it be said, These may be some of the signs of the last times? Is not the Lawless one being revealed, "whose coming is after the working of Satan?" (2 Thess. ii. 9.) Let not this thought be heedlessly rejected. The fearful day we know is coming, and what if these signs are heralds of the woe! What if Satan be mustering his forces for the battle of Armageddon! But it follows not that agents are guiltless because they are Satan's tools. Satan provoked David to number Israel. But David in contrition confesses, 'I have sinned greatly, because I have done this thing: but now, I beseech Thee, do away the iniquity of Thy servant: for I have done very foolishly' (1 Chron. xxi. 8). Blame, then, ceases not because the powers of darkness prompt the deed."

A startling admission was made by a magistrate at Salford the other day, and an almost equally startling one was made by the magistrate's clerk. An application was made to the magistrate by Mrs. Jane Green, green-grocer, Oldfield Road, who said that her daughter, Sarah Green, 15 years of age, had been taken to the Roman Catholic Church, Salford, and baptized. She and her daughter had always been Protestants. The last time that her daughter was seen she was with two "Sisters of Mercy." Applicant had been to Father De Clere, and he had told her that if she would allow her daughter to become a Roman Catholic he would try to find her; but she would not submit to that, and protested that the Roman Catholics had no right to take any girl away as they had taken her daughter. Mr. Mark, the magistrate, stated in reply, that "*until the*

applicant learned where the girl was, the court was powerless," (!) and Mr. Foyster, the clerk, added, that he "doubted, even if it was known where the girl was, whether the court would have jurisdiction to assist the mother." If this be so, it is a very lamentable state of things. The Romanists may decoy any of our sons and daughters into their convents and monasteries, and keep them there as long as they like. So long as no inspection is allowed, the unfortunate parents and friends have no opportunity of ascertaining where their children are, and even if they had the opportunity of ascertaining this, it is doubtful whether they could get them released! The magistrate further advised the poor mother "to allow her daughter to have her own religious opinions;" but the mother vehemently replied, "No; before I will let her become a Roman Catholic, I will die for her."

It is said that some sensation has been produced in Rome by the refusal of M. Fournier, the French Ambassador at the Vatican, to allow the municipality to erect a memorial in honour of Galileo on the wall of the Palace of the French Academy. In his reply to the application made to him by the chief magistrate of the city on this subject, M. Fournier said that "such a memorial, which would recall the days of the Inquisition, and place the culture, toleration, and humanity of the clergy in an unfavourable light, would certainly be displeasing to the Pope, who would look upon it as a new attack on his dignity, and a new insult in his adversity; he might also perhaps consider it a kind of slight on the part of France if the memorial were erected on a building belonging to the French nation." It is said that this reply was really prompted by Cardinal Antonelli and the Jesuits, who, having obtained early information of the intentions of the municipality, at once communicated with the French Government, which instructed M. Fournier accordingly. The municipality have now decided to erect the memorial in a street near the Academy.

A remarkable confirmation of the fact that the Roman Catholic Church authorizes prayers to be offered to the Virgin appears in a circumstance which is mentioned in the *Tablet*. Some members of the "Immaculate conception of the youth of Rome for the promotion of continual prayer" presented an address to the Pope; and the *Tablet* says that he replied in a "beautiful homily," "*with a singular tenderness towards Our Lady*." The following is the concluding portion:—"I would gladly continue on this theme; but the heat is so great I am unable to do so. But I will end with a word upon the Feast of to-day, O, the day of Mary's birth, *gaudium annuntiavit in universo mundo*. Mary was born as an aurora which speaks of peace and brings forth the King of Heaven. Let us pray to this holy maiden; let us salute her with the heart more than with the lips; let us turn to her and say *Salve Regina*. I salute thee with this people. Thou art the mother of mercy; protect this Rome of thine; guard thy people: look, and turn thy maternal eyes upon this city, *illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte*. See the horrors, see the evils which desolate us; they are worthy of being destroyed by thee. Mother of Mercy, thou art more powerful than armies; Queen of Heaven and earth, all is subject to thee; give back to us peace, free us from so many evils, save thy people from so many dangers, and we will return to thee praises and thanksgivings. Come, O Mary, come and help us in the moment of our death, when we will try to give our souls into thy hands.

But in the present moment give us courage to triumph over our enemies, and then let us praise thee and bless thee for ever in heaven. *Benedictio Dei, &c.*"

The St. Januarius imposture still continues. In a letter from an "Occasional Correspondent" of the *Times*, dated Naples, September 23rd, we read the following account of it:—"On the 19th of September that enormous delusion of the Liquefaction of the Blood of the Patron Saint, St. Januarius, was enacted, and how firm and general is the public faith in it, was attested by the bonfires and fireworks which blazed away on the vigil from the point of Misenium to the Campanella near Massa. The miracle was wrought under the most favourable circumstances, and with the best results, as might have been expected. It was completed at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and was announced to the faithful by the firing of cannon and ringing of bells. The blood was of an unusually red colour, say the journals, and had not a single air bubble, from which it is inferred that the saint is thoroughly satisfied with the result of the elections, and regards his good Neapolitans with distinguished favour! Here, then, we have a social phase, the features of which belong to the darkest mediæval times. Old things are passing away, indeed, slowly enough down here; but rags enough remain to show how poor and ignorant and naked, mentally, the masses are in Southern Italy. I mark, however, one indication of liberation from superstition, and it is that the better-educated believer confesses that the acceptance of the miracle is not '*di obbligo*.' But let that pass, the saint's blood has been liquefied successfully, and the Neapolitans rejoice in the prospect of health and happiness for another year."

An interesting discovery has been made by Dr. Grant, of the American mission at Cairo, in the shape of a Hebrew MS. of portions of the Bible. It was found in a synagogue in the neighbourhood of Cairo, reported to have been built forty-five years before the second temple was destroyed. It was carefully deposited in a niche in the wall, ten feet above the ground, and had to be secured by the means of a ladder. Portions, at least, of this MS., which still awaits proper examination, are supposed to be very old.

A singular illustration of the manifold dangers to which railway travellers are exposed has been afforded by an accident which happened a few miles north of Carlisle. An express train, going at full speed, dashed into some trucks which were being shunted across the line, and eleven persons were killed, besides many severely injured. The trucks were shunted by the station-master, a man of excellent character, steady, and experienced, and, on being examined on the subject, he said, "*When I took the points in hand I simply thought of the shunting, and quite forgot the passenger train had not passed!*" How little we know the risks which we daily run! how often it may be true that "there is but a step between" us "and death!" How blessed to have our "life hid with Christ in God!" How needful to be ready!

THERE is what is "vain" in man's help. There is what is "great gain" in the Lord's help.

